



CARMINA MARIANA



*BY THE SAME EDITOR.*

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## **Annus Sanctus**

**HYMNS OF THE CHURCH FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL  
YEAR**

Translated from the Sacred Offices by Various Authors, with  
Modern, Original and other Hymns, and an Appendix  
of Earlier Versions.

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# Carmina Mariana

AN ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY IN VERSE

IN HONOUR OF OR IN RELATION TO

The Blessed Virgin Mary

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

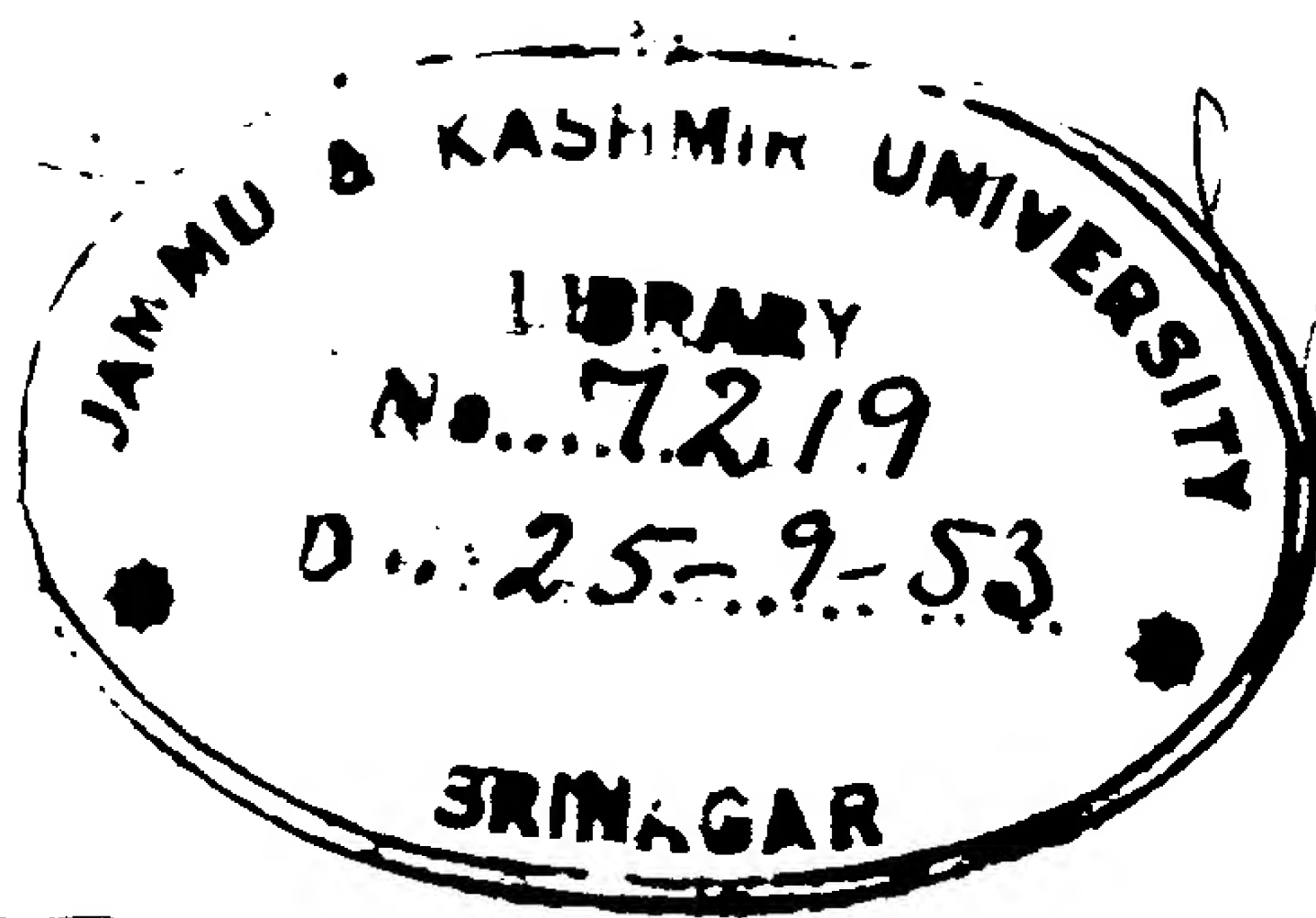
*ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.*

Editor of 'Annus Sacrus : Hymns of the Church for the Ecclesiastical Year'

London

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*Nihil obstat.*

A. B. GURDON,  
*Censor Deputatus.*

*Imprimatur.*

HERBERTUS CARDINALIS VAUGHAN,  
*Archiepiscopus Westmonasteriensis.*

*Die Januarii 18, 1893.*

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## SECOND HOMILY ON ST. LUKE I. 36.

*SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX : XII. CENT.*

From the IV. V. and VI. Lessons in the Second Nocturn of Mattins, for the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, in the Roman Breviary.

*Translated (1879) by John, Marquess of Bute.*

‘And the Virgin’s name was Mary.’ Let us speak a few words upon this name, which signifieth ‘Star of the Sea,’ and suiteth very well the Maiden-Mother, who may meetly be likened unto a star. A star giveth forth her rays without any harm to herself ; and the Virgin brought forth her Son without any hurt to her virginity. . . . O thou, whosoever thou art, that knowest thyself to be here not so much walking upon firm ground as battered to and fro by the gales and storms of this life’s ocean, if thou wouldest not be overwhelmed by the tempest, keep thine eyes fixed upon this Star’s clear shining. . . . In danger, in difficulty, or in doubt, think on Mary, call on Mary. . . . If thou follow her, thou wilt never go astray. If thou pray to her, thou wilt never have need to despair. If thou keep her in mind, thou wilt never wander. If she hold thee, thou wilt never fall. If she lead thee, thou wilt never be weary. If she help thee, thou wilt reach home safe at the last : and so, thou wilt prove in thyself how meetly it is said, ‘And the Virgin’s name was Mary.’

TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF  
*CARDINAL MANNING,*

PRELATE, PHILANTHROPIST, PATRIOT.

To whom, amongst other Gifts and Graces, was granted to be

IN HIS FRIENDSHIPS KIND, FAITHFUL, AND TRUE ;

Who encouraged the idea of

**Our Blessed Lady's Anthology**

And counselled its development ;

*THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.*

**Hail, Mary, Full of Grace.**

**The Lord is with thee**

**Blessed art thou among Women.**

**And Blessed is the Fruit of thy Womb.**

**Jesus.**

**Holy Mary, Mother of God.**

**Pray for us, Sinners,**

**Now and at the Hour of our Death. Amen.**

## Preface

‘*CARMINA MARIANA*’ is the result of some years’ labour in collecting, choosing and arranging materials for an Anthology of English Poetry, in a wide sense of the words, from Chaucer to Tennyson—both poets being included—in honour of, or having for its main theme, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The plan and wish of the Compiler, however imperfectly he may have been able to fulfil them, can be briefly described as two-fold :

I. To exhibit, within the compass of a single volume, a considerable body of English Verse written in the past, in connexion with the name of Mary ; and

II. To present translations from foreign languages, of poetry concerning our Blessed Lady, either of classical reputation in itself, or representative of a numerous class, or which bears the special ‘*imprimatur*’ of the Church.

The materials which have been employed to these ends may be specified more in detail, as follows :

1. Selections of moderate length from the works, original or translated, of the greater English poets, in which reverence for, or devotion to, Mary is united with high and true poetic achievement.

2. Shorter poems, mostly lyrical, many of which have been contributed by writers—English, Irish, and American—of the present and the past generation.



3. Examples, or paraphrases from Early English sources, verbally modernised, or printed in modern spelling—although, in a few instances, the old spelling has been retained.

4. Translations, old and new, mostly of marked devotional character, from foreign tongues—hymns from the Syriac and Armenian, odes from the Greek, sequences from the Latin, 'laude' from the Italian, and sonnets from the Spanish and Portuguese, together with gleanings from other languages. And here have been included certain poems of very ancient date, little known, but of exceptional value, as offering early testimony to the veneration of the Mother of God.

5. Quotations of, or from, legendary poetry, ballads, carols, elegies, dramatic scenes, passion-plays and Laments of our Lady, cradle-songs and lullabies, descriptions of celebrated pictures, together with songs, hymns and prayers in metre, not meant for public use.

6. Short pieces of poetry from many sources, extracts and fragments, prologues and dedications, and the like—some from authors whose works do not afford suitable passages for longer quotation.

Certain special materials of value which have been made available for this Anthology may be named :

i. Contributions have been obtained from the unpublished remains of two devout and skilful writers, who were early translators of hymns from Office-books of the Church.

ii. A manuscript collection of English and Latin verse, made nearly half-a-century ago, in view of a design similar to the present attempt, has been generously placed at the disposal of the Editor.

iii. Much material, anonymous and acknowledged, has been found imbedded, and in some cases forgotten, in

periodical literature of various dates, published in America and Ireland, as well as in England—especially in the ‘Ave Maria’ and ‘Catholic World’; the ‘Irish Monthly’; and ‘Merry England’ and the ‘Month,’ Catholic magazines belonging to the three countries respectively.

Three further points require notice. (1) As a rule, no devotional poetry, which has become familiar in our hymn-books and books of prayer, will be found in the collection. (2) Apart from the new translations, no original poetry, with few exceptions, appears for the first time in the volume. And (3) ‘English Verse’ includes poetry in our common mother-tongue, wheresoever written, all the world over.

An Anthology framed upon these lines, even if carefully planned and systematically matured, can hardly be expected to prove exhaustive, with whatever diligence all likely sources have been searched. Hence, it is probable that not a few poems, and perhaps even a few names of poets deserving a place, may here be found wanting. But, in spite of many omissions, the present selection, as a repertory of English ‘*Carmina Mariana*,’ though not indeed complete, is more copious and varied than any other known to the Editor.

A Bibliographical List of authors, poems, and sources, has been prepared and circulated, which affords more definite and exact information than can here be given on the literary materials from which the collection has been derived. It indicates all the available matter, known to the compiler at the date when he gathered it together, which may be acceptable for quotation in an Anthology of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Although the catalogue be long, yet the student of English literature will probably wonder that the list is not still longer; and the Editor, upon the representation of any reader,

will gladly add to it fresh authors, new poems, or unknown sources, which may have been forgotten or overlooked by him. The List will be forwarded to anyone who may be at the pains to apply to the Printers for a copy ; and it is intended to form the basis of a less imperfect catalogue which may be published in the future.

From this Bibliographical List a selection has been made, to as wide an extent as the limits of the book permitted—for, the List contains references to a far larger amount of material than could be included in the volume now completed. The method of quotation adopted in the selections which have been made, speaking generally, is as follows. As a rule that governs the majority of cases, the whole of each poem—especially of the shorter poems—is quoted at length. In poems capable of contraction, the length of which precludes the whole from being inserted, a portion only is given ; and omissions are indicated—where the context may be affected—by the employment of typographical marks of hiatus. In cases where the requirements of the subject-matter of any poem demanded a longer extract than one containing the point of the quotation—namely, a reference to our Blessed Lady—another plan has been adopted. Here, the context of the quotation is extracted, at more or less length, in order to set before the reader's eye, as it were, a picture in verse, wherein Mary stands as the central figure.

\* \* \*

The above statement formed the main portion of a circular which was widely distributed before 'Carmina Mariana' was sent to the press, and little need be added to it. The result of a suggestion it contained, that those who sympathised with the purport of the book should combine together for its production, at a slight cost to each one, was successful. The proposal met with a

response sufficiently far extended to enable the Editor, seconded by the liberal business arrangements of the Printers, to produce 'Carmina Mariana' by subscription ; and his best thanks are returned to the many friends, known and unknown, on either side alike of the Atlantic and St. George's Channel, who have thus enabled him to publish the book.

The Editor's thanks are also heartily offered to many personal friends and others who have co-operated with him, in many various ways, to produce this composite volume. Without their valuable aid, his task could hardly have been accomplished. It is needless to particularise by name ; but, a record in general terms of obligations graciously accorded will severally convey to each one concerned an implicit avowal of gratitude. Some Authors have allowed the reproduction of their original poems ; others have given time and thought to translations from living and dead languages ; and others, again, have modernised, for the first time, early poetry in our own mother-tongue. Editors—English, Irish, and American—have freely permitted their magazines to be searched, and the contents of them to be utilised in honour of Mary. Publishers have liberally sanctioned the use of their copyright property ; and executors have been not less willing to aid the work. As a rule, the utmost generosity and kindness have been extended to the Editor by writers, owners and publishers. Many friends have assisted in the way of suggestion and criticism ; and four of them have been unweariedly open to approach for counsel and advice, on special points of difficulty as they arose. One friend has carefully read through the whole of the proofs, with great advantage to exactitude in the printing of the poetry. Another charged himself with the not less labour of verifying the printed copies

with their original, or other texts, in the Library of the British Museum. An official 'Censor,' too, has been found—as a preliminary measure to the volume securing an 'Imprimatur'—not unwilling to perform the necessary and sometimes, though not in this case, thankless task. Nor may the Printers be forgotten, who not only made it materially easy for the volume to be issued, but also, did much to secure its issue in an artistic and workman-like style : nor, again, several Booksellers, who have effectually assisted in securing the success of this venture. To all and to each of these coadjutors, in the work for our Lady's honour, the Editor is grateful ; and he commends them for their reward to her, and through her, to her Divine Son.

The principle on which the selection of verse has been attempted in the following pages requires explanation. In contra-distinction to some collections, poetical merit has not been made the first, nor the main, qualification for admission to this Anthology. Merit is only one of the factors which combinedly have guided the choice here exhibited of verse in honour of, or in relation to, our Blessed Lady. 'Carmina Mariana' professes to be a work of piety ; but, it may be regarded also as a work of art : and the attempt to combine merit with edification constitutes its claim to existence. And this two-fold design of the book will, it is hoped, insure a certain amount of intelligent appreciation for its acceptance. For, whilst some of the most beautiful poems in the language, having Mary for their central idea, appear in this volume, nothing has been printed which may justly be said to be wanting in edification. Of course, the merit displayed by so large and varied a collection of verse, old and new, must be different in degree. But, whilst a phrase, or a rhyme, of which severe criticism might complain, has



been insufficient to deprive the collection of an otherwise meritorious and edifying poem ; no amount of depth of thought, or felicity of expression, has been allowed to condone for verse that is distasteful to the moral sense, or is erroneous in religious belief. In short, the simplest form of verse, and the highest efforts of poetical talent, in connection with the sacred Person commemorated, appear side by side in this Anthology.

In the compilation of the work, an effort has been made to secure the exact reproduction of the text of the poems quoted. Where such a course has been practicable, proofs have been sent, often more than once, even across the Atlantic, to every writer, or to his representative ; and the selections from deceased authors have been subjected to careful verification. The quotations have been given ‘*verbatim*’—printers’ and other errors excepted—and with full acknowledgment of source and authorship in each case in the text. The only license which the Editor begged—and not always begged successfully—from all concerned, to be granted to him, was to a large extent mechanical. He has striven, however vainly, to secure uniformity throughout the Anthology, in the matter of punctuation and spelling, in the use of capitals, and in the avoidance of italic letters and symbols which tend to disfigure the page, without enhancing the lucidity of the text.

The arrangement which has been followed in the position of the poems in ‘*Carmina Mariana*,’ as a rule, is alphabetical. No other method, though it is by no means faultless, seemed open to so few objections. But, the alphabetical order has been applied, according to convenience and circumstances, both to the names of the authors and translators, and to the title, or subject matter of the verse. Practically, it proved difficult to

adopt any order with rigid uniformity ; and the plan followed has generally speaking secured variety in the topics, as well as in the metre of the poetry here offered. With the help of the Indexes, it is hoped that no difficulty will be experienced in learning the contents of the book, nor in finding any given poem which it may include.

It only remains for the Editor to mention the Publishers to whom he is indebted for the use of their copyright poetry—the names of their clients being enclosed within brackets : Mr. George Allen, of Orpington (Miss Francesca Alexander) ; Messrs. Bell (Miss Anna Swanwick) ; Messrs. Blackwood (George Eliot) ; Messrs. Ellis & Elvey (D. G. Rossetti) ; Messrs. Macmillan (Lord Tennyson) ; Messrs. Masters & Co. (Gerard Moultrie) ; Messrs. Matthews & Lane (Michael Field) ; Messrs. Parker (John Keble) ; Messrs. Pickering & Chatto ; and Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. (Mr. and Mrs. Browning). In addition to the above, the following firms have generously allowed the reproduction of many poems, published by themselves, which find a place in these pages—Messrs. Burns & Oates ; Messrs. Longman ; Mr. John Murray ; and Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. If any copyrights, belonging to other publishers or authors, have been unwittingly infringed, and in a few cases the owners of such rights could not be discovered, the Editor apologises beforehand, and trusts to their courtesy for pardon.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

39, THURLOE SQUARE, S.W.  
*Christmas Eve, 1892*

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CARMINA MARIANA



Ardet pugna ferox ; Lucifer ipse, videns,  
Horrida monstra furens ex Acheronte vomit.  
Ocius, alma Parens, ocius affer opem ;  
Tu mihi virtutem, robur et adde novum ;  
Contere virgineo monstra inimica pede.  
Te duce, Virgo, libens aspera bella geram ;  
Diffugient hostes ; te duce, victor ero.

II

Auri dulce melos, dicere, Mater, Ave.  
Dicere dulce melos, O pia Mater, Ave.  
Tu mihi Deliciae, Spes bona, castus Amor ;  
Rebus in adversis tu mihi Præsidium.  
Si, mens sollicitis icta cupidinibus,  
Tristitiæ et luctus anxia sentit onus ;  
Si, natum ærumnis videris usque premi,  
Materno refove Virgo benigna sinu :  
Et, cum instante aderit morte suprema dies  
Lumina fessa manu molliter ipsa tege,  
Et fugientem animam tu bona redde Deo.

## Sequences of the Church

*OF ST. VICTOR: XII. CENTURY*

*TRANSLATED (1892) BY 'A.'*

FOR THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY.

*Salve, Mater Salvatoris.*

HAIL, the Saviour's Blessed Mother,  
Vase elect, above all other,  
Full of honour, Full of grace ;  
Fore-ordained from years eternal,  
And, by Wisdom's hand supernal,  
Wrought from Adam's ruined race.

Hail, the Heavenly Word forth-bringing,  
Flower from the thorns up-springing,  
Of the thorn-brake Glory born ;  
We, with many thorn-wounds redden,  
Thou, the sinless other Eden,  
Knowest not a single thorn.

*ADAM OF ST. VICTOR: 'A'*

Portal folded, Fount of garden,  
Cell, of sweetest unguents Warden,  
    Fairest coloured Fragrancy ;  
Frankincense and myrrh excelling,  
Kinder than the solace welling  
    From the beauteous balsam tree.

Hail, the Virgins' Glory brightest,  
Who to pray for men delightest,  
    Who didst bear the Child for us :  
Hail, compassion's Myrtle-flower,  
Rose, with patience for thy dower,  
    Nard, all odoriferous.

Vale, among the mountains lying,  
Field, where no man plough is plying  
    Oh, the harvest of that sod :  
Lily of that valley lowly,  
Blossom of that field all-holy,  
    Thence, Incarnate, springs our God

Eden of the new creation,  
Riftless Mount, whose exhalation  
    Is undying chastity :  
Thou of whiteness, thou of sweetness  
Thou of beauty art completeness—  
    Tenderness abounds in thee.

In fair art and fair material,  
O'er thrones earthly and aërial,  
    Throne of Solomon art thou :  
Ivory of pureness telling,  
Gold of charity's indwelling,  
    Mysteries that throne endow.

*SEQUENCES OF THE CHURCH*

O'er all palms the Palm up-bearing,  
None in heaven thy place is sharing,  
None on earth is peer of thine :  
Praise of every generation,  
Thy preëminent vocation  
Makes thee all, in all, outshine.

To the lunar beam like noonlight,  
To the stars like queenly moonlight,  
Things create thou shinest above :  
Light, that knows not obscuration,  
Heat, that knows not deflagration—  
That, thy pureness ; this, thy love

Hail, of holiness the Mother,  
Full of grace above all other,  
Three-fold Godhead's three-fold R  
Yet, with providence maternal,  
Waiting for the Word Eternal,  
Special Guest-chamber for Guest.

Star, upon the blue sea shining,  
Other stars at day declining,  
Fairer far than angels lining  
Heavenly places, nine-fold Ray ;  
From thy throne above the waters,  
Pray for us, thy sons and daughters,  
So, nor wile, nor threat of slaughters  
Make us stumble on the way.

Warriors of the high election,  
Marshalled under strong protection,  
May we see our flag's erection  
And the crafty foe's dejection,  
Through thy Mother-potency :

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR: 'A'

Jesu, Word of God Most-highest.  
Who to suppliants nought deniest,  
Who free grace to souls suppliest—  
Those who stand thy Mother nighest  
Thou preserve and make like thee.

II. FOR FEASTS OF THE B. V. M.

*Ave, Virgo Singularis.*

AVE, Mary, Life's fair Portal,  
Star of Ocean, Orb immortal,  
Virgins' Glory, Virgins' Prime ;  
Heart and flesh one whiteness sharing ;  
Perfect Maidenhood, yet, bearing  
Jesus Christ our Lord, in time.

He, the Mover of creation,  
Loveliness and separation  
Giving earth and sky and sea,  
Lives and reigns and all things orders,  
With no term, nor bound, nor borders  
To his kingdom's majesty.

Heavenly mysteries unwinding,  
For his name fit language finding,  
Where is now the tongue of earth ?  
Thought on thought man vainly masses,  
Everlasting God surpasses  
Thought, in greatness, beauty, worth.

Where are now thy laws, O Nature,  
Time-coeval Legislature ?

Fruitful is a Virgin's womb :  
Him, the Verity, conceiving ;  
Her, the Virgin, not bereaving  
Of dear honour's lily-bloom.

*SEQUENCES OF THE CHURCH*

In the wondrous parturition,  
As before the angel's mission,  
Pure was Mary as the morn ;  
With no mother of his glory,  
With no sire, in mortal story,  
God, the Word, in time was born.

Almond-blossom Rod adorning,  
Star dilated to the Morning,  
Lo, a Virgin bears a Son ;  
Morn, with light and beauteous favour,  
Bloom, with fruit and pleasant savour,  
There, where light and fruit were no

He, the Witness all unerring,  
Him the True Light came averring,  
Bread unfailing from above ;  
Bread to sons of destitution  
Asking life in absolution,  
Bread refreshing faith and love.

By the sin of Eva Mother,  
Every flesh-descended brother  
Is despoiled of Life's true Breath ;  
By the love of Mother Mary,  
Life and health and sanctuary  
Come, replacing guilt and death.

O thou strong in deed and blessing,  
Thou, whom angels come confessing,  
Mary, full of heavenly grace ;  
Thee we laud, with supplication  
That thy mighty mediation  
May our many stains erase.

Orisons for sad ones say thou,  
For the sinful pardon pray thou,  
    Queen, who art to God so dear :  
So, may he who, not abhorring  
Virgin's womb, came life-restoring,  
    Life-restoring reappear.

Mother of the mighty Maker  
Of all being ; meek Partaker  
    In the new life of the Cross :  
Be thy Son the Breach-repairer,  
Be thy Son the Comfort-bearer  
    To the sons of grief and loss.

He the character vouchsafe us—  
Patient, when misfortunes chafe us,  
    Lowly, in the sunshine hours ;  
Faith and hope, the heavenly pure;  
Charity, with life-flame surest—  
    Charity the dower of dowers.

Chastity's undying beauty,  
And the loyal fruit of duty,  
    Set within, without, our shrine ;  
Let our life be blossom fairest,  
Let our death be incense rarest  
    To the heart of Love Divine.

## Divina Commedia

*DANTE ALIGHIERI: 1265-1321.*

*TRANSLATED (1797-1812) BY H. F. CARY.*

### VISION OF PARADISE: CANTO XXXII.

ARGUMENT: 'Saint Bernard shows Dante, on their several thrones, other blessed souls, and tells him that, if he would obtain power to descry what remained of the Heavenly Vision, he must unite with him in supplication to Mary.' (Cary.)

FREELY the Sage, though wrapt in musings high,  
Assumed the teacher's part, and mild began:

'The wound that Mary closed, she opened first  
Who sits so beautiful at Mary's feet  
The third in order; underneath her, lo,  
Rachel with Beatrice; Sarah next;  
Judith, Rebecca, and the gleaner-maid,  
Meek ancestress of him, who sang the songs  
Of sore repentance in his sorrowful mood.  
All, as I name them, down from leaf to leaf,  
Are, in gradation, thronèd on the Rose.  
And from the seventh step, successively,  
Adown the breathing tresses of the flower,  
Still doth the file of Hebrew dames proceed.  
For these are a partition wall, whereby



*DANTE : CARY*

The sacred stairs are severed, as the faith  
In Christ divides them. On this part, where bloom  
Each leaf in full maturity, are set  
Such as in Christ, or, e'er he came, believed.  
On the other, where an intersected space  
Yet shows the semicircle void, abide  
All they who looked to Christ already come.  
And, as our Lady on her glorious stool,  
And they who on their stools beneath her sit,  
This way distinction make ; e'en so on his,  
The mighty Baptist that way marks the line  
(He who endured the desert, and the pains  
Of martyrdom, and, for two years, of hell,  
Yet still continued holy), and beneath,  
Augustine, Francis, Benedict, and the rest :  
Thus far from round to round. So, heaven's decree  
Forecasts, this garden equally to fill  
With faith in either view, past or to come.  
Learn too, that, downward from the step which clea  
Midway the twain compartments, none there are  
Who place obtain for merit of their own,  
But have, through other's merit, been advanced  
On set conditions ; spirits all released,  
Ere for themselves they had the power to choose.  
And, if thou mark and listen to them well,  
Their childish looks and voice declare as much.

• • •

Now, raise thy view  
Unto the visage most resembling Christ :  
For, in her splendour only shalt thou win  
The power to look on him.'

Forthwith, I saw  
Such floods of gladness on her visage showered,  
From holy spirits winging that profound,

That, whatsoever I had yet beheld,  
 Had not so much suspended me with wonder,  
 Or shown me such similitude of God.  
 And he, who had to her descended once  
 On earth, now hailed in heaven ; and on poised wing  
 ‘ Ave, Maria ; Gratia Plena,’ sang :  
 To whose sweet anthem all the blissful court,  
 From all parts answering, rang : that holier joy  
 Brooded the deep serene.

‘ Father revered,  
 Who deignst, for me, to quit the pleasant place  
 Wherein thou sittest, by eternal lot,  
 Say, who that angel is, that with such glee  
 Beholds our Queen, and so enamoured glows  
 Of her high beauty, that all fire he seems.’

So I again resorted to the lore  
 Of my wise teacher, he, whom Mary’s charms  
 Embellished, as the sun the morning star ;  
 Who thus in answer spake :

‘ In him are summed  
 Whate’er of buxomness and free delight  
 May be in spirit, or in angel, met :  
 And so beseems ; for, that he bare the palm  
 Down unto Mary, when the Son of God  
 Vouchsafed to clothe him in terrestrial weeds.  
 Now, let thine eyes wait heedful on my words ;  
 And note thou of this just and pious realm  
 The chiefest nobles. Those, highest in bliss,  
 The twain, on each hand next our Empress throned,  
 Are, as it were, two roots unto this Rose :  
 He to the left, the parent, whose rash taste  
 Proves bitter to his seed ; and, on the right,  
 That ancient father of the holy Church,



Into whose keeping Christ did give the keys  
 Of this sweet flower ; near whom, behold the Seer  
 That, ere he died, saw all the grievous times  
 Of the fair bride, who, with the lance and nails,  
 Was won. And, near unto the other rests  
 The leader, under whom, on manna, fed  
 The ungrateful nation, fickle and perverse.  
 On the other part, facing to Peter, lo,  
 Where Anna sits, so well content to look  
 On her loved Daughter that, with moveless eye,  
 She chants the loud Hosanna : while, opposed  
 To the first father of your mortal kind,  
 Is Lucia, at whose hest thy lady sped,  
 When on the edge of ruin closed thine eye.

But (for the vision hasteneth to an end),  
 Here we break off, as the good workman doth,  
 That shapes the cloak according to the cloth ;  
 And to the primal love our ken shall rise ;  
 That thou mayst penetrate the brightness, far  
 As sight can bear thee. Yet, alas, in sooth,  
 Beating thy pennons, thinking to advance,  
 Thou backward fallest. Grace, then, must first be gained  
 Her grace, whose might can help thee. Thou in prayer  
 Seek her : and, with affection, whilst I sue,  
 Attend, and yield me all thy heart.'

## NOTES.

Line 1 : The Sage ; St. Bernard. Line 3 : She ; Eve.  
 wounded ; Mary healed' : words attributed to St. Augustine.  
 Line 7 : Gleaner-maid ; Ruth, the ancestress of David. Line 10 :  
 Him ; David. Line 11 : The Rose ; The Company of the Holy Spirit.  
 Line 23 : Stool ; Throne. Line 28 : Two years ; The time  
 elapsed between the death of the Baptist and his liberation from  
 Hades, after the resurrection of Christ. Hell ; Hades. Line 31 :  
 The visage ; i.e. Of our Blessed Lady. Line 52 : He ; Christ.  
 Line 83 : The Seer ; St. John, the Apostle. (Mainly from

# Sacred Poetry of St. Alphonsus

*T. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI*  
1696–1787.

*TRANSLATED BY EDMUND VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R.*  
FROM 'HYMNS AND VERSES ON SPIRITUAL SUBJECTS,' 1863.

## I. MARY, OUR HOPE.

MARY, thou art Hope the brightest,  
Love most pure and sweet ;  
Life and peace I find, reposing  
At thy blessed feet.  
When I call on thee, O Mary,  
When I think on thee,  
Joy and pleasure all-entrancing  
Fill my heart with glee.

If anon the clouds of sadness  
Rise within my heart,  
When they hear thy name, O Mary,  
Quickly they depart.  
Like a star on life's dark ocean  
Shining o'er the wave,  
Thou canst guide my bark to harbour,  
Thou my soul canst save.

Under thy protecting mantle,  
Queen beloved, I fly ;  
There, I wish to live securely ;  
There, I hope to die.

*ALPHONSUS: EDMUND VAUGHAN*

When I come my life to finish,  
Mary, loving thee,  
Then, I also know, dear Lady,  
Heaven is gained for me.

Cast thy gentle bonds around me,  
And my heart enchain,  
Prisoner of love for ever  
Safe will I remain.

Thus, my heart, O sweetest Mary,  
Is not mine, but thine :  
Take it ; give it all to Jesus ;  
Ne'er shall it be mine.

I. ASPIRATIONS TO MARY

KNOWEST thou, sweet Mary,  
Whereto I aspire ?  
'Tis my hope to love thee—  
This is my desire.  
I would e'er be near thee,  
Queen most fair and sweet ;  
Do not, do not drive me  
From my Mother's feet.  
Then, O Rose most lovely,  
Let me hear from thee ;  
Loving Mother, tell me,  
What thou wilt of me.  
More I cannot offer—  
Lo, I bring my heart ;  
Lovingly I give it,  
Ne'er from thee to part.  
Lady, thou didst take it  
'Tis no longer mine ;  
Long since thou didst love it  
And its love was thine.



## ON THE LOVELINESS OF MA

RAISE your voices, vales and mountains.  
Flowery meadows, streams and fountains  
Praise, oh, praise the loveliest Maiden  
Ever the Creator made.  
Murmuring brooks, your tribute bringing  
Little birds with joyful singing,  
Come with mirthful praises laden—  
To your Queen be homage paid.

Say, sweet Virgin, we implore thee,  
Say, what beauty God sheds o'er thee :  
Praise and thanks to him be given,  
Who in love created thee.  
Like a sun with splendour glowing,  
Gleams thy heart with love o'erflowing :  
Like the moon in starry heaven,  
Shines thy peerless purity.

Like the rose and lily blooming,  
Sweetly heaven and earth perfuming,  
Stainless, spotless, thou appearest —  
Queenly beauty graces thee.  
But, to God, in whom thou livest,  
Sweeter joy and praise thou givest,  
When to him in beauty nearest,  
Yet, so humble thou canst be.

# American Verse from 'the Catholic World,' New York, 1868-1888.

## *VARIOUS WRITERS.*

### I. ROSARY BEADS.

#### WHITE BEADS.

FROM loving fingers drop the Ave-beads —  
White, as the lilies Gabriel doth bear,  
Greeting the Angels' Queen, whose maiden prayer  
Pleads with Jehovah her loved Israel's needs:  
White, as the snow that lieth Christmas morn,  
Unbroken yet by footstep falling o'er:  
White, as the doves the humble Mother bore  
Unto the temple, with her pure First-born:  
White, as her soul to whom we trustful call,  
Mindful of life that sudden perisheth,  
'Ave, Maria; hold us dear in death,  
Loosen with thy pure touch from earthly thrall  
Our struggling prayers, so poor and faint of breath'  
So, each white bead grow perfect act of faith.

#### GREEN BEADS.

DROP one by one the beads of malachite,  
By martyr-pontiff blessed—'Cross of the cross,'  
Brave hope uplifted in night's hour of loss,  
Strong light unfailing in wrong's night of might.  
Thoughts steeped in tears fall with each rounded gem  
The bitter chalice of Gethsemani;  
The rabble's choice of Cæsar's sovereignty;  
Rome seeming shadow of Jerusalem,

Saint-trodden city still more blessed grown  
 Through gentle presence of a wounded heart—  
 Of heavenly model earthly counterpart—  
 Bearing the cross 'mid mockery from its own ;  
 Blest cross, that shineth in tear-clouded eyes,  
 E'er-budding hope of opening paradise.

RED BEADS.

AND last, from lingering fingers fall the prayers  
 Of triumph, on blood-red cornelian told ;  
 Of love, that doth its heavenly glow unfold  
 To light the cross the Lamb-redeeming bears,  
 The shadow of the prisoned souls to break ;  
 Each prayer enkindled by the touch of love—  
 The Fire Divine descended from above  
 True life to give, pale embers to awake ;  
 Each bead a blossom of that marvellous bloom  
 That filled its Mistress' barren place of rest ;  
 The stony petals, with her dear name blest,  
 Breathing sweet charity's most rich perfume,  
 Burning with love of tender soul bent down  
 To kiss Christ's cross, his Mother's roses-crown.

NOTE.

No. I. Green Beads. Line 2 : ' Cross of the cross ' ; the symbolical motto ascribed to Pope Pius IX. by the prophecy attributed to St. Malachi.

II. FULL OF GRACE.

FLOWERS in the field and odours on the air,  
 The spring-time everywhere ;  
 Music of singing birds and rippling rills,  
 Soft breezes from the hills ;  
 So, broke the sweetest season, long ago,  
 Far from this death-cold snow



In that blest land which smiles to every eye,  
 Most favoured from on high ;  
 And in one town, whose sheltering mountains stand  
 Broad breast-plates of the land ;  
 So fair a spring-time, sure, was never seen,  
 Since Eden's walks were green.

A sudden glory flashed upon the air—  
 A face meaningly fair ;  
 A beauty given but to those alone  
 The nearest to the throne ;  
 The great archangels who upon their hair  
 The seven planets wear,  
 Lightly as diamonds—such the form that now,  
 With brilliant eyes and brow,  
 Paused by the humble dwellings of the poor,  
 Entered the humblest door,  
 Velling his awful beauty, far too bright,  
 With wide wings, strong and white.

Within the dwelling, where his flight was stayed,  
 A kneeling Woman prayed.  
 The angel bowed before that holy face,  
 And hailed her, "Paul of grace."  
 No other title, nor the kingly name  
 Which David's line can claim ;  
 Not highest rank, though unto her was given  
 Queenship of earth and heaven ;  
 Not, as that one who gave life to the dead,  
 Bruising the serpent's head ;  
 Not even, as Mother of the Sacrificed,  
 The World-redeeming Christ.

This thought might be a sermon, while yet we,  
 Sterns of eternity,



## I. ECHOES TO MARY : A SPANISH POEM.

Who gently dries grief's falling tear? Maria.  
Of fairy flowers, which fairest blows? The rose.  
What seekest thou, poor plaining dove? My love.

Rejoice, thou mourning Dove :  
Earth's peerless Rose, without a thorn,  
Unfolds its bloom this natal morn—  
Maria, Rose of Love.

What craves the heart of storms the sport? A port.  
And what, the fevered patient's quest? Calm rest.  
What ray to cheer when shadows slope? Hope.

O Mary, Mother blest,  
Through nights of gloom, through days of fear,  
Thy love the ray by which to steer,  
Bright Hope, to Port of Rest.

Desponding heart, what gift will please? Heart of ease  
What scent reminds us of a hidden saint? Jessamine  
faint.

What caught its hue from the azure sky? Violet's-eye  
O Mary, peerless Dower,

*VARIOUS WRITERS*

A balm to soothe, love's odour sweet,  
A glimpse of heaven, in thee we greet—  
Heart's-ease, Jessamine, Violet-flower

Of Mary's love, who most secure? The pure.  
What lamp diffuses light afar? A star.  
When is light-wingèd zephyr born? At morn.

Mine eyes, with watching worn,  
Will vigil keep till day returns;  
To see thy light my spirit yearns,  
Mary Pure, Star of Morn.

What name most sweet to dying ear? Maria.  
On heavenly hosts who smiles serene? Their  
What joy is perfected above? Love.

Welcome, thou spotless Dove :  
Awake, my soul ; celestial mirth  
This day brings purest joy to earth—  
Maria, Queen of Love.



## V. THE ANNUNCIATION.

‘I. D.’

*Ave, Gratia Plena.*

POISED on the well's mossed brink the unfilled ewer ;  
And one dropped lily at her whiter feet  
Unnoted. Does she listen? What sound so sweet.  
Her soul from out the bosom's coverture  
Into those raptured eyes, could so allure?  
Or, with some vision unfolded there where meet  
Wan sands and sky-line, is her sense replete?  
Nay, but not these ; but lo, God's time mature.  
Lo, the lit air, the sudden glory poured  
And fragrance shed ; and, from the splendid space  
Forth-issuing, as a passion freighted chord  
Midst some vast minster's echoing arches waking,  
A voice, in wave on wave of sweetness, breaking  
Upon her spell-bound soul, ‘Hail ; Full of grace.’

*Fiat Mihi.*

WHAT tremor of delight thrills earth and sky,  
And wakes the nested birds, and turns the air  
From violet to gold? And hark, what rare  
Sphere-music mingles with the numerous sigh  
Of wind-swayed palms? And mark, how crimsoned  
The lone and glimmering sands. Ah, grown aware  
Of God, the quickened earth is loth to fare  
Into the joyless night. Thou shalt not die,  
O crown of all days risen. For, ne'er since broke  
The primal dawn, when stars of morning heard  
God's voice and sang together, ne'er since woke  
Its myriad life, has Nature so been stirred  
To the great soul's deeps, as when this Maiden sp  
And in her womb Incarnate lay the Word.

*Ecce, Ancilla Domini.*

HANDMAIDEN—but Queen crowned and throned above  
 God's kingdoms and all hearts—hence, nevermore  
 Shall one in dreams the hidden realms explore  
 Of absolute loveliness, and know not of  
 This perfect face now radiant with new love—  
 Thy rare face unrecorded—and before  
 Thy beauty shall not all his heart outpour  
 Transfigured, e'en as now, beneath the Dove,  
 Beside thy ewer, beside the brimming well,  
 The bending palm o'erhead, and at thy feet,  
 In the well's imaged heavens, one tremulous star;  
 While, at thy heart, that song oracular  
 Gathers to fulness, and inviolable  
 Sweet Maidenhood and Motherhood first meet.

## VI. LE REPOS EN ÉGYPTÉ: THE SPHINX.

*AGNES REPPLIER.*

ALL day I watch the stretch of burning sand;  
 All night I brood beneath the golden stars;  
 Amid the silence of a desolate land,  
 No touch of bitterness my reverie mars.  
 Built by the proudest of a kingly line,  
 Over my head the centuries fly fast;  
 The secrets of the mighty dead are mine;  
 I hold the key of a forgotten past.  
 Yet, ever hushed into a rapturous dream,  
 I see again that night. A halo mild  
 Shone from the liquid moon. Beneath her beam  
 Travelled a tired young Mother and her Child.  
 Within mine arms she slumbered, and alone  
 I watched the Infant. At my feet her guide  
 Lay stretched o'er-wearied. On my breast of stone  
 Rested the Crucified.

## VII. MOTHERHOOD.

*GEORGE ROTHSA Y.*

‘BEHOLD thy Mother, Son,’ he said whose word  
His mystic presence to our altars gave,  
Whose holy feet trod Galilee’s dark wave.  
The gentle voice whose whispers he had heard  
Where Egypt’s breezes the palm branches stirred,  
John, the beloved, from grief’s despond to save,  
The hand that oft his infant brow did lave,  
Henceforth to minister to him preferred.  
Oh, be it Motherhood, like Bethlehem’s, sweet,  
Or, of Golgotha’s sorrow-freighted hour,  
God hath ordained it, to his mind most meet,  
Made woman’s heart the agent of his power.  
Though other loves man’s trust through life may cheat,  
These will remain, through all unchanged, of strength  
a tower.

## VIII. JEANNE D’ARC.

*THOMAS EWING STEELE.*

FULL many a time in earth’s eventful day  
A virgin’s strength hath made the people free,  
A virgin’s hand the tyrant dared to slay,  
A virgin’s soul hath bowed to fate’s decree.  
Saved by a Virgin—runs the Jewish tale;  
Homeric echoes chant the monody;  
The Roman sibyls’ wild, prophetic wail  
Sang of ‘the Virgin’ that was yet to be.  
So, in that sunny land beyond the sea,  
When savage warfare bade the folk despair,  
A maiden, dauntless as her fame is fair—  
A virgin clad in heaven’s panoply—  
Drove the oppressor to the further shore,  
And freed the ungrateful people evermore.



# ‘Students’-day’ in the National Gallery

*SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.*

FROM ‘IN MY LADY’S PRAISE,’ 1890.

Written when she was copying the Madonna of Perugino, 18

OUT of all the hundred fair Madonnas  
Seen in many a rich and distant city—  
Sweet Madonnas, with the mother’s bosoms ;  
Sad Madonnas, with the eyes of anguish ;  
Rapt Madonnas, caught in clouds to heaven  
(Clouds of golden, glad, adoring angels)—  
She of Florence in ‘the Chair,’ so perfect ;  
She that was the ‘Grand Duke’s’ wealth and glory  
She that makes the picture of ‘the Goldfinch’ ;  
Ghirlandajo’s with the cloak and jewels ;  
Guido’s Queen, whom men and angels worship ;  
Della Robbia’s best ; and that sweet ‘Perla,’  
Seville’s bright boast, Mary of Murillo  
(Painted, so they vow, with milk and roses) ;  
Guido Reni’s ‘Quadro’ at Bologna ;  
Munich’s masterpiece, grim Dürer’s Goddess ;  
Yes, and thy brave work, Beltraffio mio—  
Many as the lessons are I owe them,  
Thanks and wonder, worship, grateful memories,  
Oftenest I shall think of Perugino’s.

Do you know it? Either side a triptych  
Stands an armed archangel, as to guard her,  
Glorious, with great wings and shining armour :  
In the middle panel, pure and tender,  
Clasping close her hands, with adoration,  
(All the mother’s love, the mortal’s worship.

*'STUDENTS-DAY'*

In their yearning, in their reverence, painted)  
Gazes Mary on the Child. A seraph  
Holds him, smiling, at her knees ; and smiling,  
Looks she down with spirit humbly-happy,  
Full, to the heart's brim, of the peace of heaven.  
Reverence mingles with the Mother's passion,  
But, no touch of sadness, or of doubting.  
Far away a river runneth seaward,  
(Little now, like truth ; like truth, to widen)  
Leads the light across a blue dim country,  
Under peaks, by forests, to the ocean :  
Soft and warm, a pearly sky broods over  
Where three-winged ones, at the Father's footstool  
Sing the 'peace and goodwill' song to mortals.  
If you ask me, why that Perugino  
Of the rest can never be forgotten,  
Let this serve : I learned a lesson by it,  
Watching one whose light and faithful fingers—  
Following touch by touch her lovely labour—  
Caught the master's trick and made him modern.  
While she bent above her new Madonna,  
Laid the lucid smalts and touched the crimsons,  
Swept the shadows under the gilt tresses,  
Smoothed the sinless brows, and drooped the eye  
(What the master did, so also doing).  
I bethought me : True and good the toil is ;  
Noble thus to double gifts of beauty ;  
Yet, alas, this 'peace and good-will' anthem—  
If the dear Madonna knew what ages,  
Slowly following ages, would creep o'er us,  
And those words be still as wind that passes,  
Breathing fragrance from a land we know not,  
Sighing music to a tune we catch not,  
Stirring hearts, as leaves, in the night, a little



*SIR EDWIN ARNOLD*

Shake, and sleep again, and wait for sunlight  
(Sweet, glad sunlight, oh, so long a-coming),  
Would she smile so? I had painted rather  
(While she listened to those singing angels)  
Mary, with a sword-blade in her bosom  
(Sword that was to pierce her heart, of all hearts) ;  
I had shown her with deep eyes of trouble,  
Half afraid to credit that evangel ;  
I had limned her 'pondering all those sayings,'  
All our later agonies foreseeing,  
After all our years have heard 'the tidings.'

But the artist, painting bold and largely ;  
Washing soft and clear the broadening colours ;  
With a liberal brush, at skilful working,  
Linking lights and shadows on the visage,  
Dropped by hazard there one drop of water.  
Lo, a tear, I thought, that teaches Pietro ;  
That is wiser than the master's wisdom ;  
Now the picture's meaning will be perfect ;  
For she could not be so calm, Christ's Mother,  
Could she? even though archangels kept her,  
Could she? even though those sang in heaven,  
Knowing how her world would roll beyond them  
Twenty centuries past this sacred moment,  
Out of sound of this angelic singing ;  
Loaded with the wrongs Christ's justice rights not  
Reddened with the blood Christ's teachings stand  
Reeking with the tears Christ's pity stays not.  
Let the tear shine there : it suits the story :  
Tear and smile go wondrous well together,  
Seeing that this song was sung by angels,  
Seeing that the foolish world gainsays it.  
That one lustrous drop completes the picture :  
You forgot it, Peter of Perugia.

Ah, I did not know an artist's wisdom ;  
 I had still to learn my deepest lesson :  
 She I watched, with better thought inspired,  
 Took some tender colour in her pencil  
 (Faint dawn-colour, blush of rose, I marked not),  
 Touched the tear and melted it to brightness ;  
 Spread it in a heavenly smile all over ;  
 Magically made it turn to service ;  
 Till that tear, charged with its rosy tintings,  
 Deepened the first sweet smile, and left it lovelier—  
 Like the master's work, complete, sufficient.

Then, I thought : Pietro's wise Madonna  
 Was too wise to weep at little sorrows :  
 Christ and she and heaven and all the angels  
 Last—'tis sin, and grief, alone which passes.  
 Roses grow of dew, and smiles from weeping ;  
 Sweetest smile is made of saddest tear-drop ;  
 She hath not forgotten we shall suffer ;  
 In her heart that sword, to the heft, is planted :  
 But, beyond the years, she sees time over ;  
 Past the Calvary, she counts the ‘mansions.’  
 Dear Madonna, wise to be so happy,  
 Should you weep, because we have not listened ?  
 We shall listen : and his Mother knows it.  
 This is why, of many rare Madonnas,  
 Most of all I think on Perugino's,  
 I, who know so many more and love them ;  
 This is why I thank my gentle artist,  
 She who taught me that, a student's wisdom.

#### NOTES.

Lines 7, 8, and 9 : By Raphael, at Florence. Line 10 : At Florence. Line 11 : Guido da Siena, a predecessor of Cimabue, xiii. century, at Florence. Line 12 : At Florence. Line 17 : In the Louvre, Paris. Line 20 : In the National Gallery, London.

## Art Studies

I. HYMN XV. OF NOVALIS—  
G. F. P. VON HARDENBERG: 1772-1801.

*HENRY CURWEN.*

FROM 'SORROW AND SONG,' 1875.

I HAVE seen thee in the visions of the master-minds of  
time,  
In a thousand pictured glories of a loveliness sublime;  
And with these, and sweet brain-fancies, would my long-  
ing fondly weave thee;  
But, to mortal eyes thou comest not, as my soul did once  
perceive thee:  
And, since then, the roar and turmoil of the weary world  
is stilled,  
And with harmonies of heaven hath my daily life been  
thrilled.

II. ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN:  
A PICTURE BY VAN DER WEYDEN.

*EDWARD DOWDEN.*

FROM 'POEMS,' 1876.

It was Luke's will: and she, the Mother-Maid,  
Would not gainsay; to please him pleased her best.  
See, here she sits, with dovelike heart at rest,  
Brooding, and smoothest brow; the Babe is laid  
On lap and arm, glad for the unarrayed  
And swatheless limbs he stretches. Lightly pressed  
By soft maternal fingers, the full breast  
Seeks him, while half a sidelong glance is stayed



### III. RELIQUARIES : A FRAGMENT.

*DAVID GRAY* : 1836-1888.

FROM 'LIFE, POEMS, ETC,' BUFFALO, NEW YORK, 1888

I THINK—while softer fancies sleep—  
Of those old altar-pictures quaint,  
Which pure-souled Memm'ling loved to paint  
Or, those that in fair Florence keep  
His fame, as limner and as saint,  
Who, kneeling, painted heaven—and so,  
Was named of men Angelico.

All shut, such reliquaries stand,  
Rich paintings on each folded lid  
That keeps the inner beauty hid,  
And almost one is stopped to gaze,  
And half—before the doors expand—  
Would lift the censer of his praise.

But, open ; and there straightway beam  
Such glories of the fairer dream,  
All other light is quenched than its.  
Unclouded glows the golden air,  
And ringed with heaven's own aureole,  
The very deep of beauty's soul  
Throbs visible, where the Virgin sits.

IV. ON A PICTURE OF THE ASSUMPTION:  
AFTER FRAY LUIS PONCE DE LEON:  
1528-1591.

*HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW:*  
1807-1882.

LADY, thine upward flight  
The opening heavens receive with joyful song;  
Blest who thy mantle bright  
May seize among the throng,  
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

Bright angels are around thee;  
They that have served thee from thy birth are there;  
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;  
Thou, peerless Queen of Air,  
As sandals to thy feet, the silver moon dost wear.

V. ON A HOLY FAMILY:  
BY J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE: 1749-1832.  
*W. EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN:* 1813-1865.

FROM 'POEMS AND BALLADS OF GOETHE,' 1859.

O CHILD of beauty rare—  
O Mother, chaste and fair—  
How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare.  
She, in her Infant blest,  
And he in conscious rest,  
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast.  
What joy that sight might bear  
To him who sees them there,  
If with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye  
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.

VI. FOR 'OUR LADY OF THE ROCKS':  
BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

*ANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*: 1828-1882

FROM 'POEMS,' 1870.

MOTHER, is this the darkness of the end,  
The shadow of death? And is that outer sea  
Infinite, imminent eternity?  
And does the death-pang, by man's seed sustained  
In time's each instant, cause thy face to bend  
Its silent prayer upon the Son, while he  
Blesses the dead, with his hand silently,  
To his long day which hours no more offend?

Mother of Grace, the pass is difficult,  
Keen as these rocks; and the bewildered souls  
Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering through  
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,  
Whose peace abides in the dark avenue,  
Amid the bitterness of things occult.

VII. LINES FOR A DRAWING OF 'OUR  
LADY OF THE NIGHT.'

*FRANCIS THOMPSON.*

FROM 'THE USHAW MAGAZINE,' 1890.

THIS, could I paint my inward sight,  
This, were our Lady of the Night:  
She bears on her front's lucency  
The starlight of her purity:  
For, as the white rays of that star  
The union of all colours are,  
She sums all virtues that may be  
In her sweet light of purity.



The mantle which she holds on high  
 Is the great mantle of the sky.  
 Think, O sick toiler, when the night  
 Comes on thee, sad and infinite,  
 Think, sometimes, 'tis our own Lady  
 Spreads her blue mantle over thee,  
 And folds the earth, a wearied thing,  
 Beneath its gentle shadowing :  
 Then, rest a little ; and in sleep  
 Forget to weep, forget to weep.

VIII. THE VIRGIN MARY LOOKING THROUGH  
 A WINDOW AT THE CROSS, WHICH  
 IS ONLY SUGGESTED : A PICTURE BY  
 PAUL DELAROCHE.

*RICHARD WILTON, M.A.*

FROM 'WOOD-NOTES,' 1873.

AWE-STRUCK, she gazes through an open space,  
 Or lattice, at that mystery of woe,  
 Which art abashed attempts not here to show :  
 But, every tragic circumstance we trace  
 Reflected in the anguish of her face.  
 The sight, unseen by us, we darkly know  
 From those affrighted eyes, that Form bent low,  
 On which the last rays fall of sinking grace.  
 Thus, through faith's lattice, as I daily gaze  
 On that sad vision veiled from worldly eyes,  
 May the great sight control my words and ways,  
 And all my life transform and solemnise ;  
 That eyes, which see not him, may see in me  
 Some reflex of the saving tragedy.

# Ave, Maria; a Breton Legend, 1877.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

FROM 'SOLILOQUIES IN SONG,' 1882.

IN the Ages of Faith, before the day  
 When men were too proud to weep, or pray,  
 There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,  
 Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,  
 A chapel for simple souls to meet  
 Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,  
'Ave, Maria.'

There was an Idiot, palsied, bleared,  
 With unkempt locks and a matted beard,  
 Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,  
 And whose head kept rolling from side to side ;  
 Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,  
 Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,  
'Ave, Maria.'

But, when they up-got and wended home,  
 Those up the hill-side, these to the foam,  
 He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,  
 Like a thing that is only hull and husk ;  
 On as he hobbled, chanting still,  
 Now to himself, now loud and shrill,  
'Ave, Maria.'

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,  
 And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,  
 And ran up the sail, and trimmed his craft,  
 While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,  
 The senseless cripple would stand and stare,  
 Then, suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,  
'Ave, Maria.'



ALFRED AUSTIN

Others might plough and reap and sow,  
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,  
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,  
Or trundle their dead in a winding sheet ;  
But he, through rapture and pain and wrong,  
Kept singing his one monotonous song,

‘ Ave, Maria.’

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,  
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,  
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,  
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth ;  
Then, leaped and laughed o’er the havoc wreaked,  
The Idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,

‘ Ave, Maria.’

Children mocked and mimicked his feet,  
As he slouched, or sidled, along the street ;  
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,  
And mothers with child eschewed his eye ;  
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk  
Christened him, from the words he spoke,

‘ Ave, Maria.’

One year, when the harvest feasts were done,  
And the mending of tattered nets begun,  
And the kittiwake’s scream took a weirder key,  
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,  
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow  
Frozen and faint and crooning low,

‘ Ave, Mari

*A BRETON LEGEND*

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,  
He could not be buried in sacred earth ;  
So, they laid him afar, apart, alone,  
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,  
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,  
To which none ever came nigh, to say,  
‘Ave, Maria.’

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn white,  
And the lark bore his music out of sight,  
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,  
Up from the lonely, outcast grave  
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,  
Such as she bears to whom men cry,  
‘Ave, Maria.’

None had planted it ; no one knew  
How it had come there, why it grew ;  
Grew up strong, till its stately stem  
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem—  
One pure lily, round which, behold,  
Was written by God, in veins of gold,  
‘Ave, Maria.’

Over the lily they built a shrine,  
Where are mingled the mystic Bread and Wine—  
Shrine you may see in the little town  
That is snugly nestled ’twixt deep and down :  
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,  
And it bears the unshriven Idiot’s name,  
‘Ave, Maria’

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,  
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,  
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,  
The gentle’s pity, the cruel’s scorn—  
Who shall bar you the Gates of Day,  
So you have simple faith to say,  
‘Ave, Maria’



# Authors' Invocations to Mary

AUTHOR'S PRAYER FOR HIMSELF A  
HIS READER.

*EDWARD CASWALL, OF THE  
ORATORY, M.A.: 1814-1878.*

FROM THE SECOND EDITION OF A 'TALE OF TINTER:  
CANTO VI., 1873.

O THOU, dear Glory of the Skies,  
And Queen of our new Paradise,  
Who ever wert so good to me  
And art so high in dignity,  
That it transcendeth human heart  
So to conceive thee as thou art,  
Thus far my bark has safe been steered –  
But now, the risk I long have feared  
Approaching, much I feel dismay,  
Lest I should aught unworthy say  
Of that sweet Majesty so great,  
Which men and angels venerate.  
Ah then, true Poetess divine,  
By that high canticle of thine  
Whose words enchant the world, my need  
Assist, nor less of those who read,  
That, while beneath an outward guise  
I shadow hidden verities,  
They of my parable aright  
May judge, nor, unobservant quite,  
A lower meaning bear away  
Where it a higher would convey.

II. AUTHOR'S ENTREATY FOR HIS LAY  
*BROTHER EYSTEIN, REGULAR*  
 OF THE MONASTERY OF THYKKVIBGER.

TRANSLATED (1870) BY EIRIKR MAGNUSSON.  
 FROM 'LILJA (THE LILY)'; AN ICELANDIC RELIGIOUS POEM OF  
 THE XIV. CENTURY.

THEE, May and Mother, I entreat  
 That, by thine intercession sweet,  
 From out my mouth a truthful lore,  
 In verses smoothly wrought, may pour ;  
 That, from my lips both soft and bright,  
 As if in glowing gold bedight,  
 The words proclaimed of old may ring ;  
 To God that gift I needs must bring.

\* \* \*

This Mary is our Mother bright,  
 With honour decked, a Flower of might,  
 And bloometh like a ruddy rose,  
 Which by a living fountain grows ;  
 A fragrant Root of lowliness ;  
 A Ray of the Spirit's holiness ;  
 She loves but God and who are good ;  
 In virtue is she like to God.

\* \* \*

Thou, Mary, art our Mother bright ;  
 Thou, Mary, art with honour dight ;  
 Thou, Mary, beamest bright with love—  
 O Mary, baleful sin remove ;  
 O Mary, by our faults and fears,  
 O Mary, heed our flowing tears ;  
 O Mary, our great afflictions calm ;  
 Pour, Mary, o'er our wounds thy balm.

\* \* \*

*T. DARCY MCGEE*

With loving kindness, Mary, deign  
My heart to fill, as I would fain,  
That, if I might still farther bring  
My lay, thy praise therein should ring :  
But, higher praise, in verses made  
On Christ's dear Mother could ne'er be said.  
Than, that thou art by God alone,  
O May, in purity outshone.

I. TO ASK OUR LADY'S PATRONAGE FOR  
A BOOK ON COLUMBUS : A FRAGMENT  
*THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE* : 1825-1868

STAR of the Sea, to whom, age after age,  
The maiden kneels whose lover sails the sea ;  
Star, that the drowning death-pang can assuage,  
And shape the soul's course to eternity ;  
Mother of God, in Bethlehem's crib confined,  
Mother of God, to Egypt's realm exiled,  
Thee do I ask to aid my anxious mind,  
And make this book find favour with thy Child.

Of one, who lived and laboured in thy ray,  
I would rehearse the striving and success ;  
Through the dense past I ne'er shall find my way,  
Unless thou helpest, holy Comfortress :



IV. APPEAL FOR ILLUMINATION.

*LUIGI PULCI*: 1431-1487.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD  
*BYRON*: 1788-1824.

FROM THE 'MORGANTE MAGGIORE,' CANTO I. STANZA 2.

AND thou, O Virgin, Daughter, Mother, Bride  
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key  
Of heaven and hell, and everything beside,  
The day thy Gabriel said 'All hail' to thee,  
Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,  
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free—  
Be to my verses, then, benignly kind,  
And to the end illuminate my mind.

V. PRAYER FOR INSPIRATION.

*SINCERUS SANNAZARIUS*: 1458-1530.

TRANSLATED (1839) BY JOHN C. EUSTACE.

FROM 'THE DELIVERY OF THE VIRGIN,' BOOK III.

CELESTIAL Queen,

Thou on whom men below and saints above  
Their hopes repose ; on whom the bannered hosts  
Of heaven attend—ten thousand squadrons armed,  
Ten thousand cars self-moved, the clarion shrill,  
The trumpet's voice—while round in martial pomp,  
Orb within orb, the thronging seraphs wheel :  
If on thy fane, of snow-white marble reared,  
I offer yearly garlands ; if I raise  
Enduring altars in the hollowed rock  
Where Mergyllina, lifting her tall head,  
Looks down upon the foamy waves beneath—  
A sea-mark to the passing sailor's eye ;  
If, with due reverence to thy name, I pay  
The solemn rites, the sacrificial pomp,  
When each returning year we celebrate

*P. B. SHELLEY*

The wondrous mystery of the Birth Divine—  
Do thou assist thy feeble bard, unused  
To tasks so great and wandering on his way :  
Guide thou my efforts and inspire my song.

I. THE POET'S PETITION FOR HIS SONG.

*PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY*: 1792–1822.

FROM 'EPIPSYCHIDION,' 1821.

SERAPH of Heaven, too gentle to be human,  
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman  
All that is insupportable in thee  
Of light and love and immortality :  
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse ;  
Veiled Glory of this lampless universe ;  
Thou Moon beyond the clouds ; thou living Form  
Among the dead ; thou Star above the storm ;  
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror ;  
Thou Harmony of nature's art ; thou Mirror  
In whom, as in the splendour of the sun,  
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on ;  
Aye, even the dim words which obscure thee now  
Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow—  
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song  
All of its much mortality and wrong,  
With those clear drops which start like sacred dew  
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through  
Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy :  
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

NOTES.

No. II. Lines first and last : May ; May is the true Middle English form of Maid, Maiden, or Virgin. (Translator.) No. Line 11 : Mergyllina ; Villa Mergyllina, the gift to the poet his patron, Frederick, King of Naples. No. VI. Line 9 : Terror—Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array Cant. vi. 9. Opinions are divided on Shelley's intention in personal object of his invocation. (Editor.)

## Hymns from the Little Office of Our Lady

*TRIBUTED, EXCEPT TWO STANZA  
TO VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS: 1  
CENTURY.*

*TRANSLATED (1845) BY J. A. DOMINIC AYLWARD  
O. P.: 1813-1872.*

### I. AT MATINS:

*Quem terra, pontus, æthera.*

WHOM earth and sea and sky proclaim  
The Ruler of their triple frame,  
He, unto whom their praises rise,  
Within the womb of Mary lies.  
Her womb, the seat of every grace,  
Is now the Lord's abiding place ;  
That Lord to whom the sun by day,  
The moon by night, their homage pay.  
O happy Mother that thou art,  
Close underneath thy beating heart  
Lies the Creator-God, who planned  
The world he holds within his hand.  
Blest by the herald-angel's tongue,  
O'er thee God's shadowing Spirit hung  
And filled thy womb—whence issued forth  
The Long-desired of all the earth.  
O Mary, Mother of all Grace  
And Mercy to our sinful race,  
Drive back the foe ; and to thy Son  
Lead thou our souls when life is done.  
All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
A Virgin's Son, by all adored ;  
And equal praise for ever greet  
The Father and the Paraclete.



## II. AT LAUDS :

### *O Gloriosa Domina.*

O GLORIOUS LADY, throned in light,  
Sublime above the starry height,  
Whose arms thine own Creator pressed,  
A Suckling at thy sacred breast.  
Through the dear Blossom of thy womb  
Thou changest hapless Eva's doom ;  
Through thee to contrite souls is given  
An opening to their home in heaven.  
Thou art the great King's Portal bright,  
The shining Gate of living light ;  
Come then, ye ransomed nations, sing  
The Life Divine 'twas hers to bring.  
Mother of Love and Mercy mild,  
Mother of graces undefiled,  
Drive back the foe, and to thy Son  
Lead thou our souls when life is done.  
All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
A Virgin's Son, by all adored,  
With Sire and Spirit, Three in One,  
While everlasting ages run.

All glory be to thee, O Lord,  
A Virgin's Son, by all adored,  
And equal praise for ever greet  
The Father and the Paraclete.

IV. AT VESPERS :

*Ave, Maris Stella.*

HAIL, thou brightest Star of Ocean ;  
Hail, thou Mother of our God ;  
Hail, thou Ever-sinless Virgin,  
Gateway of the blest abode.  
Ave ; 'tis an angel's greeting—  
Thou didst hear his music sound,  
Changing thus the name of Eva—  
Shed the gifts of peace around.  
Burst the sinner's bonds in sunder ;  
Pour the day on darkling eyes ;  
Chase our ills ; invoke upon us  
All the blessings of the skies.  
Show thyself a watchful Mother ;  
And may he our pleadings hear,  
Who for us a helpless Infant  
Owned thee for his Mother dear.  
Maid, above all maids excelling,  
Maid, above all maidens mild,  
Freed from sin, oh, make our bosoms  
Sweetly meek and undefiled.  
Keep our lives all pure and stainless,  
Guide us on our heavenly way,  
'Till we see the face of Jesus,  
And exult in endless day.  
Glory to the Eternal Father ;  
Glory to the Eternal Son ;  
Glory to the Eternal Spirit :  
Blest for ever, Three in One.

## Ballad and Legends

### I. THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

A LEGEND OF INCHIDONY ISLAND.

*JEREMIAH J. CALLANAN*: 1795-1829.

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,  
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,  
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's  
mellow fall ;  
But, the bank of green, where Mary knelt, was brightest  
of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appeared,  
And her joyous crew looked from the deck, as to the  
land she neared ;  
To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,  
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below, in pride  
and beauty shone.

The master saw our Lady, as he stood upon the prow,  
And marked the whiteness of her robe, and the radiance  
of her brow ;  
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless  
breast,  
And her eyes looked up among the stars to him her soul  
loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a  
cheer ;  
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and  
jeer ;  
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw before ;  
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept  
them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,  
 And up its wrathful billows rose, to vindicate their  
 Queen;  
 And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er  
 the land,  
 And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the  
 strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leaped  
 about,  
 And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a  
 shout,  
 And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with  
 thundering shock,  
 And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchidony's  
 rock.

Then, loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild  
 and high :  
 But the angry surge swept over them and hushed their  
 gurgling cry ;  
 And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed  
 away,  
 And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant  
 waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high  
 Dunmore,  
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's  
 shore ;  
 And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers  
 sank,  
 And still he calls that hillock green, ' the Virgin Mary's  
 Bank.'

## II. THE VIRGIN MARY'S KNIGHT.

A BALLAD OF THE CRUSADES.

*THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE: 1825-1868.*

BENEATH the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing  
 stood,  
 But, not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of  
 blood ;  
 Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel, prostrated far, who see  
 The hill where Christ's atoning Blood poured down the  
 penal tree :  
 Their theme was old, their theme was new ; 'twas sweet  
 and yet, 'twas bitter—  
 Of noble ladies left behind, spoke cavalier and ritter ;  
 And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron  
 breast,  
 For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widowed  
 west.

Towards the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by  
 his birth,  
 And ten times nobler than his blood, his high out-shining  
 worth,  
 His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a  
 word he spoke,  
 Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke :  
 'What aileth thee, O Constantine, that solitude you  
 seek ?  
 If counsel, or if aid you need, we pray thee do but  
 speak ;  
 Or dost thou mourn, like other frères, thy lady-love afar,  
 Whose image shineth nightly through yon European  
 star ?'



Then, answered courteous Constantine : ' Good Sir, in  
 simple truth,  
 I chose a gracious Lady in the hey-day of my youth ;  
 I wear her image on my heart and, when that heart is cold,  
 The secret may be rifled thence, but never must be told.  
 For, her I love and worship well by light of morn or even ;  
 I ne'er shall see my Mistress dear, until we meet in  
 heaven ;

But this believe, brave cavaliers, there never was but one  
 Such Lady as my holy love, beneath the blessed sun.'

He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive  
 grove,  
 And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the Lady of  
 his love ;  
 And many a cavalier whose lance has still maintained  
 his own  
 Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequalled one,  
 Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the  
 fight ;  
 With wonder and with generous pride they marked the  
 lightning light  
 Of his fearless sword careering through the unbelievers'  
 ranks,  
 As angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on his  
 banks.

' He fears not death come when it will, he longeth for  
 his love,  
 And fain would find some sudden path to where she  
 dwells above—  
 How should he fear for dying, when his Mistress dear is  
 dead ?'  
 Thus, often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said :



Until it chanced from Sion's wall the fatal arrow flew,  
 That pierced the outworn armour of his faithful bosom  
 through ;  
 And never was such mourning made for knight in  
 Palestine,  
 As thy loyal comrades made for thee, beloved Con-  
 stantine.

Beneath the royal tent, the bier was guarded night and  
 day,  
 Where, with a halo round his head, the Christian champion  
 lay ;  
 That talisman upon his breast—what may that marvel be,  
 Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error  
 free ?  
 Approach, behold, nay, worship there the image of his  
 love—  
 The Heavenly Queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts  
 above ;  
 Nor wonder, that around his bier there lingers such a  
 light,  
 For, the spotless one that sleepeth, was the Blessed  
 Virgin's Knight.

### III. LA ZINGARELLA : FROM THE ITALIAN.

*FRANCIS S. MAHONY*: 1804–1866.

FROM 'THE RELIQUES OF FATHER PROUT,' 1878.

THERE'S a legend that's told of a gipsy who dwelt  
 In the land where the Pyramids be ;  
 And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt  
 With devices, right wondrous to see :

And she lived in the days when our Lord was a Child  
 On his Mother's immaculate breast ;  
 When he fled from his foes—when to Egypt exiled,  
 He went down with Saint Joseph the Blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,  
 And the future was given to her gaze ;  
 For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
 On her threshold kept vigil always.  
 She was pensive, and ever alone, nor was seen  
 In the haunts of the dissolute crowd ;  
 But, communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,  
 Or, with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old Man from the desert one day,  
 With a Maid on a mule, by that road,  
 And a Child on her bosom reclined—and the way  
 Led them straight to the gipsy's abode ;  
 And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,  
 From their home, many, many a league—  
 From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath—  
 Spent with toil, and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gipsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed  
 That the pilgrims would rest them awhile ;  
 And she offered her couch to that delicate Maid  
 Who had come many, many a mile ;  
 And she fondled the Babe with affection's caress,  
 And she begged the old Man would repose ;  
 ' Here the stranger,' she said, ' ever finds free access,  
 And the wanderer balm for his woes.'

Then, her guests from the glare of the noonday she led  
 To a seat in her grotto so cool,  
 Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a shed,  
 With a manger, was found for the mule ;

With the wine of the palm-tree, with the dates newly culled,  
All the toil of the road she beguiled ;  
And, with song in a language mysterious, she lulled  
On her bosom the wayfaring Child.

When the gipsy, anon, in her Ethiop hand  
Placed the Infant's diminutive palm,  
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned  
Of the Babe in his slumber so calm.  
Well she noted each mark, and each furrow that crossed  
O'er the tracings of destiny's line :  
' Whence came ye ? ' she cried, in astonishment lost,  
' For this Child is of lineage divine.'

' From the village of Nazareth,' Joseph replied,  
' Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew ;  
We have fled from a tyrant, whose garment is dyed  
In the gore of the children he slew ;  
We were told to remain, till an angel's command  
Should appoint us the hour to return ;  
But till then, we inhabit the foreigner's land,  
And in Egypt we make our sojourn.'

' Then, ye tarry with me,' cried the gipsy in joy,  
' And ye make of my dwelling your home ;  
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite Boy  
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come.'  
And she kissed both the feet of the Infant, and knelt,  
And adored him at once—then, a smile  
Lit the face of his Mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

## Birth and Passing of Mary

*SIR JOHN CROKER BARROW, BART.*

FROM 'MARY OF NAZARETH; A LEGENDARY POEM,' 1889.

### I. MARY'S BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

At dawn of day, the day of Mary's birth,  
 There fell a golden cloud upon the earth,  
 Down-curtained from the Throne of God above,  
 The mystic shadow of his earth-drawn love—  
     On all the Holy Land, tradition saith,  
     Between Jerusalem and Nazareth,  
 Between the temple of the cherubim,  
 And humble home of Anne and Joachim—  
     Uniting thus, whilst angels thither trod,  
     The house of Mary to the house of God.  
 For, though it seemed to eyes of men a haze  
     Of sun-mists, gathered in a golden sheen,  
     Yet was it full of angels, who, unseen  
 By mortal eye, yet shone beneath the gaze  
     Of God, resplendent, like the crystal gems  
     That sparkle in the snow-drift as it lies;  
     Or, like the stars, that fill with diadems  
     The milk-white arch that spans the purple skies.

The mystic shadow of God-giving love,  
     It settled, like the Spirit of his Breath,  
     Now, on the purple vines of Nazareth,  
 Now, on the crests of Thabor's slopes above;  
     Whence, drifting down from peak to peak it sank  
     From vale to vale, to Jordan's river bank;



Where, lighting on the water, like a gleam  
Sun-launched, it floated down the sacred stream—  
First southwards and towards the dread Dead Sea ;  
Then, westward to the breast of Olivet ;  
Last, like a halo of the sun not set,  
To Sion's gates, all way from Galilee.

All through that cloud-land, angel-guarded, lay  
The path, by which the feet of Mary trod,  
As childhood grew from babyhood, to pay  
Her yearly visit to the shrine of God :  
A path by sleepless spirits ever swept ;  
A path by watchful angels ever kept ;  
A path to each bright spirit made more sweet  
By yearly passing of her pilgrim feet—  
As, to and fro, across the sand and sward  
She came and went with unseen angel-guard ;  
And year by year, with Anne and Joachim,  
Within the Holy City bowed her head,  
Before the altar of the cherubim,  
And sacred ark of Ever-living Bread—  
First borne by them, then led, then leading them  
With humble hands clasped child-like into theirs ;  
Yet longing to pray, ever there, her prayers,  
Nor leave again her loved Jerusalem.

For Mary had been vowed to God by them,  
So soon as she should be of riper years,  
And to his temple in Jerusalem—  
A vow unspoken yet to outward ears,  
But, hidden in the heart of Joachim,  
And treasured up in Anne's maternal breast—  
Until, presenting her before their priest,  
They spoke their thoughts—her mother thus to him,



'I give to God the gift he gave to me':  
 Then, after scarce a pause, her father thus,  
 'We give to God the Child he gave to us,  
 He wills it; and we will it; let it be.'  
 And Mary grew in beauty, day by day;  
 And grew in grace—albeit, full of grace—  
 In grace and beauty; knowing no decay,  
 Ingrafted by her soul upon her face.  
 Like some fair lily, on a water lap,  
 Which spotless in its baby-bud from first,  
 Yet, more and more from day to day athirst,  
 Draws from some unseen source its daily sap;  
 And daily throws out leaves, new leaves, more full,  
 Though not more pure, nor yet, more beautiful:  
 So Mary, pure and fair, yet grew apace,  
 From beauty unto beauty, grace to grace,  
 From day to day, and daily, from her birth—  
 Till none was pure, or fair, as she on earth.

## II. MARY'S DEATH AND PASSING.

THEN, blessing each and all, with hands outspread,  
 She closed her eyes upon the world beneath,  
 And, passing through the open gates of death,  
 To Christ, the King of living and of dead,  
 Ascended, by the path he once had trod,  
 To him, enthroned upon the Throne of God.  
 They light the lamps of death, the while they weep;  
 They weep their loss—they cannot weep for her;  
 They weep their loss of Mother-Comforter—  
 Oh, not for her who seems but one asleep:  
 They kneel, and kiss once more her hands and feet;  
 Then, cover them with spices and with myrrh—  
 Though sweetest scent from such is not so sweet  
 As that which rises, incense-like, from her.

Then, forth from thence, on flower-o'erladen bier,  
They bear away the Mother of their love :  
They know her spirit is no longer here,  
But gone for ever to her Son above ;  
Yet virtue flowed to such as held the faith,  
E'en from that lifeless form—tradition saith—  
Not power to raise herself, but, power instead  
To heal the sick, and raise to life the dead ;  
Full power from Heaven the sick and dead to save  
Whilst borne towards the garden of her grave.

Last, lay they her, who bore from virgin womb  
The Lord of Life, within a virgin tomb ;  
Neath cypress sad and weeping olive tree  
And sighing shadows of Gethsemani ;  
And, o'er her shroud of frankincense and myrrh,  
Raise flower on flower, around and over her :  
Then, closing all the fragrance with a stone,  
Keep, day and night, death-watches, one by one.

There, whilst they watch, they hear all angels sing  
Triumphant welcomes to their Queen and King—  
Such melodies as, from eternal yore,  
Had never living being heard before—  
Till three days after—so tradition says—  
One came who was not witness of her death,  
And had not seen her give to God her breath,  
Nor thought she would have ended thus her days :  
He, Thomas, scarce believing she had died,  
His wish once more to see her signified ;  
All doubt of death to set at rest thereby,  
He scarce believing yet that she could die.

At whose request they roll the stone away—  
The flowers lie fresh and fragrant where she lay—



Yet nought but flowers—and voices in the air  
From far-off angels—but, she is not there ;  
Then knew they, given by God to understand,  
As Jesus no corruption saw, that he—  
Lest Mary should by death corruption see—  
Had raised her body to that spirit-land  
Where, high above the nine-fold choirs of heaven,  
And high above the great archangel-seven,  
He had prepared for her the highest throne  
Of all, but that of God, and of his own.

There, as they gaze far into heaven on high,  
As who would pierce the blue veil of the sky,  
A wondrous vision is vouchsafed to them,  
As by the angels of Jerusalem—

They see the glory of the great White Throne  
And Jesus claiming Mary for his own,  
As worthy to have given him birth alone,  
And worthy only to receive that crown—  
That crown which he had won for her by death,  
And she, by all she suffered here beneath.

Clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet,  
Crowned with twelve stars, and throned on mercy-  
seat—

Crowned, Queen of all the angel-hosts of heaven  
Crowned, Queen of all the patriarchs of old ;  
Crowned, Queen of all the prophets, by God give  
Crowned, Queen of all apostles of his fold ;  
Crowned, Queen of all his martyrs done to death  
Crowned, Queen of all confessors of his faith ;  
Crowned, Queen of all the virgins of his love ;  
Crowned, Queen by him of all his saints above—  
Doth she, by grace of God, reign now, as then,  
The Queen of angels and the Queen of men.

## Salernese Hymn to the Virgin

*WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. : 1793–1875.*

FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF 'THE PILGRIM IN  
ITALY,' 1825.

Ave, Maria, Glory's Queen,  
Our Load-star and Defender—  
Homage to thee, on shore and sea,  
Our grateful spirits render ;  
To thee who guid'st the fisher's bark  
And lead'st the wildered stranger,  
When all behind is drear and dark,  
And all before is danger :

CHORUS : With fervent vow to thee we bow,  
The Friend that never faileth ;  
When storms appear, thou still art near  
To succour him that saileth.

Our wives are watching on the shore,  
Our children call their fathers ;  
They quake to hear the tempest roar,  
And tremble as it gathers ;  
The leven flashes on our bows—  
Yon mountain, rent asunder,  
Writhes like a giant in his throes  
And weeps in molten thunder :

CHORUS : To thee, to thee, we bow the knee—  
Our Friend who never faileth,  
When tempests sweep the yawning deep,  
To succour him that saileth,

*SALERNESE HYMN*

57

No lingering star illumines our path ;  
The night scowls drear and drearer ;  
But, smiling through the tempest's wrath,  
We know that thou art nearer ;  
We know our wives and children keep  
Their fast before thine altar ;  
Thou wilt not leave their eyes to weep,  
Their faithful hearts to falter :

CHORUS : To thee, to thee, we bow the knee,  
Our Friend who never faileth,  
When tempests sweep the yawning deep,  
To succour him that saileth.

Ave, Maria, glorious Star,  
Where midnight horrors muster,  
Thou givst the moon her silver car,  
The sky its holy lustre ;  
At thy behest the billows roar,  
At thy command they slumber ;  
Oh, softly guide our helm ashore  
Whom night and storm encumber.

CHORUS : With fervent vow to thee we bow,  
The Friend that never faileth,  
When tempests sweep the foaming deep  
To succour him that saileth.

NOTE.

Line 18 : Yon mountain ; Mount Vesuvius, in the neighbourhood  
Salerno.



# Carol, Song and Romance

## CAROL OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*UND AMONGST THE ROYAL MSS., BRITIS  
MUSEUM, BY G. R. WOODWARD, M.A. : AN  
MODERNISED (1892) BY WILLIAM J. BLEW, M.*

FROM 'CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE,' SERIES II, 1893.

CHORUS : THIS other night I saw a sight,  
A star as bright as day,  
And ever among a Maiden sung :  
'By by, Baby, lullay.'  
This Virgin clear, withouten peer,  
Unto her Son 'gan say :

MOTHER : 'My Son, my Lord, my Father dear,  
Why liest thou in hay?  
Methink be right, that king and knight  
Should lie in rich array ;  
Yet, nevertheless, I will not cess  
To sing, By by, lullay.'

This Babe full fain answered again,  
And thus, methought, he said :

SON : 'I am a King, above all thing,  
In hay if I be laid :  
For, ye shall see that kingès three  
Shall come on twelvè-day ;  
For this behest give me your breast,  
And sing, By, Baby, lullay.'

MOTHER : 'In fay I say, withouten nay,  
Thou art my Darling dear ;  
I shall thee keep while thou dost sleep,  
And make thee goodè cheer :

*CAROL, SONG AND ROMANCE*

And all thy will I will fulfill,  
Thou wottest it well, in fay ;  
Yet, more than this, I will thee kiss  
And sing, By, Baby, lullay.'

' My Mother sweet, when I have sleep,  
Then, take me up at loft  
Upon your knee, that ye set me  
And handle me full soft :  
And in your arm lap me right warm,  
And keep a-night a-day ;  
And if I weep and cannot sleep,  
Sing, By, Baby, lullay.'

HER : ' My Son, my Lord, my Father dear,  
Sith all is at thy will,  
I pray thee, Son, grant me a boon,  
If it be right and skyll,  
That child, or man, or may, or can,  
Be merry on this day,  
To bliss them bring ; and I shall sing  
By by, Baby, lullay.'

: ' My Mother sheen, of Heaven Queen  
Your asking shall I speed ;  
So that this mirth displease me not  
In word, neither in deed ;  
Sing what ye will, so that ye fulfill  
My ten commandments aye ;  
You for to please let them not cease  
To sing, Baby, lullay.'

DRUS : This other night I saw a sight,  
A star as bright as day,  
And ever among a Maiden sung,  
' By by, Baby, lullay.'

## II. SONG OF THE TIME OF HENRY VI.

*CONTRIBUTED BY A. H. BULLEN.*

I SING of a Maiden  
     That is makeless ;  
 King of all kings  
     To her Son she chess.  
 He came also still,  
     There his Mother was,  
 As dew in April  
     That falleth on the grass.  
 He came also still  
     To his Mother's bower,  
 As dew in April  
     That falleth on the flower.  
 He came also still,  
     There his Mother lay,  
 As dew in April  
     That falleth on the spray.  
 Mother and Maiden  
     Was never none but she ;  
 Well may such a Lady .  
     God's Mother be.

## III. ROMAUNT OF BLESSED JOHANN.

*CONTRIBUTED BY THOMAS P. BULLIVANT.*

STRAIGHTWAY I gat me to our Ladyes shrine  
     For to intreat her grace, who hath full oft  
     Holpen her servaunt in his hour of need,  
     And of sore grievous sorrow him hath freed ;  
     So kind a Ladye is she and so soft,  
 And doth to misery her heart incline.



O Ladye, chosen Vessel of the Lord,  
Who didst thy God a silly Babe give suck ;  
O Mother-Maid, more pure than whitest snow,  
No stain in thy concepcioun didst thou know ;  
Thou broughtest to yfallen men good luck,  
Whose womb was tabernacle of the Word.

‘Lo, now thy servant travaileth right sore,  
And all his flesh is weary unto death ;  
Dark is the sun to him and pleasaunt light ;  
Dark, what the world of winsome has and bright—  
For, cold her lips, and hushèd is her breath,  
And silent is her tongue for evermore.

‘But yestermorn, she baked the wastel-bread,  
And chid the idle hound which turned the spit ;  
But yestere’en, fine woof and rare she spun,  
For swaddling bands to wrap the little one ;  
And in great Goddès sight is now her spirit,  
And the little life she brought forth is yfled.

‘O Ladye, thou hast felt this worldès teen—  
Ladye of Sorrows, thou art yclept of men—  
Seven sacred sorrows reft in twain thine heart ;  
A murtherous sword did work it grievous smart  
When that thy bleeding Son did meet thy ken,  
Afresh ensanguined from the lashes keen.

‘O Ladye, by the sorrows of thine heart,  
And by thy Sonnès sacred woundès five,  
Cast down one crumb of comfort, yea, but one  
From thy bright throne above the golden sun ;  
So, that I may not pine away, but thrive,  
And have assuagement of mine heartès smart.’

‘Johann, thou hast found favour in mine eyes,  
And lo, the Holy Child is gracious eke ;  
Come, comfort take, and blithesome be thy fac  
For, thou hast surely found with us great grace  
Thy wife it is not meet for thee to seek—  
She hath the vision blest in Paradise.

‘For thee, Johann, I have this grace to give,  
My very knight to be in chivaulry ;  
And bruit my fame in sundry landès ferne,  
That men of my Conceptioun may learn,  
Therefore, to praise God ; and, in chastity  
Abiding alway, blameless lives to lead.’

Thus spake the Gracious Ladye ; and straightway  
She buckled on my thigh a mystic sword,  
Whose sheath doth bear this high inscriptioun,  
‘For Marye, and her pure Conceptioun :’  
And, in my darkest hour I pray the Lord,  
Our Ladyes pure Conceptioun be my stay.



# Ode and Legend

*EMILY BOWLES.*

ON 'THE MONTH,' 1870; AND 'THE THREE KINGS,' 1874.

## I. COMPLINE.

Down drops the red sun in the burnished sea,

Down in rejoicing might

Into the trembling deep:

And while his hot rim slowly vanisheth

As if all drowned in sleep,

Soft swaying o'er the fragrant lea,

The Ave-chime forewarns the night,

And every care and labour banisheth.

Ave, Maria: so it saith.

Slowly the red herd follows in a line,

The sheep-bell fainter falls,

The corncrake's wooden note

Creaks through the green ears, rustling, waving  
slowly—

Like swaying, wind-tost boat;

Then, hallowing the day's decline,

Christ's coming thrice the bell recalls,

And bids us hail the Maiden, great and lowly.

Ave, Maria: Mother hol

As sheaves of lilies lift their stately heads

Beside an alley green,

In queen-like, stainless pride,

So, the great multitude thy fair head crowneth

The golden throne beside:

*EMILY BOWLES*

Yet, violet in the fresh spring meads  
Was never meeker, lowlier seen,  
Which in the smiling rain the April drowneth.  
Ave, Maria : Gabriel saith.

Thou art the 'mighty Mother' of the Greeks ;  
Thy womb the earth enfolds ;  
Thy flesh, the germ of life ;  
From the mind of God Athenè leaping,  
Armed for the deathless strife ;  
Thou art Demeter, when she seeks  
Her child among the doomful holds ;  
Mother of harvests, sheaves of souls still reaping.  
Ave, Maria : Joying, weeping.

Then, dreamt they thee, O bright and moon-crowned  
Maid,  
As Huntress of the wild,  
Chastiser of the proud ;  
Thy light from all base earthly churls concealing,  
The false-tongued, loose-lifed crowd ;  
But, in the fresh and hidden shade,  
To hearts still undefiled,  
Thy heavenly moon-bright face revealing.  
Ave, Maria : Name of healing.

Thou art the Mother of the fallen in fight ;  
Where their dead bodies lie  
Thou keepest watch and ward,  
Spreading thy sackcloth, scaring the birds of prey,  
In sleepless, loving guard ;  
True Rispah, mother Israelite,  
Thou seest the years go by,  
Unfailing still, unknowing of decay.  
Ave, Maria : Maid alway.



## *ODE AND LEGEND*

Thou too, the Mother of earth's sad and reft,  
Widowed and Childless Maid,  
Thou by the cross must stand ;  
E'en when thy risen Lord to heaven ascending,  
Not placed at his right hand,  
But, on the wild hill-side still left,  
Thy rest for years delayed,  
Still all thy bread with tears of longing blending.  
Ave, Maria : Love unending

Then, when the red sun quenches in the wave,  
And all the earth lies still,  
Let us kneel down and pray—  
Lifting our praying hands and thankful voices :  
' Mother, be thou our stay ;  
Strength we must plead for ; love we crave ;  
Light for our warped and darkened will—  
Until our soul, full-ripe, in heaven rejoices.'  
Hear our voices, Mother-Ma

I spied a Lady floating on the air,  
In robes of colour flecked with orient pearl.  
Most fair, most pure, most wondrous bright was  
Her hair, like ripening wheat-ears fell adown  
Her Virgin-face. Her large eyes, softly fixed,  
Showed neither blue, nor brown, so veiled their  
So thick their shady fringe of darkened gold.  
Her mantle floated like a deeper sky ;  
Her small hands bore a staff of milk-white wool.  
And spun it softly waving to and fro ;  
Till falling, falling, ever falling down,  
The meshy web did cover all the earth,  
And weft o'er field and hedgerow, wold and lawn  
Meseemed it bound the world in one wide net  
Of love, and silken bond of brotherhood.  
The while I gazed, rapt, wondering at this sight.  
I saw the heavenly Weaver knit full fast  
Her myriad threads with waving, flitting hands,  
And knot each mesh, and twine the glistering threads  
From every circle in concentric rings,  
Till every part she shaped in perfect growth,  
And spread the mazy pattern o'er the world.  
And while she laboured, like a rhythmic chime  
Of far-off bells, came through the air this song :

‘ Twine the spotless thread  
From milk-white staff and hand ;  
Ne'er shall earth-stained web  
Be spun from stainless strand.

## ODE AND LEGEND

‘ Weave the air-borne thread,  
Mother and Maid in one :  
Thus, thy fragile web  
Shall bind us to God’s throne.’

As ceased the song, I faintly, faintlier heard,  
As if updrawn, an ‘ Alleluia ’ clear,  
In voice so sweet that all my sense was drowned.  
But, when the silence fell, I looked again ;  
Then, saw the Lady beg, with upraised hands,  
A gift of dew from airy mist and cloud,  
Earth-born, and stored from earth’s own radiance  
To scatter grateful moisture on its breast.  
This kindly shower she poured upon her web,  
Then smiled to see it changed to woven pearl ;  
And, as she smiled, the iridescent light  
Burst forth with dazzling gleam, and smote the woof  
And every pearl became a rainbow gem.

Then, many voices ‘ Alleluia ’ sang,  
Far off and farther through the fields of air,  
To him who rides the clouds and stormy winds,  
And casts his ice in morsels ; giveth snow,  
Or hail, to smite ; and then, lets drop the dew  
In gentle showers of pitying love ; and while  
He decks the spring and summer with rich joy,  
Spreads tender beauty round the dying year,  
And failing strength, and loss, and sharpest grief.  
And counts each falling hair of wintry life.



# On some Loretto=Titles of Our Lady

*MATTHEW BRIDGES.*

FROM 'HYMNS OF THE HEART,' 1848.

## I. TURRIS EBURNEA.

DAUGHTER of David, ever fair,  
In all thy gentle power,  
Oh, let me find thy gracious care—  
An Ivory Tower  
Created by the King of kings  
To be his own abode—  
Beneath the shadow of his wings,  
Mother of God.  
For this, to thee in each distress  
As shelter man may run ;  
And, through thee, hasten on to bless  
Thy glorious Son.  
Defend me, then, in thine embrace,  
Where safety blends with rest,  
To make my paradise of grace  
Thy Virgin-breast.  
Glory of Women, matchless Maid,  
Immaculate, sublime—  
When death in lowly dust hath laid  
All towers of time,  
Thy light impearled in bliss shall glow,  
And I will look to thee ;  
For, thou hast been, in weal and woe,  
A Tower of Love 1

## *LORETTO-TITLES*

### II. FŒDERIS ARCA.

HOLY of holies, rend the veil  
Before thy throne of gold ;  
Ark of the Covenant, all hail,  
The Virgin we behold :  
Bright cherubim and seraphim,  
In one mysterious crowd,  
Expand the everlasting hymn  
That rolls from cloud to cloud.

Odours, in folds of fragrant fumes  
Pervade the ravished skies ;  
Whilst angels form, with arching plumes  
A firmament of eyes :  
They gaze ; and as they gaze, they shine  
And as they shine, admire,  
With adoration all divine,  
All love—all life—all fire.

No temple there is made with hands,  
By human priesthood trod ;  
Alone, the once-slain Victim stands,  
The living Lamb of God :  
To him the blessed Mary prays ;  
With him she intercedes ;  
The Church, around her, homage pays  
For whom her mercy pleads.

*MATTHEW BRIDGES*

My soul unfurls her wings  
To soar aloft to thee—  
And, far removed from earthly things,  
Adores thy Mystery.

The prophet saw that Fane  
Of heavenly beauty fair,  
Where Deity itself would deign  
To find a dwelling there.

One Portal stood alone,  
Of peerless pearl its frame ;  
There, would the Lord ascend his throne—  
And Mary was its name.

All hail, thou matchless Maid,  
An entrance make for me,  
Where he in glory is displayed,  
Who came to us through thee.

By all, and more than mothers know,  
In their maternal state ;  
By all thy vigils, tears and woe,  
Thyself immaculate ;

Thou, Virgin-Queen of earth and heaven  
Present me to thy Son—  
That every sin may be forgiven,  
And a fresh trophy won.



For, God was there, and beneath his feet  
A pavement of sapphires glowed,  
As the mirrors of glory transcendently meet  
To reflect his own abode.

Love, love, infinite love—  
The lowly Lady of Grace  
Bows, underneath the o'ershadowing Dove,  
Her eternal Son to embrace :  
For, God is there, the Ancient of Days,  
An Infant of human years ;  
Whilst angels around them incessantly gaze,  
And nature is wrapt in tears.

Peace, peace, infinite peace—  
A Golden House hath it found,  
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase  
With immortality crowned :  
For, God was there, the Lord of the skies,  
Whose loud Alleluias ran  
From heaven to earth—as Emmanuel lies  
In the arms of Mary, for man.

## NOTES.

No. II. Line 12: Firmament of eyes ; see Ezechiel i. 18. 'The whole body was full of eyes.' Also, Apoc. iv. 8. No. III. Line 13: One Portal stood alone ; see Ezechiel xliv. 2. 'This gate shall be shut . . . because the Lord hath entered in by it.' No. IV. Line 6: Sapphires ; see Exodus xxiv. 10. 'Under his feet as it were a work of sapphire stone.'



# King Solomon's Mother, Mary's Power and other Verse, 1873-1891.

*T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.*

## I. KING SOLOMON'S MOTHER.

'Go forth, and see King Solomon in the diadem wherewith  
mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day  
the joy of his heart.' Cant. iii. 11.

COME, see King Solomon : the glorious youth  
Is seated on his father's throne, his heart  
With joy o'erflowing, and with gratitude  
To Bethsabee, his mother, by whose prayer  
He wears the diadem of kingly power.  
His mother comes, and rising on his throne  
He bows in reverence, and the courtiers place  
The mother's throne upon her son's right hand.  
'One little grace, O King, refuse me not.'  
'My mother, ask ; for 'tis not meet that I  
Should turn away thy face,' her son replies.  
Such was the filial reverence of the King.

But come, behold a Monarch greater far  
Than Solomon : at Cana's marriage feast  
He sits, and words of grace from off his lips  
Fall copiously for all ; when, in his ear  
A gentle whisper sounds, from One whose voice  
Had brought him down on earth, whose voice had gi  
For thirty years the law to all his life.  
'My Son, they have no wine,' his Mother says

### *SOLOMON'S MOTHER*

With thoughtful love for men, with boundless trust  
In his almighty power and loving heart.  
'What is there, Woman, between me and thee?'  
Mine hour is not yet come,' her Son replies.  
Thus, Jesus seems to turn away her face.

Oh, mystery : 'His hour is not yet come.'  
Wait, Mother, wait, until thou see the throne—  
That throne of David of which Gabriel told,  
The royal cross, whence o'er the hearts of men  
Thy Son shall reign in majesty of love.  
That is the throne thy prayer did win for him,  
When he took flesh within thy virgin womb.  
When he shall sit upon that throne of shame  
His heart in love exulting, and shall taste  
The vinegar with which they mock his thirst,  
Then, is his nuptial hour ; then, at his side  
Thy throne of dolours shall be placed ; and then,  
Shall he confess thy true maternity,  
And men shall cry : 'Great Queen of Martyrs, hai



*T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.*

## I. MARY'S POWER : A DIVINE PARADOX

‘All things obey the commands of God, even the Virgin  
things obey the commands of the Virgin, even God.’  
nardine.

WELL knew that captain, who of old  
Bade sun and moon stand still,  
That God will hear the bold command  
Of an obedient will.

Faith triumphed over God—he served  
The servant of his grace ;  
And still, the word of faith could pluck  
The mountain from its base.

Then, say not, ‘It is blasphemy,’  
When Christian hearts grow bold,  
And bid God’s Mother with her Son  
Her Mother’s rights uphold.

For, Mary’s faith did more than move  
The mount, or check the sun,  
When to her womb the Incarnate God  
Her lowly answer won.

God’s will she loved ; and subject he  
To her commands became ;  
Giving a Mother’s rights to one  
Who chose the Handmaid’s name.

Subject he was, because he reigned  
Within his Mother’s heart ;  
And Mary, while her God she ruled  
Played still the Handmaid’s part.

### *MARY'S POWER*

So now, the Almighty reigns supreme  
O'er Mary's docile will ;  
But, what he moves her to command,  
He scorns not to fulfil.

Or, think you, Mary must in heaven  
Her earthly power resign ?  
And dares not guide that sceptered han  
Which used in hers to twine ?

Nay, jealousy exists not there,  
Where human pride has ceased ;  
There, Jesus girds his robes divine  
And tends his servants' feast.

There, first are last, and last are first ;  
God leaves, yet keeps his throne ;  
And joys to do the will of those  
Who fear to do their own.

God's jealousy is zeal for truth  
Which only pride offends ;  
His Majesty to lowly souls  
Unsullied condescends.

Let men who know their nothingness  
On empty pomp rely ;  
To stoop is God's prerogative,  
The pomp of the Most High.

The humblest Maid e'er knelt on earth  
Is Queen in heaven above—  
Ruling the universe by right,  
And ruling God by love.



### III. SHELL-FOSSILS.

By happy choice, within the marble base  
Whereon our Lady's altar rests, there lie,  
Conspicuous to the kneeling suppliant's eye,  
Shell-fossils strange of lost archaic race.

O Lord our God, how wonderful to trace  
In ocean's depths, on earth, in circling sky,  
Thy hand life-giving to both low and high—  
But most to man, crowned with thy heavenly grace.

Above the altar, in the tryptic old,  
The Queen of men and angels to her breast  
The Infant-God, with tenderest love, has pressed.

Here stands the priest, by faith and hope made l  
Here, offers up the Blood of priceless worth—  
How wonderful, O God, thy name in all the earth.

### *THE HOLY FAMILY*

That strength to bear thy more than martyr's sword  
And murmur still, 'the Handmaid of the Lord.'  
Then, Lady, look with pity upon one  
Who bears the priestly image of thy Son ;  
By whose unworthy hands and trembling breath  
The Victim-Priest renews his mystic death—  
Whose functions bind him to thy highest care,  
While conscience cries, 'Presumptuous man, beware!  
O Glorious Queen, thy lamp was kindled bright  
In thy conception : yet, through all the night,  
Waiting the King of kings, thy prudent toil  
Trimmed and replenished it with purest oil.  
My priestly lamp burns dim ; Oh, pray thy Spouse  
Within my sluggish spirit to arouse  
The grace the priestly character demands,  
Pledged by the pontiff's venerable hands.

*T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.*

Ye know no parents, child, nor bride ;  
No homes your love with God divide ;  
Yet, angel-lips may humbly bless  
This Virgin-Mother's fruitfulness :

And angel-hearts may glow with pride  
To minister at Joseph's side,  
Who knows no earthly cares but these—  
God's Mother and her Son to please.

Now, heaven and earth are reconciled  
Around the crib of Mary's Child ;  
And flesh and blood shall emulate  
The glories of the angelic state :

While, those whom marriage-bonds unite  
The Virgin-spouses shall invite,  
To win from Jesus by their prayers,  
A blessing on their household cares.

## The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus

*ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING:*

1809–1875.

FROM 'POEMS,' 1850.

SLEEP, sleep, mine Holy One,  
My flesh, my Lord—what name? I do not know  
A name that seemeth not too high, or low,  
Too far from me, or heaven :  
My Jesus, that is best—that word being given  
By the majestic angel whose command  
Was softly, as a man's beseeching, said,  
When I and all the earth appeared to stand  
In the great overflow  
Of light celestial from his wings and head.  
Sleep, sleep, my saving One.

And art thou come for saving, baby-browed  
And speechless Being—art thou come for saving?  
The palm that grows beside our door is bowed  
By treadings of the low wind from the south,  
A restless shadow through the chamber waving :  
Upon its bough a bird sings in the sun ;  
But thou, with that close slumber on thy mouth,  
Dost seem of wind and sun already weary.  
Art thou come for saving, O my weary One?

Perchance this sleep, that shutteth out the dreary  
Earth-sounds and motions, opens on thy soul  
High dreams on fire with God ;



High songs that make the pathways where they roll  
More bright than stars do theirs ; and visions new  
Of thine Eternal Nature's old abode.

Suffer this Mother's kiss,  
Best thing that earthly is,  
To glide the music and the glory through,  
Nor narrow in thy dream the broad upliftings  
Of any seraph wing.

Thus, noiseless, thus. Sleep, sleep, my dreaming One.

The slumber of his lips meseems to run  
Through my lips to mine heart, to all its shiftings  
Of sensual life, bringing contrariousness  
In a great calm. I feel I could lie down,  
As Moses did, and die—and then live most.  
I am 'ware of you, heavenly presences,  
That stand with your peculiar light unlost,  
Each forehead with a high thought for a crown,  
Unsunned in the sunshine. I am 'ware. Ye throw  
No shade against the wall. How motionless  
Ye round me with your living statuary,  
While, through your whiteness, in and outwardly,  
Continual thoughts of God appear to go,  
Like light's soul in itself. I bear, I bear  
To look upon the dropt lids of your eyes,  
Though their external shining testifies  
To that beatitude, within which were  
Enough to blast an eagle at his sun :  
I fall not on my sad clay face before ye—

I look on his. I know

My spirit, which dilateth with the woe  
Of his mortality,

May well contain your glory.

Yea, drop your lids more low.

Ye are but fellow-worshippers with me.

Sleep, sleep, my worshipped One.

*MARY TO THE CHILD JESUS*

We sate among the stalls at Bethlehem ;  
The dumb kine from their fodder turning them,  
    Softened their hornèd faces  
    To almost human gazes  
    Toward the Newly-born :  
The simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks  
    Brought visionary looks,  
As yet, in their astonished hearing, rung  
    The strange sweet angel-tongue :  
The Magi of the east, in sandals worn,  
    Knelt reverent, sweeping round,  
With long pale beards, their gifts upon the groun  
    The incense, myrrh and gold  
These baby-hands were impotent to hold :  
So, let all earthlies and celestials wait  
    Upon thy royal state.  
    Sleep, sleep, my kingly One.

I am not proud—meek angels, ye invest  
New meeknesses to hear such utterance rest  
On mortal lips—‘ I am not proud ’—not proud :  
Albeit, in my flesh God sent his Son ;  
Albeit, over him my head is bowed  
As others bow before him ; still, mine heart  
Bows lower than their knees.

\* \* \*

I often wandered forth, more child than maiden,  
Among the midnight hills of Galilee  
    Whose summits looked heaven-laden  
Listening to silence, as it seemed to be  
God's voice, so soft yet strong, so fain to press  
Upon my heart, as heaven did on the height,  
And waken up its shadows by a light,



*E. B. BROWNING*

And show its vileness by a holiness.  
Then, I knelt down most silent like the night,  
    Too self-renounced for fears,  
Raising my small face to the boundless blue  
Whose stars did mix and tremble in my tears :  
God heard them falling after, with his dew.

\*           \*           \*

Ah, King ; ah, Christ ; ah, Son :  
Sleep, sleep, my kingly One.

Art thou a King, then ? Come, his universe,  
    Come, crown me him a King.  
Pluck rays from all such stars as never fling  
    Their light where fell a curse,  
And make a crowning for this kingly brow.  
    Each empyreal star  
    Sits in a sphere afar  
    In shining ambuscade :  
    The child-brow, crowned by none  
    Keeps its unchildlike shade.  
    Sleep, sleep, my crownless One.

Unchildlike shade. No other babe doth wear  
An aspect very sorrowful, as thou.  
No small babe-smiles my watching heart has seen  
To float like speech, the speechless lips between :  
No dovelike cooing in the golden air ;  
No quick short joys of leaping babyhood :  
    Alas, our earthly good  
In heaven thought evil, seems too good for thee :  
    Yet, sleep, my weary One.

And then, the drear sharp tongue of prophecy,  
With the dread sense of things which shall be done

*MARY TO THE CHILD JESUS*

Doth smite me inly, like a sword : a sword ?  
That, 'smites the Shepherd.' Then, I think aloud  
The words 'despised,' 'rejected'—every word  
Recoiling into darkness, as I view

The Darling on my knee.

Bright angels, move not—lest ye stir the cloud  
Betwixt my soul and his futurity.

I must not die, with Mother's work to do,  
And could not live—and see.

It is enough to bear  
This Image still and fair ;  
This Holier in sleep  
Than a saint at prayer ;  
This aspect of a Child  
Who never sinned, or smiled ;  
This Presence in an Infant's face ;  
This Sadness most like love,  
This Love than love more deep,  
This Weakness like omnipotence—  
It is so strong to move.  
Awful is this watching place ;  
Awful, what I see from hence—  
A King, without regalia,  
A God, without the thunder,  
A Child, without the heart for play ;  
Aye, a Creator, rent asunder  
From his first glory, and cast away  
On his own world—for me alone  
To hold in hands created, crying, 'Son.'

That tear fell not on thee,  
Beloved ; yet, thou stirrest in thy slumber.  
Thou, stirring not for glad sounds out of number



## Four Sonnets from the Portugues

*LOUIS DE CAMOENS : 1524–1580.*

*TRANSLATED BY J. J. AUBERTIN.*

### I. SONNET CXCVII. : CONCEPTIO B. V. 1

To truly love the Being he created,  
Thee, sacred Phœnix, God pure Virgin made ;  
Behold, what creature thus must be displayed,  
E'en to the Maker's own self consecrated :  
Thee, in his lofty thought, he separated  
First from the first ; and their creation stayed,  
That all alone thou mightest be arrayed,  
By him for so long ages contemplated.

I know not if in any words, my own,  
I may express those shining qualities  
Which he, whom thou didst make, in thee made know  
Mother, Spouse, Daughter, thou : if thou alone  
Shone one in three such lofty dignities,  
'Twas that thou didst so please the Three in One.

*SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE*

I. SONNET CXCVIII. : THE INCARNATION

FROM heaven immense descendeth God benign,  
    Made flesh within the Holy Virgin's womb ;  
    Why stoops Divine thus human to assume ?  
The human to exalt to the Divine.  
Then, why so poor ? in form so infantine ?  
    Of tyrant hand submitting to the doom ;  
    To suffer death inhuman he is come,  
Of Adam's senseless sin to pay the fine.

Is 't possible, the fruit they ate, these twain,  
    Which he who gave it solemnly forbade ?  
Aye ; for to be e'en very gods they scan.  
    And, for this motive was he human made ?  
Aye ; the decree went forth, with reason weighed  
    That if Man God would be, God must be Man

#### IV. SONNET CCL. : TO OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

IN cities, forests, woods and the retreat  
Of valleys, and on mountains, in their lays  
May music-shepherds ever sing thy praise,  
At cool of morn and noonday's ardent heat :  
And in this temple, where thy favours greet  
All pilgrims, shown according to thy ways,  
With psalms and hymns and various flowers' display  
All shall thy feasts for ever celebrate.

Some offer votive feet ; hands others bear ;  
By more, upon thy altars hanging be  
Sea-monsters, and the captive's prison chain :  
But I, delusions, cares, affections vain,  
Far greater monsters—these I leave with thee,  
And thousand thoughts, all ending in despair.

#### NOTES.

No. I. Lines 5 and 6 : Separated first from the first ; Literally, 'formed first before the first.' Line 8 explains the poet's meaning. Compare Eccclus. xxiv. 14. 'From the beginning, and before the world, was I created ; and unto the world to come I shall not cease to be' ; also, Proverbs viii. 22 : words which the Church applies in the Mass to the Blessed Virgin Mary. No. III. Line 12 : General law ; The law touching the doctrine of original sin. (Editor.)



# Hymns from the Paris Breviary

*JEAN BAPTISTE DE SANTEUIL:*  
1630-1697.

*TRANSLATED (1849) BY ROBERT CAMPBELL*  
*OF SKERRINGTON: 1814-1868.*

## I. FOR THE ANNUNCIATION.

1. *Hæc illa sollemnis dies.*

OH, joyful was the morn  
That told of peace and love  
To man, the ruined and forlorn,  
Descending from above.

Though far from Eden's bowers,  
By sad transgression driven,  
A lovelier Eden shall be ours—  
For, Christ came down from heaven.

From God's eternal breast  
He stooped to time and space,  
And found with thee, O Maiden blest,  
His lowly dwelling place.

And lowlier, in the tomb,  
He scornèd not to lie,  
That our frail mortal might assume  
His immortality.

Praise to the Virgin-born ;  
Praise to the Father be,  
Through endless life's unwaning morn ;  
And Holy Ghost, to thee.



II. *Cælestis ales nuntiat.*

AN angel from beyond the clouds  
The awful mystery unshrouds,  
Announcing that the time hath come,  
And God doth fill the Virgin's womb.

Oh, blest above all power to tell  
Is she in whom the Lord doth dwell,  
Who, bearing such an heavenly load,  
Becomes the Mother of our God.

A Virgin pure she needs must be  
To give that flesh from all sin free ;  
And, with the Holy Ghost combined,  
To form the Saviour of mankind.

The world's Creator, for our sakes,  
From Mary's breast his nurture takes ;  
That he, who is the angels' food,  
May feed us with his Flesh and Blood  
All praise to him who came to die  
That we might live eternally ;  
Praise to the Father ; and to thee,  
Blest Spirit, praise co-equal be.

II. FOR THE PURIFICATION.

1. *Stupete, gentes, fit Deus hostia.*

YE wondering nations, see  
The Ruler of the skies,  
Oh, most amazing mystery,  
His people's Sacrifice.

The Law's own Lord obeys  
The ordinance he gave ;  
A price is paid for him who pays  
A price the world to save.

*HYMNS FROM THE PARIS BREVIARY*

And she, the spotless Maid,  
Performs the stern command ;  
The Shrine of God—and yet, afraid  
Within his courts to stand.

An aged saint appears  
His humble gift to bring,  
And gives his few remaining years  
To join the offering.

O Maid, what anguish fierce  
Remaineth yet for thee,  
Whose tender heart the sword shall pierce  
Beside the dreadful tree—

Where thou, whose Infant cries  
Foretell thy future woe,  
Shalt die, the perfect Sacrifice,  
Redeeming all below.

Then, let us love thee well,  
And praise thee evermore ;  
Let all the Father's praises tell ;  
The Holy Ghost adore.

*II. Templi sacratas pande, Sion, fores.*

O SION, ope thy temple-gates ;  
See, Christ, the Priest and Victim, wait  
Let lifeless shadows flee :  
No more to heaven shall vainly rise  
The ancient rites—a sacrifice  
All pure and perfect, see.

Behold, the Maiden knowing well  
The hidden Godhead that doth dwell  
In him her infant Son :



*R. CAMPBELL: E. CASWALL*

And with her Infant, see her bring  
The doves, the humble offering  
For Christ, the Holy One.

Here, all who for his coming sighed  
Behold him, and are satisfied—

Their faith the prize hath won  
While Mary, in her breast conceals  
The holy joys her Lord reveals,  
And ponders them alone.

Come, let us tune our hearts to sing  
The glory of our God and King,  
The blessed One and Three :  
Be everlasting praise and love  
To him who reigns in heaven above,  
Through all eternity.

## **Drama Angelicum**

*EDWARD CASWALL, OF THE  
ORATORY, M.A.: 1814-1878.*

M 'A MASQUE OF ANGELS BEFORE OUR LADY IN  
TEMPLE,' IN 'HYMNS AND POEMS,' 1868.

### **ANGELS' BIRTHDAY SONG TO MA**

HAIL, to the Flower of Grace Divine ;  
Heiress, hail, of David's line ;  
Hail, Redemption's Heroine.

Hail, to the Virgin pre-elect ;  
Hail, to the Work without defect  
Of the supernal Architect.

Hail, to her ordained of old,  
Deep in eternities untold,  
Ere the blue waves of ocean rolled :

### *DRAMA ANGELICUM*

Ere the primordial founts had sprung;  
Ere in ether the globe was hung ;  
Ere the morning stars had sung.

Welcome, the beatific morn  
When the Mother of Life was born,  
Whom all lovely gifts adorn.

What a thrill of ecstatic mirth  
Danced along through heaven and earth,  
At the tidings of Mary's birth.

How was hell to its centre stirred ;  
How sang hades, when it heard  
Of her coming so long deferred.

Happy, happy, the angel-band,  
Chosen by Mary's side to stand,  
As her defence on either hand.

Safe beneath our viewless wings,  
Mother-elect of the King of kings,  
Fear no harm from hurtful things.

What though Eden vanished be,  
More than Eden we find in thee—  
Thou, our Joy and Jubilee.

## II. CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND VIR

### PRIESTS.

ON Sion's hill a Temple stands,  
No toilsome work of human hands ;  
A Temple beauteous in design,  
Replete with mysteries divine ;  
A Temple of eternal fame—  
And Mary is its mystic name.



*EDWARD CASWALL*

VIRGINS.

Or ere the skyey dome was reared,  
Or ere the mountain-tops appeared,  
Or ere the raging sea was chained,  
The Lord this Temple had ordained ;  
And its secure foundations laid  
Before the seraphim were made.

PRIESTS.

Deep in his counsels all divine,  
In silence grew the lovely Shrine ;  
In silence reared aloft its head,  
And like the fragrant cedar spread,  
That keeps from age to age its throne  
Upon the heights of Lebanon.

VIRGINS.

What in the night of times gone by  
Was ever in the eternal Eye,  
Now, in the world's reviving morn,  
Begins on human sight to dawn ;  
Our hands have touched, our eyes beheld  
This Temple of pellucid gold.

PRIESTS.

Still, with the tide of onward time  
Expanding in a growth sublime,  
Soon shall its heritage extend  
Throughout the world from end to end  
And gather into one embrace  
The Jewish and the Gentile race.

VIRGINS.

Hail, sacrosanct intact Abode  
Created for Incarnate God ;  
Hail, Shrine incomprehensible,

In which the Father's Word shall dwell ;  
Hail, Virgin, free from Adam's curse ;  
Hail, Temple of the universe.

PRIESTS.

Ah, could we but a moment spy,  
Thy glorious inner sanctuary,  
What miracles would meet our gaze,  
Exceeding all that earth displays—  
Such as befit the Palace bright  
Preparing for the Infinite.

VIRGINS.

Ah, could we view the altar fair,  
That glistens so divinely there ;  
Could we but scent the incense sweet  
That hovers round that mercy-seat :  
Could we but hear the lovely song,  
Which evermore those aisles prolong—

PRIESTS AND VIRGINS TOGETHER.

Then, should we all perforce avow  
That heaven itself had come below :  
In order that the Lord of Grace  
Might find on earth a fitting place  
Whence—in depths of ruin hurled—  
To re-organise the world.

III. MARY'S SONG.

WHILE I was yet a little one  
I pleased the Lord of Grace :  
And, in his holy sanctuary,  
He granted me a place.

*EDWARD CASWALL*

There, sheltered by his tender care,  
And by his love inspired,  
I strove in all things to fulfil  
Whatever he desired.

I wholly gave myself to him,  
To be for ever his ;  
I meditated on his law  
And ancient promises.

And oft at my embroidery,  
Musing upon the Maid  
Of whom Messiah should be born—  
Thus, in my heart, I prayed :

‘ Permit me, Lord, one day to see  
That Virgin ever dear,  
Predestinated in the courts  
Of Sion to appear.

‘ Oh, blest estate, if but I might  
Among her handmaids be :  
But, such a favour, O my God,  
Is far too high for me.’

Thus, unto God I poured my prayer  
And he that prayer fulfilled,  
Not, as my poverty had hoped,  
But, as his bounty willed.

Erewhile, a trembling child of dust,  
Now, robed in heavenly rays,  
I reign the Mother of my God  
Through sempiternal days :

To me the nations of the world  
Their grateful tribute bring :  
To me the powers of darkness bend  
To me the angels sing.



# Chaucer's A. B. C.

## PRIERE DE NOSTRE DAME.

*GEOFFREY CHAUCER: 1340-1400.*

*MODERNISED (1892) BY WILLIAM J. BLEW, M.A.*

A tradition is current 'that the A. B. C. was written at the request of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, as a prayer (which is acrostical, like Psalm cxviii. and the Lamentations) for her private use, she being a woman in her religion very devout.' (Speght.)

ALL-POTENT Queen, whose mercies never cease.

From whom the world seeks at its darkest hour  
For balm in sorrow, and from sin release ;

Virgin all-glorious, of all flowers the Flower,  
To thee, when clouds of error round me lower,  
I flee—thou Quintessence of Courtesie ;

Lest, in my perilous languor, by his power  
My cruel adversary vanquish me.

Bounty doth hold thine heart so strong in hand.

That well I wot thou wilt my succour be.  
Nor canst the prayer of good-intent withstand  
That asks thine help—thine heart is aye so free  
Largess art thou of full felicitie,

Haven and Refuge for the tempest-driven ;  
Lo, how the arch-thieves seven are chasing me  
Help, Lady bright, ere that my ship be riven.

Comfort is none, but in you, Lady dear,

For lo, my sin and my confusion,  
Which in thy presence ought not to appear,  
Such hold have taken, and so driven me on  
As one all-wretchless, desperate and undone.

That, seeing what my sinfulness hath been,  
They well may hold that I my doom have won  
From you, if mercy fail me, blissful Queen.



*CHAUCER: W. J. BLEW*

Doubt is there none, O Queen of Mercy mild,  
That thou art cause of grace and mercy here ;  
So God vouchsafe him to be reconciled  
To us through thee, Christ's blissful Mother dear  
Were now the bow, with arm and eye severe,  
Bent as at first, in justice and in ire,  
The righteous God would of no mercy hear ;  
But we, through thee, have grace as we desire.

Ever hath been mine hope of rest in thee,  
For, heretofore full oft, in many a wise,  
Unto thy mercy thou hast taken me.  
But mercy, Lady, at the Great Assize,  
When we shall come before the Judge's eyes,  
So little fruit shall then in me be found,  
That, but thou ere that day my Schooler be,  
Of very right my work will me confound.

Flying, I flee for succour to thy tent,  
To hide me from the tempest full of dread,  
Beseeching thee to ne'er thyself absent,  
Though I be wicked. Help me at this need,  
Albeit a beast I be in wit and deed,  
Yet, Lady, me encompass with thy grace :  
Thine enemy and mine, Lady, take heed,  
Unto my death is purposed me to chase.

Gracious Maid, gracious Mother, thou who neve  
Wast bitter, nor in the earth, nor in the sea ;  
But, full of sweetness and of mercy ever,  
Help that my Father be not wroth with me ;  
Speak thou to him whose face I dare not see ;  
So have I done on earth, alas the while,  
That, if thou wilt no wise my succour be,  
To pit eterne he will my ghost exile.

Him tell that he vouchsafed in his great will  
Man to become, to bring man near to God ;  
And on the cross he wrote that blissful bill  
Of all acquittance, with his precious Blood,  
To penitents a very certitude ;  
Pray, therefore, Lady bright, for us alway :  
So shalt thou palsy his grim hardihood,  
And foil our foe, and fail him of his prey.

I wot well thou wilt succour us when we call,  
So much of bounty doth thine heart contain ;  
For, when a soul shall into error fall,  
Thy pity hastes and hales him back again,  
Making his peace with his dread Sovereign,  
And bringing him out of the crooked street ;  
Whoso thee loveth shall not love in vain,  
That shall he find when life and death do meet.

Kalendars lettered with bright red be they  
That in this world are lighted with thy name,  
And whoso walks with thee in the right way,  
He in his soul shall dread not to walk lame ;  
Now, Queen of Comfort, since thou art the same  
To whom I seek for my soul's medicine,  
Let not my foe—no more—my wounds inflame ;  
Into thine hands my healing I resign.

Lady, thy sorrow can I not pourtray  
Under that cross, nor his great sufferance ;  
But, for the pains ye both endured, I pray  
Let not our foe, the foe of all (mischance  
' Betide him) in his lustful arrogance  
Boast over that which ye have bought so dear ;  
As erst I said, our Stay and Ground of stance  
Still keep on us thy pitying eye and clear.



Moses, that saw the red flame wrap the wood,  
 The Burning Bush, whose never a brand was brent,  
 Was sign of thine unspotted Maidenhood ;  
 Thou art the Bush, whereon he made descent—  
 The Holy Ghost—to Moses' wonderment,  
 Burning not burnt—pure figure of the pure :  
 Help, Lady, help, that hell on us ne'er vent  
 The flame that shall eternally endure.

Noble Princess, that never hadst a peer,  
 Certes, in us if any comfort be  
 Of thee that cometh, Christ's own Mother dear,  
 We have none other melody, nor glee,  
 Us to rejoice in our adversity ;  
 Nor advocate that will and dare so pray  
 For us, and that too for so small a fee—  
 Ave-Mary—one, or two, as hap it may.

O very Light of eyes that be stark blind ;  
 O very Love of labour and distress ;  
 O Treasurer of bounty to mankind  
 Whom, to his Mother for her humbleness,  
 God chose, from Handmaid making Mistreresse  
 Of heaven and earth, our tale of prayer to speed ;  
 This world doth ever wait for thee to bless,  
 Since thou dost never fail a man at need.

Purpose have I some time to ask and hear,  
 Wherefore and why the Holy Ghost thee sought  
 When Gabriel's voice came greeting to thine ear  
 Not for our worry he such wonder wrought,  
 But, for to save the sheep that he had bought  
 Then, needeth us no weapon us to save,  
 But only, that we did not, as we ought,  
 Do penitence, and mercy ask and have.

Queen of all Comfort, right well when I think  
That I stand guilty before him and thee,  
And that my soul is worthy but to sink ;  
Ah, caitiff I ; ah, whither shall I flee ?  
Unto thy Son, who shall my Pleader be,  
Who but thyself—who art sweet Pity's Well ?  
More ruth hast thou on our adversity,  
Than hath this world a living tongue to tell.

Redress me, Mother ; me, thy child, chastise ;  
For certainly, my Father's chastening  
Abide I dare not—not in any wise—  
So terrible is his full reckoning :  
Mother, from whom our joys began to spring,  
Be ye my Judge, be ye my sick soul's Leech ;  
For, ever in you is pity freshening,  
To all that will for pity you beseech.

Sooth is—without thee the good God will grant  
Forgiveness none ; but, of his graciousness,  
With thee his mercies are not slack, nor scant ;  
Thee hath he made his Vicaire, and no less  
Than Vice-reine of the world, and Governess  
Of heaven—in proof, that in thy will it lies  
The sharp edge of his justice to repress ;  
Thee hath he crownèd in such royal-wise.

Temple devout, God's chosen Sojourning,  
Whereof these misbelieved deprived be,  
To you my soul in penitence I bring ;  
Receive me—for no further can I flee,  
Choked, Heavenly Queen, with thorns that poison me,  
For which the earth was cursèd to its core ;  
I am so wounded, as you well may see,  
That well-nigh lost am I, the smart so sore.



Virgin apparelled, as Heaven's noble Bride,  
That ledest us unto the highest tower  
Of Paradise, my Counsel be and Guide ;  
So, be my succour, and thy grace my dower :  
Ah, in mire have I wandered till this hour ;  
Lady, adjourn me to that bower and bourne,  
That titled is thy Bank of Freshest Flower,  
Where peace and mercy ever shall sojourn.

Xrist, thy dear Son, on earth alighting, here  
Bare, on the cross, that death his passion crown ;  
Bare, that blind Longeus his full Heart should spear  
And make his Heart's Blood run in torrents down  
And this, all this, for my salvation—  
And I, so hard to him and false of mind ;  
And yet, he will not my damnation—  
For this I thank thee, Succour of mankind.

Ysaac was of his death a figure plain,  
That so far forth his father would obey,  
Albeit, he had wrought nothing to be slain ;  
So, lamb-like, went thy Son to death that day :  
Now, Lady, full of mercy, thee I pray,  
Since me his mercy hath so sure annealed,  
Be ye not scant for all we sing, or say,  
'Twixt us and wrath to stand our Targe and Shield.

Zachària calleth thee the Open Well,  
Wherein the sinful soul is washed from guilt ;  
Therefore, this lesson shall my tongue forth tell,  
Save for thy tender heart this stream were spilt :  
Now, Lady bright, since thou both canst and wilt  
Be merciful to Adam's errant seed,  
And bring us to that palace that is built  
For penitents, that are penitents indeed.

# Spiritual Sonnets to the Honour God and his Saints'

*HENRY CONSTABLE* : 1562-1613.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

## I

That, O Queen of queens, thy birth was free  
From guilt, which others do of grace bereave,  
When, in their mother's womb, they life receive,  
God, as his sole-borne Daughter, lovèd thee :  
No match thee like thy birth's nobility,  
He thee his Spirit for thy Spouse did leave,  
Of whom thou didst his only Son conceive ;  
And so was linked to all the Trinity.  
Ease, then, O queens, who earthly crowns do wear,  
To glory in the pomp of worldly things :  
If men such high respect unto you bear  
Which daughters, wives and mothers are of kings ;  
What honour should unto that Queen be done  
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Son ?

## II

SOVEREIGN of Queens, if vain ambition move  
My heart to seek an earthly prince's grace,  
Show me thy Son in his imperial place,  
Whose servants reign our kings and queens above  
And, if alluring passions I do prove  
By pleasing sighs—show me thy lovely face,  
Whose beams the angels' beauty do deface,  
And even inflame the seraphins with love.  
By ambition I shall humble be,  
When, in the presence of the highest King,  
I serve all his, that he may honour me ;



And love, my heart to chaste desires shall bring,  
When fairest Queen looks on me from her throne  
And jealous, bids me love but her alone.

## III

WHY should I any love, O Queen, but thee,  
If favour past a thankful love should breed?  
Thy womb did bear, thy breast my Saviour feed,  
And thou didst never cease to succour me.  
If love do follow worth and dignity,  
Thou all in thy perfections dost exceed;  
If love be led by hope of future meed,  
What pleasure more than thee in heaven to see?  
An earthly sight doth only please the eye,  
And breeds desire, but doth not satisfy:  
Thy sight gives us possession of all joy;  
And with such full delights each sense shall fill,  
As heart shall wish but for to see thee still,  
And ever seeing, ever shall enjoy.

## IV

SWEET Queen, although thy beauty raise up me  
From sight of baser beauties here below,  
Yet, let me not rest there; but, higher go  
To him, who took his shape from God and thee  
And if thy form in him more fair I see,  
What pleasure from his deity shall flow,  
By whose fair beams his beauty shineth so,  
When I shall it behold eternally?  
Then, shall my love of pleasure have his fill,  
When beauty's self, in whom all pleasure is,  
Shall my enamoured soul embrace and kiss,  
And shall new loves and new delights distill,  
Which from my soul shall gush into my heart,  
And through my body flow to every part.

# Contemporary Lyrics and Sonnets

## Lyrics.

### I. OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

THE world is very foul and dark,  
And sin has marred its outline fair ;  
But, we are taught to look above  
And see another image there :  
And I will raise mine eyes above,  
Above a world of sin and woe,  
Where sinless, griefless, near her Son  
Sits Mary on a throne of snow.

Mankind seems very foul and dark  
In some lights that we see them in ;  
Lo, as the tide of life goes by,  
How many thousands live in sin :  
But, I will raise mine eyes above,  
Above the world's unthinking flow,  
To where so human, yet so fair,  
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

My heart is very foul and dark ;  
Yes, strangely foul sometimes to me  
Glare up the images of sin,  
My tempter loves to make me see :  
Then, may I lift mine eyes above,  
Above these passions vile and low  
To where, in pleading contrast bright,  
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

And oft that throne, so near our Lord's,  
To earth some of its radiance lends :



*C. M. BRAME*

And Christians learn from her to shun  
The path impure, that hell-ward tends :  
For, they have learnt to look above,  
Above the prizes here below,  
To where, crowned with a starry crown,  
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

Blest be the whiteness of her throne  
That shines so purely, grandly there,  
With such a passing glory bright,  
Where all is bright and all is fair :  
God, make me lift mine eyes above,  
And love its holy radiance so,  
That, some day, I may come where still  
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

II. MONTH OF MAY.

*C. M. BRAME.*

FROM 'THE LAMP,' 1871.

BLOOMING flowers and singing birds  
Hail the month of May ;  
The springing leaves and sunshine  
Fairest tribute pay :  
Every little bright-winged bird  
Its sweet story sings ;  
Every flower and blossom gay  
Richest perfume flings :  
And every leaf upon the trees,  
Every dewdrop fair,  
Every whisper, hushed and still,  
Of sweet summer air,  
Tells the same soft pleading story,  
To Mary, Full of grace—  
How her children, so far from her,  
Long to see her face.

III. MARY KEPT ALL THESE WORDS.  
*LADY GEORGIANA C. FULLERTON*  
1812-1885.

FROM 'THE GOLD-DIGGER'S STORY,' 1872.

MOTHER of him who neither strove, nor cried ;  
Who 'looked' his pain, when by a friend denied ;  
Whose whisper from the cross to one forgiven,  
Cancelled the past and sent a saint to heaven ;  
Whose voice was in the noisy streets unknown,  
His passage, by his mercies marked alone—  
Mother, whose heart was e'en on earth a shrine  
For holy memories and thoughts divine,  
Whence hymns of praise and adoration rose,  
As from a crystal fount the pure stream flows ;  
Or, the white speechless lilies of the field  
The fragrant tribute of their perfume yield—  
Mother, perchance for that dear likeness fell  
A glance divine upon the flowery dell,  
And Jesus praised the children of the sod  
For love of thee, the fairest work of God ;  
For, Solomon in all his glory bore  
No brighter aspect than these emblems wore—  
Mother, we fain would learn of thee to stand  
The cross beside, and with no feeble hand  
To clasp its form, and resolutely pray  
For strength to bear the burden of the day ;  
To meditate alone, nor speak of all  
The hopes that stir, the terrors that appal  
Our secret souls, as in their inmost cells  
The storm careers, or the bright sunshine dwell  
Teach us that solemn silence of the heart,  
E'en while we fill with zeal life's earnest part,



*H. PATMORE: H. M. STUART*

With footsteps swift to hurry on the way  
Wherever love and duty sheds its ray ;  
But, from the earth we tread to raise our eyes  
With calm repose to the unchanging skies.

IV. MADONNA.

*HENRY PATMORE: 1861-1883.*

FROM 'POEMS,' 1884.

MADONNA, Lady, whom with heavenly fear  
I love—so children do their mother dear—  
Oh, hear my prayer ; my Lady, often stand  
As now, not far, where shadows show your hand.  
Your face I do not see : I see the night  
Assumes your shape and shows your hand for white,  
And sweetly know how, on your other side,  
Another just as softly hangs allied.

V. A DREAM OF PARADISE.

*HELEN MONTAGU STUART:*

1829-1891.

FROM 'LYRICS OF LIGHT AND LIFE,' 1874.

the mystic realm of slumber, in the quiet land of rest,  
Came to me a radiant vision of the country of the  
blest ;  
Angels, through the silvery moonbeams, gliding swiftly  
from the skies,  
Brought to me from Eden's garden that fair Dream of  
Paradise.  
Foremost, in a long procession, in her shining raiment  
drest,  
Came the One, who, through all ages, bears a name for  
ever blest ;



Queen of Heaven, spotless Lily, walking in resplendent  
light

Which no mortal eyes can fathom, in the boundless  
infinite ;

Blessed Lady, Mother glorious, dare I hope to see thy  
face

In the land where none can enter, save through the  
redeeming grace

Of the cross, which gives us access into the most Holy  
Place?

Those who in her steps had trodden, followed her in  
robes of white ;

Palms within their hands were waving, they were  
crowned with gems of light.

They were there, the martyr maidens, who had conquered  
in the strife ;

They were there, the meek and patient, who had borne  
the cross through life ;

Ransomed from earth's tribulation—safe for ever in the  
fold ;

Passing 'neath the pearly gateway—walking in the  
streets of gold ;

And I heard their thrilling anthem floating o'er the crystal  
sea,

'Unto him who hath redeemed us, glory, praise and  
honour be.'

But the dazzling vision faded—it was far too bright to  
stay ;

In the rosy tints of dawning vanished the celestial ray :  
Earthly chains are still around us, mortal prayers we still  
must pray,

Pilgrims in the land of exile—waiting till the perfect day  
Breaks upon the distant mountains, and the shadows flee  
away.

## Sonnets

### I. SWITZERLAND : THE MADONNA'S FESTIVAL.

*H. F. APLIN.*

FROM 'MERRY ENGLAND,' 1891.

No incense from the altar of this lake ;  
From choral birds no song. White mists to-day  
In mute procession wind their ghostly way  
Towards shrines, ice-aisled, remote from human wake  
By granite buttressed, domed with snows opaque.  
Stern worship there. Scant space for festal lay  
Where chants the avalanche, where tempests pray.  
Far off, on shores Italian, sunbeams make  
A fane for their Madonna—purple vines  
Lay fruitage at her feet—and golden air  
Is vocal with her praise, whose heart inclines  
To all who love, weep, suffer and despair.  
Lit are the lamps within her silver shrines :  
Kneel, men of grief. Her hand leads up God's stair

III. THE FIRST LADY-DAY : ACTS II. 42.

*ARTHUR M. MORGAN, M.A.*

MOTHER of God, who, meekly kneeling, hearest  
‘Ave’ for ‘Eva,’ in that lowly room,  
Who, for thy soul’s fair odour and white bloom,  
To him, who bade thee bloom for all, art dearest —  
Oh, when the sere leaf of the world is serest,  
And paths are dim and kindly love is cold,  
What shall he say and do and be, who nearest  
The lily of thy life, his course would hold?  
Oh, when men walk, a little while, by vision,  
None shall the lonely mother-heights draw nigh;  
But, when the Spirit shall be sin’s excision,  
And thou, meek Maid, shalt come as from on high  
Oh, by true seekers of the soul’s One Bread,  
Mother of God, thou shalt be followèd.



IV. THE VIRGIN MOTHER.  
*MARY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M*  
1829—1888.

FROM 'THE SENTENCE OF KAÏRES,' 1854.

AVE, Maria ; oh, what vision blest  
Thy name unveils before the adoring eye—  
Thou, whom alone of Eve's fallen progeny  
Sin might not harm, nor Satan's power molest ;  
Whose peerless glory Gabriel's lips confessed,  
The Spirit's Bride, the Incarnate Son's abode,  
Daughter of earth and Mother of thy God—  
Since, in thy womb the Eternal deigned to rest  
Mother and Maiden, with intenser ray  
Thy path still kindled towards the perfect day,  
Till he arose, the Dayspring from on high,  
To crown the gifts of unresisted grace,  
The love divine, the virgin purity,  
That made thy bosom his chosen resting-place

Yet, for her grief so great, how far beyond,  
As heaven from earth, what all hearts else may prove.  
Her own sweet joy, who loved with love more fond  
Than of all mothers, Mother thrice-blest, she,  
Of him, the Author of all joy and love  
Throughout all time and for eternity.

VI. TWO SONNETS.  
*AUBREY DE VERE.*

Written on hearing that a Catholic Church was to be built at  
mbleside, and dedicated under the title of 'Maria Amabilis.'

I

A ROMAN host descended from the height  
Of Kirkstone Pass, rock-walled and roofed with cloud  
Slowly they trod : sudden they cried aloud :  
The mists had risen—what met their raptured sight ?  
A golden vale sun-saturate, on the right,  
Nor vexed by storm, nor veiled by flying shroud  
Slept 'mid green hills : a rainbow o'er it bowed :  
Upon the left, a blue lake laughed in light.  
For years embosomed in that gracious valley,  
At last those warriors found a stainless bliss :  
They wreathed its flowers ; in skiff, or bannered gall  
They clove its lake ; its lawns, its woods they ranged  
Parting, a name they gave it—scarcely changed,  
That name survives—'Situs Amabilis.'

II

A GRATEFUL name, loving and sweet ; yet, sweeter  
Among our Lady's titles one there is,  
One loving more—'Mater Amabilis.'  
By it, her destined fane ere long shall greet her ;  
By it, shall souls sore tried for help entreat her.  
When fiercer tempests round them rave and hiss

VII. ON THE MARIEN CAPELLE :  
CARLSBAD.

*R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON:*  
1804–1891.

ONE silver star with evening's twilight strove ;  
Mid the dark pines, which base and summit hide,  
A lone lamp glimmered on the mountain-side,  
As 'twere a star reflected from above ;  
The Chapel of the Virgin—cold in love,  
And proud of heart, forbear ye to deride ;  
Judge not his conscience, nor a brother chide,  
Though to yourselves a stumbling-block it prove.  
On this pure spot, its shrine with offerings hung,  
Its rock by knees of suppliant pilgrims worn,  
Intruding—dare I, prayerless, hence depart?  
' Hail, Virgin-Mother, highly Blessed ' : my tongue  
Repeats the salutation, while my heart  
Bows down in worship to the Virgin-born.

NOTES.

Lyrics. No. III. Line 2 : ' Looked ' his pain ; See St. Luke  
xii. 61. Mrs. Browning has written two beautiful sonnets on ' the  
look ' and the ' Meaning ' of it. (Editor.) No. VI. 1. Line 14 :  
' Situs Amabilis ' is said to have been transformed into ' Ambleside.'  
(Author.)



# From 'Steps to the Temple'

*RICHARD CRASHAW: 1613-1650.*

## I. SANCTA MARIA DOLORUM.

A pathological descant upon the devout plain-song of Stat  
Mater Dolorosa.

IN shade of death's sad tree stood doleful she.  
Ah, she, now by none other  
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.

Before her eyes,  
Hers, and the whole world's joys,  
Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes  
And pains, her pangs and throes:  
Each wound of his, from every part,  
All, more at home in her one heart.

What kind of marble, than, is that cold man  
Who can look on and see,  
Nor keep such noble sorrows company?  
Sure, e'en from you  
(My flints) some drops are due,  
To see so many unkind swords contest  
So fast for one soft breast;  
While, with a faithful, mutual flood,  
Her eyes bleed tears, his wounds weep blood.

Oh, costly intercourse of deaths, and worse—  
Divided loves. While Son and Mother  
Discourse alternate wounds to one another,  
Quick deaths that grow  
And gather, as they come and go.

*RICHARD CRASHAW*

His nails write swords in her, which soon her heart  
Pays back with more than their own smart.  
Her swords, still growing with his pain,  
Turn spears, and straight come home again.

She sees her Son, her God bow with a load  
Of borrowed sins ; and swim  
In woes that were not made for him.

Ah, hard command  
Of love ; here must she stand,  
Charged to look on, and with a steadfast eye  
See her Life die ;  
Leaving her only so much breath  
As serves to keep alive her death.

O Mother, Turtle-dove, soft Source of Love,  
That these dry lids might borrow  
Something from thy full seas of sorrow.

Oh, in that breast  
Of thine—the noblest nest  
Both of love's fires and floods—might I recline  
This hard, cold heart of mine.  
The chill lump would relent, and prove  
Soft subject for the siege of love.

Oh, teach those wounds to bleed in me ; me, so  
This book of loves, thus writ  
In lines of death, my life may copy it  
With loyal cares.

Oh, let me here claim shares.  
Yield something in thy sad prerogative,  
(Great Queen of Griefs) and give  
Me, too, my tears ; who, though all stone,  
Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.



Yea, let my life and me fix here with thee,  
And at the humble foot  
Of this fair tree, take our eternal root.

That so we may  
At least be in love's way ;  
And in these chaste wars, while the winged wounds  
flee

So fast 'twixt him and thee,  
My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,  
Though, as at second hand, from either heart.

O you, your own best darts, dear, doleful hearts,  
Hail, and strike home, and make me see  
That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.

Come, wounds ; come, darts ;  
Nailed hands and pierced hearts ;  
Come, your whole selves, Sorrow's great Son and  
Mother ;

Nor grudge a younger brother  
Of griefs his portion, who (had all their due)  
One single wound should not have left for you.

Shall I set there so deep a share,  
(Dear wounds) and only now  
In sorrows draw no dividend with you ?

Oh, be more wise,  
If not more soft, mine eyes ;  
Flow, tardy founts, and into decent showers

Dissolve my days and hours :  
And, if thou yet (faint soul) desert  
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

Rich Queen, lend some relief ; at least an alms of grief  
To a heart who, by sad right of sin,  
Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him.



;  
*RICHARD CRASHAW*

By all those stings  
Of love, sweet-bitter things,  
Which these torn hands transcribed on thy  
heart ;

Oh, teach mine, too, the art  
To study him so, till we mix  
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

Oh, let me suck the wine so long of this chaste  
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be  
A lost thing to the world, as it to me.

O faithful Friend  
Of me and of my end,  
Fold up my life in love ; and lay it beneath  
My dear Lord's vital death.  
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea, her precious  
Poured out in prayers for thee—thy Lord's in

Cast off delay :

The court of heaven is come to wait upon thee home ;  
Come, come away.

The flowers appear,  
Or, quickly would, wert thou once here.  
The spring is come, or, if it stay,  
'Tis to keep time with thy delay.  
The rain is gone, except so much as we  
Detain in needful tears, to weep the want of thee.

The winter is past,  
Or, if he make less haste,  
His answer is, why she does so,  
If summer come not, how can winter go ?

Come away, come away.  
The shrill winds chide ; the waters weep thy stay ;  
The fountains murmur ; and each loftiest tree  
Bows lowest his leafy top, to look for thee.  
Come away, my Love ; come away, my Dove ;

Cast off delay :

The court of heaven is come to wait upon thee home ;  
Come, come away.

She's called again. And will she go ?  
When heaven bids come, who can say No ?  
Heaven calls her, and she must away ;  
Heaven will not, and she cannot, stay.  
Go, then ; go, glorious on the golden wings  
Of the bright youth of heaven, that sings  
Under so sweet a burden. Go,  
Since thy dread Son will have it so.  
And while thou goest, our song and we  
Will, as we may, reach after thee.  
Hail, holy Queen of humble hearts :  
We, in thy praise, will have our parts.  
And though thy dearest looks must now give light  
To none but the blest heavens, whose bright

*RICHARD CRASHAW*

Beholders, lost in sweet delight,  
Feed for ever their fair sight  
With those divinest eyes, which we  
And our dark world no more shall see ;  
Though our poor eyes are parted so,  
Yet, shall our lips never let go  
Thy gracious name ; but, to the last,  
Our loving song shall hold it fast.

Thy precious name shall be  
Thyself to us ; and we  
With holy care will keep it by us.  
We to the last will hold it fast,  
And no Assumption shall deny us.  
All the sweetest showers  
Of our fairest flowers  
Will we strew upon it.  
Though our sweets cannot make  
It sweeter, they can take  
Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, men and angels sing,  
Maria, Mother of our King.  
Live, rosy Princess, live ; and may the bright  
Crown of a most incomparable light  
Embrace thy radiant brows. Oh, may the be  
Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast.  
Live, our chaste Love, the holy Mirth  
Of heaven, the humble Pride of earth.  
Live, Crown of women, Queen of men ;  
Live, Mistress of our song. And when  
Our weak desires have done their best,  
Sweet angels come and sing the rest.

NOTES.

o. I. Line 10 : Than ; Then. Line 80 : Desert ; Fail  
the final letter 't,' probably, was not sounded.



# From 'Divine Poems'

*JOHN DONNE*: 1573-1631.

FOUR SONNETS FROM A CORONAL OF SEVEN.

## LA CORONA.

### I. TO THE ANCIENT OF DAYS.

DEIGN at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,  
Weaved in my lone devout melancholy,  
Thou which of good hast, yea, art treasury,  
All-changing, unchanged, Ancient of Days.  
But, do not with a wild crown of frail bays  
Reward my muse's white sincerity ;  
But, what thy thorny crown gained, that give me,  
A crown of glory, which doth flower always.  
The ends crown our works ; but, thou crownst our  
For, at our ends begins our endless rest ;  
This first last end, now zealously possess  
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.  
'Tis time that voice and heart be lifted high,  
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

### II. ANNUNCIATION.

SALVATION to all that will is nigh :  
That All which always is All everywhere ;  
Which cannot sin, and yet, all sins must bear ;  
Which cannot die, yet, cannot choose but die—  
Lo, faithful Virgin, yields himself to lie  
In prison in thy womb ; and though he there  
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet, he'll wear  
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force m:

Ere, by the spheres time was created, thou  
 Wast in his mind—which is thy Son and Brother,  
 Whom thou conceivedst—conceived ; yea, thou art now  
 Thy Maker's Maker, and thy Father's Mother :  
 Thou hast Light in dark, and shut in little room  
 Immensity, cloistered in thy dear womb.

### III. NATIVITY.

IMMENSITY, cloistered in thy dear womb,  
 Now leaves his well-beloved imprisonment ;  
 There, he hath made himself, to his intent,  
 Weak enough now into our world to come.  
 But oh, for thee, for him, hath the inn no room ?  
 Yet lay him in this stall ; and from the orient,  
 Stars and wise men shall travail, to prevent  
 The effect of Herod's jealous general doom.  
 Seest thou, my soul, with thy faith's eyes, how he,  
 That fills all place (yet none holds him) doth lie ?  
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,  
 That would have need to be pitied of thee ?  
 Kiss him ; and with him into Egypt go,  
 With his kind Mother, who partakes thy woe.

### IV. TEMPLE.

WITH his kind Mother, who partakes thy woe,  
 Joseph, turn back : see, where your Child doth sit  
 Blowing, yea, blowing out those sparks of wit,  
 Which himself on those doctors did bestow.  
 The Word but lately could not speak ; and lo,  
 It suddenly speaks wonders. Whence comes it,  
 That all which was, and all which would be, writ  
 A shallow-seeming Child should deeply know ?  
 His Godhead was not soul to his Manhood ;



Nor had time mellowed him to this ripeness ;  
But, as for one which hath long tasks, 'tis good  
With the sun to begin his business,  
He, in his age's morning, thus began  
By miracles exceeding power of man.

NOTE.

A selection from a Coronal of Sonnets on the Life of our Lord. The first line of each succeeding sonnet is the same with the last line of its predecessor ; and the last line of the last sonnet is a repetition of the first line of the first.

*Ladye-Chapel at Eden Hall  
and other Verse*

*ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.*

FROM 'THE AVE MARIA,' U.S.A. 1887 ; 'CROWNED WITH  
STARS' ; AND 'POEMS,' 1893.

I. LADYE-CHAPEL AT EDEN HALL.

CLOSE to the Sacred Heart, it nestles fair—  
A marble poem ; an æsthetic dream  
Of sculptured beauty, fit to be the theme  
Of angel fancies ; a Madonna-prayer  
Uttered in stone. Round columns light as air,  
And fretted cornice, Sharon's Rose is wreathed—  
The passion-flower, the thorn-girt lily rare,  
The palm, the wheat, the grapes in vine-leaves sheath  
Tenderly bright, from mullioned windows glow  
Our Lady's chaplet-mysteries. Behold,  
Her maiden statue in that shrine of snow,  
Looks upward to the skies of blue and gold ;  
Content that, in the crypt, beneath her shining feet,  
The holy ones repose in dreamless slumber sweet.



*ELEANOR C. DONNELLY*

II. MADONNA OF THE LILY.

O 'VERGINE del Giglio,'  
O Lily of all lilies white,  
Like fairest flakes of moonlit snow,  
Thy petals gleam through earth's dim night  
Upon thy golden anthers shine  
The starbeams chaste, the dewdrops pure :  
And, in thy bright corolla's shrine,  
The precious pollen sleeps secure.  
How rare, how subtle thy perfume—  
The essence of all virgin bliss ;  
How delicate thy maiden bloom—  
The leaves the Spirit joyed to kiss ;  
Sweet Lily, in our souls restore  
The pure, primeval Paradise,  
The fragrance of lost Eden's shore,  
The blest aroma of the skies.  
Ah, dreams of thee are like those birds  
Which round the South-Sea islands float,  
And o'er the waters brood and brood,  
With many a soft and plaintive note ;  
For, they upon the waves distil  
An oil which soothes the roughest seas—  
And thoughts of thee, sweet Queen, can still  
The rudest passions into peace.  
O fair, O pure, O sinless Maid,  
Dear 'Vergine del Giglio,'  
No soul hath ever sought thine aid,  
And been rejected in its woe ;  
The saints may clasp thy stem of light,  
Drink dews and perfumes from thy vase—  
O Lily of all lilies white,  
Allure us, sinners, unto grace.

## *MARIA IMMACULATA*

### III. MARIA IMMACULATA.

PURE as the snow,' we say. Ah, never flake  
Fell through the air  
One-tenth as fair  
As Mary's soul was made for Christ's dear sake  
Virgin Immaculate,  
The whitest whiteness of the Alpine snows,  
Beside thy stainless spirit, dusky grows.  
'Pure as the stars.' Ah, never lovely night  
Wore in its diadem  
So pure a gem  
As that which fills the ages with its light.  
Virgin Immaculate,  
The peerless splendours of thy soul by far  
Outshine the glow of heaven's serenest star.  
'Pure as the lilies.' Mother dear, forgive  
The fond, but feeble, trope.  
Mother of Hope,  
Fair Love and Holy Fear, there does not live  
Virgin Immaculate,  
In all the grassy haunts where lilies blow,  
As white, as rare, as sweet a flower as thou.  
'Pure as the breath of God.' Oh, clean of  
These happy words can tell  
The miracle  
Of how divinely innocent thou art.  
Virgin Immaculate,  
Under thy shining cloak our vileness hide,  
Lest her own kindred should disgrace the



# tations of Ancient English Poet of the Thirteenth Century

*UGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE.*

FROM 'SONGS IN THE NIGHT,' 1876.

## I. A PRAYER TO OUR LADY.

MARY, Mother, hail to thee ;  
Mary, Maiden, think on me ;  
Mother-Maid was never known,  
Ladye, save in thee alone.  
Sweetest Maiden, pure from stain,  
Shield thou me from sin and pain ;  
From all evil guard thou me,  
Of thine endless charity.  
By thy five joys, Ladye, win  
Grace that I may fly from sin ;  
God's commands and Christian faith  
Let me know, and keep till death.  
Help the souls I hold as dear,  
Shield us all from hellish fear ;  
Guard us well from evil fame,  
And from thoughts and deeds of shame.  
For my friends I pray to thee,  
Saved for ever may they be ;  
By the five joys of thy heart,  
May they fly the tempter's dart.  
For my foemen, too, I pray,  
Let them find the better way,



ANOTHER PRAYER TO OUR LADY

MARY, Ever-blessed Maid,  
Full of heavenly bliss,  
Sweetest Bud of Paradise,  
Flower of gentleness ;  
Beseech thy Son, that, in his love,  
He grant me this,  
His grace, wherever I may be,  
Never to miss.

Ladye, to thee mine orison  
I will begin ;  
True love of him, thy sweetest Son,  
Teach me to win ;  
We live in sad and evil days,  
Night closes in ;  
But, Ladye, in thy pity save—  
Save me from sin.

*A. T. DRANE*

At mercy's door I needs must knock,  
On thee I call ;  
My flesh is weak, the world is false—  
Look lest I fall ;  
I place within thy Mother hands  
My trust, my all ;  
I am thy child—let me not be  
The foul fiend's thrall

Mine own works, Ladye,  
They bear the ban ;  
All marred and foolish as they are,  
Of fallen man ;  
Mother, wilt thou not give thine aid ?  
None other can ;  
Oh, keep thou me, full well thou mayst—  
Thou helpest many a

Blessed be thy name, Ladye,  
So fair and bright ;  
My hope rests ever upon thee  
By day and night ;  
Oh, let me for thy pity plead—  
'Tis a child's right,  
Who fain would see his Mother's face,  
In heavenly light.

Ah, woe is me, for I must bide  
The judgment-hour  
The sins and follies I have done,  
I rue them sore ;  
But, Mother mine, I will let go  
Thy hand no more  
My bark is floating on the waves—  
Guide me to shore.

III. MARIS STELLA.

MARY, beautiful and bright      Velut Maris Stella.  
Brighter than the morning light,      Parens et Puella,  
I cry to thee, look down on me ;  
Ladye, pray thy Son for me,      Tam pia,  
That thy child may come to thee,      Maria.

Sad the earth was and forlorn,      Eva peccatrice,  
Until Christ our Lord was born      De te Genitrice ;  
Gabriel's 'Ave' chased away  
Darksome night, and brought the day      Salutis ;  
Thou the Fount whence waters play      Virtutis.

Ladye, Flower of living thing,      Rosa sine spina ;  
Mother of Jesus, heaven's King,      Gratia divina ;  
'Tis thou in all dost bear the prize,  
Ladye, Queen of Paradise,      Electa,  
Maiden meek and Mother wise,      Effecta.

In care thou counsellest the best,      Felix fecundata ;  
To the weary thou art rest,      Mater honorata ;  
Plead in thy love to him who gave  
His Precious Blood the world to save      In cruce,  
That we our home with him may have      In luce.

Well knows he, that he is thy Son,      Ventre quem portasti ;  
All thou dost ask him, then, is won,      Partum quem lactasti ;  
So pitiful he is and kind,  
By him the road to bliss we find      Superni ;  
He doth the gates of darkness bind      Inferni.



## Two Ballads of Our Lady

*WILLIAM DUNBAR: XV.-XVI. CENTS.*

*MODERNISED BY E. M. CLERKE.*

### I

O EMPRESS high, Celestial Queen most rare,  
 Eternal Princess, Flower immaculate,  
 Our sovereign Help when we to thee repair—  
 Hail, Rose intact ; hail, Maid inviolate,  
 That, with the Father, was predestinate  
 The Bairn and Maker of us all to bear,  
 Untouched with slightest soil of sinful state,  
 But, Virgin pure, more clear than crystal fair.

O Blessed Rose, O Gem of chastity,  
 O Well of beauty, of all goodness Store,  
 O Way of bliss, Flower of virginity,  
 O Fount of truth, O Star ne'er darkened o'er—  
 Grant sinful me, who live in foulness sore,  
 To track the steps of perfect charity,  
 And to forsake my sins both less and more,  
 Aye serving him who shed his Blood for me.

O Blessed Lady, of all goodness made,  
 Since all my hope and trust is in your grace,  
 By your high sweetness let your Son be prayed,  
 To grant me leisure ere I die ; and space  
 From out my soul all foulness to erase ;  
 And aye to live in virtue pure arrayed,

From out the fiend's close bondage and embrace—  
Now, glorious Lady, of your goodness aid.

For, e'en as Phœbus, with his beams so bright,  
Illumines all this earth in longitude,  
E'en so, your grace, your beauty and your might  
Adorneth all this world in latitude ;  
Therefore, to me ye show your gratitude  
And your magnificence, that day and night  
Your grace benign to me of life be food ;  
And save me from each foul malignant wight.

## II

ROSE-MARY, Sum of virtue virginal,  
Fresh Flower on whom the dew of heaven downfell ;  
O Gem, conjoined in joy angelical,  
In whom rejoiced the Saviour was to dwell :  
Of refuge Ark, of mercy Spring and Well,  
Of Ladies first, as is of letters A,  
Empress of heaven, of paradise and hell—  
Mother of Christ, O Mary, hail, alway.

O Star, that blindest Phœbus' beams so bright,  
With course above the empyrean crystalline ;  
Above the sphere of Saturn's highest height,  
Surmounting all the angelic orders nine ;  
O Lamp, that shin'st before the throne divine,  
Where sounds Hosanna in cherubic lay,  
With drum and organ, harp and cymbaline—  
Mother of Christ, O Mary, hail, alway.

O Cloister chaste of pure Virginity,  
That Christ hath closed 'gainst crime for evermo' ;  
Triumphant Temple of the Trinity,  
That didst the eternal Tartarus o'erthrow ;

WILLIAM DUNBAR

Princess of peace, imperial Palm, I trow,  
From thee our Samson sprang invict in fray ;  
Who, with one buffet, Belial hath laid low—  
Mother of Christ, O Mary, hail, alway.

Thy blessed sides the mighty Champion bore,  
Who hath, with many a bleeding wound in fight,  
Victoriously o'erthrown the dragon hoar  
That ready was his flock to slay and smite ;  
Nor all the gates of hell him succour might,  
Since he that robber's rampart brake away,  
While all the demons trembled at the sight—  
Mother of Christ, O Mary, hail, alway.

O Maiden meek, chief Mediatrix for man,  
And Mother mild, full of humility,  
Pray to thy Son, with wounds that sanguine ran,  
Whereby for all our trespass slain was he.  
And since he bled his Blood upon a tree,  
'Gainst Lucifer our foe, to be our stay,  
That we in heaven may sing upon our knee—  
Mother of Christ, O Mary, hail, alway.

Hail, Pearl made pure ; hail, Port of paradise ;  
Hail, Ruby, redolent of rays to us ;  
Hail, Crystal clear ; Empress and Queen, hail th  
Mother of God, hail, Maid exalted thus ;  
O Gratia plena, tecum Dominus ;  
With Gabriel that we may sing and say,  
Benedicta tu in mulieribus—  
Mother of Christ, O Mary, hail, alway.



# ‘Light leading unto Light’

*JOHN CHARLES EARLE, B.A.: 1814-1885*

FROM ‘A HUNDRED SONNETS,’ 1870; AND ‘LIGHT LEADING  
UNTO LIGHT,’ 1875.

## I. HEAVEN IN THE SUN: AN ALLEGORY.

THE Prophet saw a Woman in the Sun  
Clothed with his brightness : yet, perhaps, the light  
Was more than garment, more than throne, or site  
Of city of the saints whose race is run.  
It may be, that the great effulgent One,  
Above all stars and planets, on a height  
Of glory fixed for ever, yields delight  
To countless souls that have perfection won ;  
And in its fire absorbs their sacred flame,  
And in itself agglomerates their powers,  
And, o’er the vast expanse of nature’s frame,  
Diffuses soul-light with the rolling hours,  
Quickening whatever owns a life, or name,  
The man, the beast, the bird, the fish, the flowers.

## II. THE BRIDE’S CANTICLE.

I CHARGE you, if you my Belovèd see,  
To tell him that my soul is sick of love,  
And has been, ever since, beneath the tree,  
He to my fainting lips did flagons move,  
And called me Fair and Undeiled and Dove,  
And bore my drooping head upon his knee,  
And gave me golden fruit from boughs above,  
And kisses sweeter than all wine to me.

Now, when I burn to clasp his garment's hem,  
 He makes, alas, as though he would pass by.  
 Does not his signet-ring my finger gem?  
 Why find I not whom my soul loveth, why?  
 Tell him, O Daughters of Jerusalem,  
 That on his bosom I must rest, or die.

### III. THE BRIDEGROOM'S CANTICLE.

ARISE, my Love : my Fair One, come away :  
 Winter is past ; the rainy-tide is o'er ;  
 The buds are bursting on the tender spray ;  
 The turtle-doves are cooing more and more ;  
 The fig-tree putteth forth her emerald store ;  
 The swelling grapes are fragrant ; breezes play,  
 With wafted spice, about the grassy floor  
 Of that fair paradise, where, at break of day,  
 I wait thy advent : for my locks are wet  
 With heavy night-drops. Come, I yearn to give  
 Myself to thee where fountains toss their jet,  
 And all the fruits of honeyed Lebanon thrive :  
 There, will we feed among the lilies met ;  
 There, on my bosom, thou shalt rest and live.

### IV. CHRISTMAS DAY.

As one who reaches after toil and fight  
 A happy place, exalted peers among,  
 And yet remembers, not without delight,  
 The small beginnings whence his greatness sprung—  
 The breast on which he wept, to which he clung—  
 The spot where earth first opened on his sight—  
 The garden walk where first his play-shouts rung—  
 The spate hard by that tumbled down the height—



o Mary, Mother, on the sapphire throne,  
Where thou art seated with thy Royal Child,  
Thou treasurest in thy memory every stone  
And rafter of that inn and manger wild,  
Where David's Son became thy very own,  
And on thy smile Incarnate-Godhead smiled.

## V. BRACKET IN THE LIBRARY.

SEE you that bracket where the Virgin stands,  
A crown upon her head, and in her arms  
An Infant very lovely? Mary's charms  
Will earn at last the suffrage of all lands.  
And when I gaze on her, my heart expands  
In filial invocation, that no harms  
My studies may engender, no alarms  
Affright me from the path of her commands.  
Nor of a statue merely do I tell ;  
The real Mother near me deigns to stay :  
There is delusion in our heaven and hell,  
Whene'er we dream of them as far away ;  
We cannot think how near they are, or dwell  
More in the centre of their night and day.

## VI. THE ASSUMPTION.

### I

I CANNOT think they love the Lord aright,  
Or by his promised Spirit have been taught,  
Who, from his Mother derogate in aught,  
And grudgingly withhold her sovereign right,  
And find one speck upon her shield of light,  
And deem the sacred Vessel, which has brought  
Incarnate-God into the world, is naught  
But dust, still soddening in the crypts of night.



No : rather, let me cleave to what they say  
Who love the legends of the east to reap,  
That, when apostles on an August day  
Came to the spot where Mary fell on sleep,  
They found, where late her precious body lay,  
Nought but some fragrant lilies in a heap.

## II

‘ FOUND nought but fragrant lilies in a heap :  
And what, then, had become of Mary dead ? ’  
Oh, slow of heart, to pierce the heavenly keep :  
Surely, a host of guardian-angels sped  
Unbid, unsummoned, down the inviolate steep,  
And hovered o’er the dying Virgin’s bed ;  
And when, with painless sigh, she drooped her  
And, in the brief embrace of death did sleep,  
They claimed her priceless body as their own,  
And wafted it with jubilee on high,  
And set it down before the rainbowed throne,  
Where he she bore in Bethlehem ruled the sky  
And waited—willing not to reign alone—  
For her, who gave him his Humanity.

In upheld torches ; thus, the spiral turns  
Around the swelling contour of the vase,  
Seeming, though dead, to move from place to  
place,  
Through curled acanthus leaves and bending ferns.  
Look back on thy procession—and beware,  
If here and there a grinning satyr loom  
In last year's roses ; on this vase of mine  
The only flower of all the garlands fair,  
That round my heart made circles of sweet bloom,  
Is one white lilac from our Lady's shrine.

## II. MADONNA OF THE EMPTY ARMS.

THE Child was gone : the Mother stood alone  
Within her niche above the noisy street,  
Where varied sounds against the silence beat,  
And children's footsteps echoed on the stone.  
'What mean those empty arms ; she makes no moan  
As if her Child were lost ; her smile is sweet,  
And every child that passes she will greet  
With loving eyes ?' The answer seemed unknown  
And yet, I found the key : from school each day  
The children trooped beneath our Lady's shrine  
And, as each passed, her empty arms were spread  
Like filling wings of angels when away  
They bear child-souls up to the Heart Divine.  
'I clasp you all ; my own Child waits,' she said

## III. MARY'S WOE.

RARE is the heart that in its utmost sorrow,  
Finds not another heart to share its woe,  
And presage rainbow colours for the morrow—  
And God above is kind to hearts below.

*MAURICE F. EGAN*

Alone : who is alone? The criminal dying,  
Though steeped in shameful crimes all through  
and through,  
Will leave some heart that trusted, spite his lying—  
Some loving heart that, spite his sins, was true.

The mother, from whose sight the cold grave closes  
Her son's fair eyes—on whose heart falls the clod  
That strikes on him, and crushes her life's roses,  
Has still her comfort ; for she has her God.

But, Mary, near the cross, was of all mothers—  
Of all her race, in truth, the most alone :  
Her grief, her woe, was not the woe of others ;  
Nor like to others did she make her moan.

She stood, transfixed, heart-pierced and tearless,  
gazing  
Up through the twilight to the thorn-crowned head,  
Whose sacred brow was scarred whose eyes were  
glazing,  
And saw her not ; for he, her God, was dead.

What sorrow like to hers, I ask ye, brothers ?  
What sorrow like to hers have our hearts known ?  
Our grief has sharers—half is borne by others ;  
But Mary bore her crushing woe alone.



The trees are white with moonlight and with ice-  
pearls ;

The trees are white, like ghosts we see in dreams ;  
The air is still : there are no moaning wind-whirls ;  
And one sees silence in the quivering beams.

December night, December night, how warming  
Is all thy coolness to the Christian soul :  
Thy very peace at each true heart is storming  
In potent waves of love that surging roll.

December night, December night, how glowing  
Thy frozen rains upon our warm hearts lie :  
Our God upon this vigil is bestowing  
A thousand graces from the silver sky.

O moon, O symbol of our Lady's whiteness ;  
O snow, O symbol of our Lady's heart ;  
O night, chaste night, bejewelled with argent brightness  
How sweet, how bright, how loving, kind thou art

O miracle : to-morrow and to-morrow,  
In tender reverence shall no praise abate ;  
For, from all seasons shall we new jewels borrow  
To deck the Mother born Immaculate.

#### V. A MAY NOCTURNE.

THE wind sings ' Alleluia,' and the sea  
Shines in the moonlight like a silver sword ;  
The waves shout ' Alleluia,' full and free  
With joyous sounds—' We hail thy Mother, I

O night in May : thy air is full of love—  
Of love and triumph for our Lady fair ;  
Behold, her crescent hangs the world above,  
And all her stars adorn her mantle rare.

*MAURICE F. EGAN*

A bridal veil of moonbeams touches earth—  
The bridal veil of her, the Spouse of God ;  
The sparkling river sings a song of mirth,  
And flower-faces smile upon the sod.

Nothing is silent : all God's creatures raise  
Fugue after fugue of tender love and grace ;  
The pansies in the garden softly praise  
Her spotless thoughts ; the earth's a holy place

Ah, hear the cherry-blossoms whisper sweet,  
' Queen of the World, how happy we this night  
Ah, hear the maple-buds in love repeat  
The salutation of the lilies white.

O night in May, O lovely night in May—  
A lily of the valley sounds her bells,  
So soft, so soft, that (silent all the day)  
Make music like the sighing of the shells.

No thing is silent in the joyous world :  
The lilac sings, ' There is no spot in thee ' :  
A honeysuckle-bud has just unfurled  
Before its time, her servitor to be.

Peach-blossom in the moonlight, silver-pink,  
Thou singest, too, in perfume delicate ;  
I hear a dying cadence softly sink—  
A daisy duo to her dedicate.

O wind, O waves, O moon, O lovely night :  
I know the words of all your songs by heart—  
O scented singers in the crescent's light,  
Teach us a fugue of meekness for our part.



*SONNETS AND NOCTURNE*

VI. 'AVE, MARIA.'

Ave, Maria,' ages bore the phrase ;  
    'Ave, Maria,' epochs bear it still ;  
For when, submissive to her God's sweet will,  
She heard it spoken on that day of days,  
    It made the epoch then.

Ave, Maria,' not two pretty words  
Used by some poets in a convent scene ;  
Not only for sweet girls in May-time green,  
Not only named with flowers and the birds,  
    But last on lips of men—

Of men in all the ages, since our God  
Came to this earth to suffer for his sons ;  
It rose in Cæsar's legions, and it runs  
In chords sublime, wherever any sod  
    Is soaked with Christian blood.

'Ave, Maria,' prelude of the Word ;  
    'Ave, Maria,' first on Gabriel's lips ;  
    'Ave, Maria,' soft as sound of ships  
White-winged and speeding—the sweet words are  
    Upon the world's dark flood.

'Twas last upon the lips of Charlemagne ;  
    False Julian fell when he it uttered not ;  
    Napoleon lost it—'twas not quite forgot—  
And, at the end, he spoke it not in vain,  
    Because he spoke it well.

Oh, phrase beloved by angels and by men,  
First after 'Jesus' named at mother's knee,  
Last spoken ere on earth we cease to be—  
That gives each in his war the strength of ten,  
    And frights the hosts of hell.



## Song of Hans, the Tailor

*GEORGE ELIOT: 1819-1880.*

FROM 'AGATHA,' IN 'THE LEGEND OF JUBAL,' 1868.

I OFT heard more  
 Of Agatha. I liked to hear her name,  
 As that of one half grandame and half saint,  
 Uttered with reverent playfulness. The lads  
 And younger men all called her 'Mother,' 'Aunt,'  
 Or 'Granny,' with their pet diminutives,  
 And bade their lasses and their brides behave  
 Right well to one who surely made a link  
 'Twixt faulty folk and God by loving both :  
 Not one but counted service done by her,  
 Asking no pay save just her daily bread.  
 At feasts and weddings, when they passed in groups  
 Along the vale, and the good country wine,  
 Being vocal in them, made them quire along  
 In quaintly mingled mirth and piety,  
 They fain must jest and play some friendly trick  
 On three old maids ; but when the moment came  
 Always they bated breath and made their sport  
 Gentle as feather-stroke, that Agatha  
 Might like the waking for the love it showed.  
 Their song made happy music 'mid the hills,  
 For nature tuned their race to harmony,  
 And poet Hans, the tailor, wrote them songs  
 That grew from out their life, as crocuses  
 From out the meadow's moistness. 'Twas his song  
 They oft sang, wending homeward from a feast—  
 The song I give you. It brings in, you see,  
 Their gentle jesting with the three old maids.

Midnight by the chapel bell :  
Homeward, homeward all, farewell :  
I with you, and you with me,  
Miles are short with company.  
    Heart of Mary, bless the way,  
    Keep us all by night and day.

Moon and stars at feast with night  
Now have drunk their fill of light.  
Home they hurry, making time  
Trot apace, like merry rhyme.  
    Heart of Mary, mystic Rose,  
    Send us all a sweet repose.

Swiftly through the wood down hill,  
Run till you can hear the mill.  
Toni's ghost is wandering now,  
Shaped just like a snow-white cow.  
    Heart of Mary, morning Star,  
    Ward off danger, near or far.

Toni's waggon, with its load  
Fell and crushed him in the road,  
'Twixt these pine-trees. Never fear :  
Give a neighbour's ghost good cheer.  
    Holy Babe, our God and Brother,  
    Bind us fast to one another.

Hark, the mill is at its work,  
Now we pass beyond the murk  
To the hollow, where the moon  
Makes her silvery afternoon.  
    Good Saint Joseph, faithful Spouse,  
    Help us all to keep our vows.

*GEORGE ELIOT*

Here the three old maidens dwell,  
Agatha and Kate and Nell ;  
See, the moon shines on the thatch,  
We will go and shake the latch.

Heart of Mary, Cup of joy,  
Give us mirth without alloy.

Hush, 'tis here, no noise, sing low ;  
Rap with gentle knuckles—so :  
Like the little tapping birds,  
On the door ; then sing good words.  
Meek Saint Anna, old and fair,  
Hallow all the snow-white hair.

Little maidens old, sweet dreams :  
Sleep one sleep till morning beams.  
Mothers ye, who help us all,  
Quick at hand, if ill befall.  
Holy Gabriel, lily-laden,  
Bless the aged mother-maiden.

Forward, mount the broad hill side,  
Swift as soldiers when they ride.  
See the two towers how they peep,  
Round-capped giants, o'er the steep.  
Heart of Mary, by thy sorrow,  
Keep us upright through the mo

Now they rise quite suddenly,  
Like a man from bended knee ;  
Now Saint Märgen is in sight,  
Here the roads branch off—good night.  
Heart of Mary, by thy grace,  
Give us with the saints a place.



## Oratory Hymns

*RICK WILLIAM FABER, OF  
ORATORY, D.D. : 1814-1863.*

FROM 'HYMNS,' 1849-1861.

### OUR LADY'S EXPECTATION

LIKE the dawning of the morning,  
On the mountain's golden heights ;  
Like the breaking of the moonbeams  
On the gloom of cloudy nights ;  
Like a secret told by angels,  
Getting known upon the earth—  
Is the Mother's expectation  
Of Messias' speedy birth.

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,  
With the very bliss of heaven,  
Since the angel's salutation  
In thy raptured ear was given ;  
Since the Ave of that midnight,  
When thou wert anointed Queen,  
Like a river overflowing  
Hath the grace within thee been.

On the mountains of Judea,  
Like the chariot of the Lord,  
Thou wert lifted in thy spirit  
By the Uncreated Word ;  
Gifts and graces flowed upon thee  
In a sweet celestial strife,  
And the growing of thy Burden  
Was the lightening of thy life.

*F. W. FABER*

And what wonders have been in thee,  
All the day and all the night,  
While the angels fell before thee,  
To adore the Light of Light :  
While the glory of the Father  
Hath been in thee as a home,  
And the sceptre of creation  
Hath been wielded in thy womb.

And the sweet strains of the psalmist  
Were a joy beyond controul ;  
And the visions of the prophets  
Burnt like transports in thy soul ;  
But, the Burden that was growing,  
And was felt so tenderly,  
It was heaven, it was heaven,  
Come before its time to thee.

Oh, the feeling of thy Burden,  
It was touch and taste and sight ;  
It was newer still and newer,  
All those nine months, day and ni  
Like a treasure unexhausted,  
Like a vision unconfessed,  
Like a rapture unforgotten—  
It lay ever at thy breast.

Every moment did that Burden  
Press upon thee with new grace ;  
Happy Mother, thou art longing  
To behold the Saviour's face :  
Oh, his human face and features  
Must be passing sweet to see ;  
Thou hast seen them, happy Mothe  
Ah then, show them now to me.

Thou hast waited, Child of David,  
And thy waiting now is o'er ;  
Thou hast seen him, blessed Mother,  
And wilt see him evermore :  
Oh, his human face and features,  
They were passing sweet to see :  
Thou beholdest them this moment ;  
Mother, show them now to me.

## II. THE GRANDEURS OF MARY.

WHAT is this grandeur I see up in heaven,  
A splendour that looks like a splendour divine ?  
What creature so near the Creator is throned ?  
O Mary, those marvellous glories are thine.

But, who would have thought that a creature could live  
With the fires of the Godhead so awfully nigh ?  
Oh, who could have dreamed, mighty Mother of God,  
That ever God's power could have raised thee so  
high ?

What name can we give to a queenship so grand ?  
What thought can we think of a glory like this ?  
Saints and angels lie far in the distance, remote  
From the golden excess of thine unmated bliss.

Thy person, thy soul, thy most beautiful form,  
Thine office, thy name, thy most singular grace—  
God hath made for them, Mother, a world by itself,  
A shrine all alone, a most worshipful place.

Mid the blaze of those fires, eternal, unmade,  
Thy Maker unspeakably makes thee his own ;  
The arms of the Three Uncreated, outstretched,  
Round the Word's mortal Mother in rapture are  
thrown.



Thy sinless conception, thy jubilant birth,  
Thy crib and thy cross, thine assumption and crown,  
They have raised thee on high to the right hand of him  
Whom the spells of thy love to thy bosom drew down.  
I am blind with thy glory ; in all God's wide world  
I find nothing like thee for glory and power :  
I can hardly believe that thou grewest on earth,  
In the green fields of Juda, a scarce-noticed flower.  
And, is it not really eternal, divine ?  
Is it human, created, a glorified heart,  
So like God, and not God ? Ah, Maker of men,  
We bless thee for being the God that thou art.  
O Mary, what ravishing pageants I see,  
What wonders and works centre round thee in heaven  
What creations of grace fall like light from thy hands,  
What creator-like powers to thy prudence are given.  
What vast jurisdiction, what numberless realms,  
What profusion of dread and unlimited power,  
What holy supremacies, awful domains,  
The Word's mighty Mother enjoys for her dower.  
What grand ministrations of pity and strength,  
What endless processions of beautiful light,  
What incredible marvels of motherly love,  
What queenly resplendence of empire and right.  
What sounds as of seas flowing all round thy throne,  
What flashings of fire from thy burning abode,  
What thunders of glory, what tempests of power,  
What calms, like the calms in the Bosom of God.  
Inexhaustible wonder ; the treasures of God  
Seem to multiply under thy marvellous hand ;  
And the power of thy Son seems to gain and to grow  
When he deigns to obey thy maternal command.

Ten thousand magnificent greatnesses blend  
Their vast oceans of light, at the foot of thy throne ;  
Ten thousand unspeakable majesties grace  
The royalty vested in Mary alone.

But look, what a wonder there is up in God :  
One love, like a special perfection, we see ;  
And the chief of thy grandeurs, great Mother, is there—  
In the love the Eternal himself has for thee.

### III. CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM.

LIKE the voiceless starlight falling  
Through the darkness of the night,  
Like the silent dewdrops forming  
In the cold moon's cloudless light,  
So, there comes to hearts in sorrow  
Mary's angels dear and bright.

Like the scents of countless blossoms  
That are trembling in the air,  
Like the breaths of gums that perfume  
Sandy deserts bleak and bare,  
Are our Lady's ceaseless answers  
To affliction's lowly prayer.

They are endless, they are countless,  
Like the leaves upon the trees ;  
They are healings sweetly hidden,  
Like the fragrance in the breeze ;  
They are spirits to the drooping,  
Like the freshness from the seas.

They are not like earthly comforts,  
Nor like anything on earth ;  
They are peacefuller than slumber,  
They are cheerfuller than mirth ;  
They are light to all life's darkness,  
They are plenty to its dearth.

*F. W. FABER*

They are presences and foretastes  
Of some nameless heavenly things,  
From the golden throne of Mary  
Wafted down to us on wings ;  
Yet, they come to none but mourners,  
To the hearts that sorrow wrings.  
They are wondrous thoughts of Jesus,  
They are presences of God,  
Giving zest to weary sadness,  
Or, strange sweetness to the rod,  
Filling full of heavenly sunbeams  
Sorrow's dark and lone abode.  
For, they come into our spirits  
With a soft and winning might ;  
And they make our dead look brighter  
In the waking hours of night ;  
And they gently turn our darkness  
Into depths of tenderest light.  
Oh, it is as if some fragments  
Of the golden calms of heaven,  
By the mercy of our Father,  
Into Mary's hands were given :  
But, to earth were only falling  
Upon hearts with sorrow riven.  
For, in Mary's ear all sorrow  
Singeth ever like a psalm :  
Welcome, Mother, are the tempests  
Which thou layest with thy calm ;  
Sweet the broken hearts thou healest  
With thine own heart's nameless balm



# The Virgin, Holy Child and Saint John

*MICHAEL FIELD.*

ON A PICTURE BY LORENZO DI CREDI  
IN THE COLLECTION OF LORD DUDLEY.

FROM 'SIGHT AND SONG,' 1892.

A SPREADING strawberry-tree  
Embowers an altar-throne ;  
Behind its leaves we see  
Fair waters blue in tone ;  
Sharp rocks confront the stream and soft  
Summits and misty towers :  
But, sweet Madonna in a croft  
Is resting, brimmed with flowers.

Anemones are here ;  
How sturdily they grow,  
Their brown-stemmed heads in clear  
Design against the flow  
Of the thin current scarce astir :  
Through scrambling cresses strike  
Petals of varied lavender,  
In chalice and in spike.

The summer light in streams  
Has fallen where it can stray  
On the blonde Girl, who dreams  
So tranquilly all day.  
Dropt eyelids of a differing curve,  
Deep-dinted lips austere,  
Some curious grace of visage serve,  
Half-wayward, half-severe.

No stain her cheek has got ;  
Its sun-blanch is complete.  
Save where one little spot  
Burns, rosy with the heat.  
To keep that tender carmine free  
In lustre, the arbut  
Shields with a multiplicity  
Of leaves its crimson fruit.

Of corn-flower blue, with gold  
Her simple dress is sewn,  
A cloak's cerulean fold  
About her feet is thrown.  
The lining of rich orange hue  
Is visible just where  
The brilliant and the paler blue  
Too crudely would compare.

Mid windings of her wrap,  
Her naked Child upon  
The cradle of her lap  
Blesses adoring John,  
Whose flimsy, little shirt is tied  
With lilac scarf ; the slim,  
Gemmed crosier, propped against his side,  
Is far too long for him.

Her scarlet-sandalled foot  
Soft resting-place has found ;  
Cup-moss and daisy-root  
Are thick upon the ground  
Almost as in our English dells :  
But here is columbine,  
And one of its pellucid bells  
Doth to the stream incline.

## An Overshadowing

*ALBERT FLEMING.*

FROM 'MERRY ENGLAND,' 1889.

THE sky was all aglow,  
And slowly and more slow,  
The passion-flower swayed above the window-sill ;  
And as yet, the night was young,  
And the moon was scarcely slung,  
But, all the stars were shining and the land was very still.

In a corner of the room,  
Like a star within the gloom,  
The great white lily gleamed with a sudden threefold  
light ;  
And it bowed its stately head  
As she passed with silent tread,  
And drew aside the curtain and looked into the night.

And never stars in skies  
Had such depth as her twain eyes,



And all a summer's sunshine was tangled in her hair ;  
All silent there she stood  
In her peerless Maidenhood,  
And the very stars grew brighter, at seeing her so fair.

The passion-flower down slips,  
Until it sweeps her lips,  
And opens all its petals, as if to greet the light ;  
And the lily's languorous scent  
Floated round her as she leant,  
As she leant from out the casement and looked into the  
night.

Then she spake in accents clear :  
' Yea, the time draws very near  
When the watchers by thine altars shall see a wondrous  
thing ;  
And a fire is in mine eyes,  
And my heart leaps up and cries—  
Thou art coming, O Messiah ; thou art coming, O my  
King.

' Yet the seasons wax and wane,  
And I lift mine eyes in vain,  
And I cannot hear thy footsteps, my Adored ;  
Thou shalt search, but canst not find,  
Midst the daughters of mankind,  
Any maiden meet to be the Mother of her Lord.'

Lo, the east all ruddy glows  
With an inmost heart of rose,  
And the needles of the pines are black against the sky ;  
And the high triumphant song  
Rolls the starry fields along,  
And beside the water-courses, the aspens shake and sigh

Yet with sweet and steadfast eyes  
Did she watch the opening skies,  
For she knew the hour was coming that should make her  
    life complete ;  
And her heart kept murmuring,  
    ‘ He is coming, O my King ;  
He is coming, the Messias ; and I shall kiss his feet.

And behold, about her head  
Seven stars their glory shed,  
And the rush of mighty wings was in the air ;  
And the broadening glory rolled  
And enwrapped her fold on fold,  
And her hands were clasped together, as she bent her  
    head in prayer.

Then, on her spirit fell  
Such a joy ineffable,  
And all about her feet the waves of glory roll ;  
And no mortal eye might see  
How, in awful mystery,  
The Spirit of the Godhead o’ershadowed all her soul.

\* \* \*

Mother Anna from the stair  
Called her Child to evening prayer,  
And the moonlight broadened slowly across the field a  
    wood ;  
Heaven’s light was on her face  
As she meekly took her place—  
And in her eyes was shining the light of Motherhood.



# Prayers from Goethe's *Faust*

*SIR THEODORE MARTIN.*

FROM 'FAUST ; A DRAMATIC POEM,' 1866.

## I. MARGARET'S PRAYER.

PART I. ACT IV. SECOND SCENE.

a niche of the wall an Image of the Mater Dolorosa  
t of it pots, in which Margaret places fresh flowers.

O THOU, the sorest  
Pangs that borest,  
On mine look down with face benign.  
With anguish eyeing  
Thy dear Son dying,  
The sword that pierced his heart in thine,  
Thou to the Father gazest  
And sighs upraisest  
For his and for thy mortal pine.  
Oh, who can feel, as thou,  
Thy agony, that now  
Tears me and wears me to the bone.  
How this poor heart is choked with tears,  
All that it yearns for, all it fears,  
Thou knowest, thou, and thou alone.  
Still, whereso'er I go,  
What woe, what woe, what woe  
Is in my bosom aching.  
When to my room I creep,  
I weep, I weep, I weep—  
My heart is breaking.  
The bow-pots at my window  
I with my tears bedewed,  
When over them at morn to pluck  
These flowers for thee I stood.  
Brightly into my chamber shone



The sun, when dawn grew red ;  
 Already there, all woebegone,  
 I sat upon my bed.  
 Help, Sufferer divine :  
 Save me, oh, save  
 From shame and from the grave.  
 And thou, the sorest  
 Pangs that borest,  
 On mine look down with countenance benign.

PRAYERS OF THE PENITENT WOMEN

PART II. ACT V. LAST SCENE.

CHORUS OF REPENTANT WOMEN.

UPWARD thou art soaring  
 To regions eternal ;  
 Hear our imploring,  
 Thou, peerless, supernal,  
 Thou rich to o'erflowing  
 In pardoning grace.

MAGNA PECCATRIX (*St. Luke* vii. 36-50).

By the love, that bent in weeping  
 O'er thy Son, divinely born,  
 His feet with balmy tear-drops steeping  
 Spite of Pharisaic scorn ;  
 By the box, that dropped profusely  
 Ointment precious, odour fine ;  
 By the tresses, clustering loosely,  
 That did wipe the limbs divine.

MULIER SAMARITANA (*St. John* iv. 4-42).

By the spring, whereto in dim  
 Far ages Abraham's flocks were led ;  
 By the pitcher's cooling rim,  
 That touched his lips, the Saviour dread

By the clear, full source that now  
 Wells out there in stream abundant,  
 Through the universe to flow,  
 Ever sparkling and redundant.

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA (*Acta Sanctorum*).

By that hallowed spot and dear,  
 Where was laid the Lord Immortal ;  
 By the arm in warning clear  
 Raised, that thrust me from its portal ;  
 By the forty years I passed,  
 In deserts lone, of true repentance ;  
 By what on the sand at last  
 I traced, a blessèd farewell sentence.

#### THE THREE.

Thou, who from the greatly sinning  
 Never dost avert thy face,  
 Still for their repentance winning  
 An eternal resting-place,  
 To her, who only once forgot  
 Herself, vouchsafe thy blessing—  
 To her, who fell, yet weeted not  
 Wherein she was transgressing.

UNA PENITENTIUM (*formerly called Margaret*).

Incline, incline,  
 Peerless One, bright  
 With effulgence of light,  
 Unto my bliss thy glance benign.

#### NOTE.

No. II. Maria Ægyptiaca. Lines 3 and 7 : The Saint, before her conversion, was supernaturally prevented from entering a church, where the Holy Cross was exposed ; and, at the approach of her departure, she was enabled to write on the ground her name and the time of her death. (Alban Butler.)



# Vision of Saint Ildephonsus

ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO, VII. CENTURY.

*LOUIS DE GONGORA* : 1561-1627.

*TRANSLATED BY EDWARD CHURTON, M.A. :*

1800-1874.

FROM 'GONGORA,' 1862.

THE night came on, not wrapt in gloomy shroud  
Of shadowy texture, tinged with shapes of fear,  
But, imaging the pale white gleams that crowd  
The twilight air, not dark, nor wholly clear ;  
Or, labouring moon, what time in mantling cloud,  
Distressed by wizard's charm, with troubled cheer  
She veils her radiant horns, and deals her light  
Through glimmering mists, with rays obscurely bright.

So gleamed the conscious air, as though it knew  
A sunlike form was posting down the sky :  
Borne, not on golden car, but wings that drew  
Her glittering throne, whose downy canopy  
Was throng of seraphs, quiring as they flew,  
In ministering order hovering nigh ;  
By whom sustained when Mary came, the ray  
Clad the dim gloom with purple beams of day.

Upon that famous hill she lighted down  
Whose walls, old Spain's high marvel, seemed to rise  
Girt round with rock-built turrets, like a crown,  
To give her royal welcome, through the skies ;



While Tagus, in his echoing channel thrown,  
Gave answer to those golden harmonies,  
Rejoicing stream, beneath that guarded brow,  
Imperial seat of old, empyreal now.

She sought the pastor, whose unwearied hand  
The precious crook of sacred metal bore,  
The strong in Faith's firm battle to withstand  
The Helvidian snake, by Jerome scotched before  
She found him, where for other's weal he planned  
And hours of sleep with painful watch outwore  
But then, the fane was lost in dazzling light  
Before the saintly Goth's admiring sight.

In terror of that light, so keen, so fair,  
The children of the convent, soul-subdued,  
Were fixed in gaze ; the boldest person there  
As motionless as chiselled marble stood :  
But, glad as eagle, bathing in the glare  
Of sun at noon, was Ildephonsus good,  
True to that pen, whose glowing lines record  
To what fair heights his eagle-soul had soared.

In that majestic sphere of ruddy glow  
Awhile the meek-eyed prelate prostrate lay ;  
Then, like a spirit rapt from earth below,  
Trembling and high up-poised in beaming day,  
From the fresh streams of light that outward flow,  
He scanned the living form that gives the ray,  
As though his sight he feared not to o'erstrain,  
Intent he gazed, and turned to gaze again.

The peerless Queen, from her high star-paved floor  
Down bending, clad him with a bright brocade ;  
The cherub-forms within heaven's golden door  
Tread not heaven's courts in pile so rich arrayed

The gems that spangle heaven and change no more,  
Though not outdone, in radiance seemed to fade  
Before that fair embroidery ; not more fair  
The glorious stars, than each small ruby there.

What thanks and praise the wondering bishop gave  
For that immortal gift, bestowed so well,  
Were theme that other hand and pen must crave,  
Divinely led, like his, in words to tell :  
But, as the lessening foam on eddying wave  
Dies down with ocean's soft retiring swell,  
So died the temple's lustre on the view,  
Still lessening as the vision's light withdrew.

O Ever-Virgin, glorious evermore,  
Who wilt not humble love's pure gifts disdain,  
A pastor now is ours who brings his store,  
With bronze and jasper-stones, to deck thy fane :  
Such strength and grace henceforth shall ne'er deplore  
Time's outrage, but defy his menace vain :  
Tall pyramids and walls of weary toil  
May moulder ; but, these stones time ne'er shall spoil.

A Sandoval, the glory of his race,  
The Argus of our Faith, whose watchful eye,  
Keen as an angel's glance in realms of space,  
Invests with awe his purple dignity :  
Of those glad throngs, whom robes immortal grace,  
May he increase the goodly company,  
Who now to thee, with service duly shown,  
Mother and Maid, hath raised this worthy throne.

#### NOTES.

Line 28 : The Helvidian snake ; St. Ildephonsus wrote a work,  
' On the spotless virginity of the Virgin Mary,' against Helvidius.  
Line 50 : A bright brocade ; A chasuble, or other vestment.

# Aishah Shechinah and other Poems

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER, M.A.:

1804-1875.

FROM 'THE LAMP,' 1838-1858; AND 'POETICAL WORKS,' 1879.

AND A SONG BY HIS DAUGHTER.

## I. AISHAH SHECHINAH.

A SHAPE like folded light, embodied air,  
Yet, wreathed like flesh and warm;  
All that of heaven is feminine and fair,  
Moulded in visible Form:  
She stood—the Lady-Shechinah of earth,  
A Chancel for the sky—  
Where woke, to breath and beauty, God's own birth,  
For men to see him by.  
Round her—too pure to mingle with the day—  
Light, that was Life, abode;  
Folded within her fibres, meekly lay  
The link of Boundless God:  
So linked, so blent—that when, with pulse fulfilled,  
Moved but that Infant Hand—  
Far, far away, his conscious Godhead thrilled,  
And stars might understand.  
Lo, where they pause, with inter-gathering rest  
The Threefold and the One:  
And lo, he binds them to her orient breast,  
His Manhood girded on.  
The Zone, where two glad worlds for ever meet,  
Beneath that bosom ran:  
Deep in that womb, the conquering Paraclete  
Smote Godhead on to man.



*MIRIAM: STAR OF THE SEA*

Sole scene among the stars ; where yearning, glide  
The Threefold and the One :  
Her God upon her lap ; the Virgin-Bride,  
Her awful Child, her Son.

II. MIRIAM : STAR OF THE SEA.

I AM the sea, that, treacherous, swells for ever—  
It ebbs and flows with one unceasing stream :  
Thou art the Star, whose radiance faileth never,  
Calm o'er the billowy waves its faithful beam.  
I am the sea, whose restless surges tremble,  
Moved to and fro by every sigh of night ;  
Thou art the Star, thy shining eyes resemble  
The orb that 'mid the storms is hushed and bri  
My Morning Star, the shades of sorrow banish ;  
Kindle me hope, and bravery in my soul :  
Let care's dark shadows from my spirit vanish,  
As mountain-clouds before the orient roll.  
My Star of Eve, let thy sweet presence often  
Shed on this heart of mine its soothing ray :  
Yea, in the war of death, thy light shall soften  
The last stern foeman, and his battle day.  
Fear's idle dream, and hope's all-shadowy pleasure  
Sorrow and joy, that vain and idle be—  
The deep has swallowed up the golden treasure :  
Soothe thou the tempest and subdue the sea.  
Wave after wave rolls on in ceaseless billow ;  
Age cannot tame the unconquerable tide ;  
Yon visible surge is but the stately pillow,  
Where the wild storms of ancient waters died.  
Thou Star of Peace, glory and gladness blending,  
Here, as we lowly kneel, look love on high ;  
Hail, blessed Orb, alive with light, descending,  
A Lamp to lead us to our native sky.

### III. THE BIER OF MARY.

SOFT eve comes down upon her couch of cloud,  
The shadows gather round the dreams of night ;  
With woeful psalms Jerusalem is loud,  
And far and near the funeral torch is bright ;  
Even the dull feet of age have sought the crowd  
To watch, with anxious eyes, a shuddering sight  
From yonder home a silent Corpse they bear,  
The dead, the beautiful, the cold, the fair.

They wail for One—Holiest of all her race—  
For Mary, Maiden-Mother of the Lord ;  
The name that, graven in stars, the angels trace,  
Hallowed in heaven, and on earth adored :  
What eyes shall yet be lifted to that face,  
What voices at those feet one day be poured,  
When angel-harps the Queen of Heaven declare,  
And the Son listens to his Mother's prayer.

Holy and full of heaven her race was run,  
Her soul made haste to meet her glorious Child  
He, when the rest had fled, besought Saint John  
To choose for his own Mother Mary mild.  
Yea, his last thought was hers, when the sad sun  
Grew dark ; and earthquake, fierce and wild,  
Rent shuddering Calvary ; and air and sky  
Shook to behold the hosts of heaven pass by.

They glide like shadows, silent, dim and pale ;  
Kinsfolk and strangers throng the peopled street  
Forth at the gate the minstrel leads the wail ;  
And on the mourners move with lingering feet.  
Hark, what stern voices rise ; what sounds prevail  
A cry, as when in battle, foemen meet :



A circumcised Jew—oh, deed of fear—  
Foamed at the Dead, and smote that awful bier.

But lo, a doom. That fierce and lifted hand  
Fell, quivering fell, severed by touch unseen ;  
The multitude are mute : they understand  
That girded angels guard the sacred scene ;  
But he, the wretch, clings to that funeral band  
With jabbering cry, and rent and tortured mien ;  
Low at the rested bier he bends, and there  
Shrieks to the Merciful a loud and penitent prayer.

God heard him : God beheld the gushing tear :  
His heart was visible to the Eyes divine :  
The deep thoughts of his quivering soul were clear  
As jewels, 'mid the earthquake, in the mine ;  
He lifts his arms once more above the bier,  
And clothed with flesh from heaven, new fingers  
shine ;  
He knelt a Hebrew foe, in deed and word—  
He rose a Christian man, disciple of the Lord.

In sad Gethsemani, in a chosen grave,  
For a set time, they laid their blessed Dead :  
There, lilies loved to bloom and boughs to wave  
And many a murmured orison was said :  
There, burned the nightly star, whose radiance gave  
Sign of the sepulchre to Christian tread ;  
There too, the chanted psalm was heard at eve,  
When harps of heaven were touched, and angels came  
to grieve.



*R. S. HAWKER*

It shone where the child and the paren  
In the soft and evening air.

‘ Look at that spring, my father dear,  
Where the white blossoms fell :  
Why is it always bright and clear ?  
And why, the Lady’s Well ? ’

‘ Once on a time, my own sweet child,  
There dwelt across the sea  
A lovely Mother, meek and mild,  
From blame and blemish free.

‘ And Mary was her blessèd name,  
In every land adored :  
Its very sound deep love should claim,  
From all who love their Lord.

‘ A Child was hers—a heavenly birth,  
As pure as pure could be :  
He had no father of the earth,  
The Son of God was he.

‘ He came down to her from above,  
He died upon the cross :  
We ne’er can do for him, my love,  
What he hath done for us.

‘ And so, to make his praise endure,  
Because of Jesus’ fame,  
Our fathers called things bright and pu  
By his fair Mother’s name.

‘ She is the Lady of the Well—  
Her memory was meant,  
With lily and with rose to dwell,  
By waters innocent.’

V. QUEEN OF THE WAVES : SONG OF  
THE SAILORS AT HAVRE.

*MORWENNA HAWKER.*

‘ FROM THE MONTH,’ 1885.

QUEEN of the Waves, look forth across the ocean,  
From north to south, from east to stormy west ;  
See, how the waters, with tumultuous motion,  
Rise up and foam without a pause, or rest.  
But, fear we not, though storm-clouds round us gather ;  
Thou art our Mother—and thy little Child  
Is the All-merciful, our tender Father,  
God of the sea and of the tempest wild.  
Help, then, sweet Queen, in our exceeding danger ;  
By thy seven griefs, in pity, Lady, save ;  
Think of the Babe that slept within the manger,  
And helps us now, dear Lady of the Wave.  
Up to thy shrine we look, and see the glimmer  
Thy votive lamp sheds down on us afar ;  
Light of our eyes, oh, let it ne’er grow dimmer,  
Till in the sky we hail the morning star.  
Then, joyful hearts shall kneel around thine altar,  
And grateful psalms re-echo down the nave :  
Never our faith in thy sweet power can falter,  
Mother of God, Our Lady of the Wave.

NOTES.

No. I. Aishah : This was the happy name of Eve in the days of her innocence. When she stood before Adam in her blameless beauty, he said, being inspired, ‘ She shall be called Aishah,’ that is to say, Man’s, or Man’s own, because she is taken out of ‘ Aish,’ i.e. Man. (Author.) No. V. On a hill situated at Ste. Adresse, a suburb of Havre, is erected a chapel dedicated to Notre Dame des Flots. It is visible to vessels passing up and down the Channel. (Author.)



## Italian Girl's Hymn, Two Sonnet and a Dirge

*FELICIA D. HEMANS* : 1793-1835.

### ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

In the deep hour of dreams,  
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea  
And by the star-light gleams—  
Mother of Sorrows, lo, I come to thee.

Unto thy shrine I bear  
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie  
All, all unfolded there,  
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,  
In thy still beauty, through an early home,  
Thou knowest the grief, the love,  
The fear of woman's soul—to thee I come.

Many and sad and deep  
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast ;  
Thou, too, couldst watch and weep—  
Hear, gentlest Mother, hear a heart opprest.

There is a wandering bark  
Bearing one from me o'er the restless wave :  
Oh, let thy soft eye mark  
His course : be with him, Holiest, guide and save.

My soul is on that way ;  
My thoughts are travellers, o'er the waters dim ;  
Through the long weary day  
I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.



Aid him ; and me, too, aid ;  
Oh, 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess :  
On thy weak child is laid  
The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er him is poured  
My being's hope—scarce leaving heaven a part ;  
Too fearfully adored,  
Oh, make not him the chastener of my heart.

I tremble with a sense  
Of grief to be : I hear a warning low :  
Sweet Mother, call me hence ;  
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,  
Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known ;  
And, worn with feverish strife,  
Would fold its wings : take back, take back thine own

Hark, how the wind swept by :  
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave :  
Hope of the sailor's eye  
And maiden's heart, blest Mother, guide and save.

For such high tidings as to thee were brought,  
 Chosen of heaven, that hour : but thou, O thou,  
 E'en as a flower with gracious rains o'erfraught,  
 Thy Virgin-head beneath its crown didst bow,  
 And take to thy meek breast the All-holy Word,  
 And own thyself the Handmaid of the Lord.

### III. SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

YET, as a sunburst, flushing mountain-snow,  
 Fell the celestial touch of fire ere long.  
 On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful brow,  
 And thy calm spirit lightened into song,  
 Unconsciously, perchance, yet, free and strong  
 Flowed the majestic joy of tuneful words,  
 Which living harps the choirs of heaven among  
 Might well have linked with their divinest chords.  
 Full many a strain, borne far on glory's blast,  
 Shall leave, where once its haughty music passed,  
 No more to memory than a reed's faint sigh ;  
 While thine, O childlike Virgin, through all time  
 Shall send its fervent breath o'er every clime,  
 Being of God, and therefore not to die.

### IV. FOUNT OF THE VIRGIN : A DIRGE.

A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered with a chapel, is now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims. (Author's Note.)

FOUNT of the Woods, thou art hid no more  
 From heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore :  
 For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,  
 And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls ;  
 And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,  
 As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass  
 And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,  
 When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone ;



And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—  
Bright Fount, thou art Nature's own again.

Fount of the Vale, thou art sought no more  
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,  
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,  
And to chant his hymn at 'Our Lady's Well.'  
There is heard no 'Ave' through thy bowers,  
Thou art gleaming lone midst thy water-flowers.  
But, the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,  
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,  
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—  
Bright Fount, thou art Nature's own again.

Fount of the Virgin's ruined Shrine,  
A voice that speaks of the past is thine ;  
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh  
With the notes that ring through the laughing sk  
Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,  
And the sound of the breeze it will yet be heard  
Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,  
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?  
'Tis that all on earth is of time's domain—  
He hath made thee Nature's own again.

Fount of the Chapel, with ages grey,  
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay ;  
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,  
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now.  
Yet, if at thine altar one holy thought  
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought ;  
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,  
Or prayer from a chastened heart to heaven—  
Be the spot still hallowed while time shall reign  
Who hath made thee Nature's own again.



# Our Lady's Death, and other Sonnet

*BENJAMIN DIONYSIUS HILL (FATHER  
EDMUND, C.P.)*

FROM 'THE CATHOLIC WORLD,' NEW YORK,  
1870-1877; AND 'POEMS,' 1877.

## I. OUR LADY'S DEATH.

### I

AND didst thou die, dear Mother of our Life?  
Sin had no part in thee; then, how should death?  
Methinks, if aught the great tradition saith  
Could wake in loving hearts a moment's strife  
(I said—my own with her new image rife),  
'Twere this. And yet, 'tis certain, next to faith,  
Thou didst lie down to render up thy breath:  
Though, after the seventh sword, no meaner knife  
Could pierce that bosom. No, nor did: no sting  
Of pain was there; but only joy. The love,  
So long thy life ecstatic, and restrained  
From setting free thy soul, now gave it wing;  
Thy body, soon to reign with it above,  
Radiant and fragrant, as in trance, remained.

### II

YES, Mother of God, though thou didst stoop to die,  
Death could not mar thy beauty. On thy face  
Nor time, nor grief had wrinkle left, or trace;  
It had but aged, in God-like majesty;

Mature, yet, save the Mother in thine eye,  
As maiden-fresh as when, of all our race,  
Thou, first and last, wast greeted 'Full of grace'—  
Ere thrice five years had worshipped and gone by.  
Mortal thy body ; yet, it could not know  
Mortality's decay. Like sinless Eve's,  
It waited but the change on Thabor shown :  
And when, at thy sweet will, 'twas first laid low,  
Untainted as a lily's folded leaves  
It slept—the angels watching by the stone.

## III

'AT thy sweet will.' Then, wherefore didst thou will  
To pass death's portal? To the outward ear  
There comes no answer ; but the heart can hear.  
Thy Son had passed it. Thou, upon 'the Hill  
Of Scorn,' hadst stood beside the cross ; wouldst still  
'Follow the Lamb where'er he went.' Of fear  
Thou knewest naught. The cup's last drop, so dear  
To him, thy love must share—or miss its fill.  
But more—thy other children, even we,  
Must enter life through death. And couldst thou  
brook  
To watch our terrors at the dark unknown,  
Powerless to stay us with a sympathy  
Better than any tender word, or look—  
Bidding our steps tread firmly in thine own ?



The lisping child's new accent has begun,  
 Heaven-taught, with thee ; first fervent, happy you  
 Makes thee the Watch-word of its maiden truth ;  
 Repentant age, the Hope of the undone.  
 To me, known late but timely, thou hast been  
 The noon-day Freshness of a wooded height ;  
 A Vale of soothing waters ; the Delight  
 Of fadeless verdure in a desert scene ;  
 And when, ere long, my day shall set serene,  
 Be Hesper to an eve without a night.

### III. SANCTA DEI GENITRIX.

MOTHER of God : my Queen is simply this.  
 For this elected, the eternal Mind  
 Conceived her in its infinite abyss—  
 With the God-Man, Co-type of human kind.  
 And she, when came the wondrous hour assigned,  
 Conceiving her Conceiver, girt him round,  
 And held in her immaculate womb confined,  
 Whom 'heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot  
 bound.'  
 Then brought him forth, her Little One, her Own ;  
 And fed, a Suckling, at her maiden breast—  
 The only pillow of his earthly rest,  
 And still, for ever more, his dearest throne.  
 O Lady, what the worship faith allows ?  
 The Eternal calls thee Daughter, Mother, Spouse.

### IV. SANCTA VIRGO VIRGINUM.

THE Mother of all mothers ; yet, no less  
 The Virgin of all virgins ; yea, the more :  
 For, 'tis from thy deific fruitfulness  
 Have drawn all virgins their perennial store.



### *SINE LABE CONCEPTA*

Since Virgin-Eve grew mother of our loss,  
    Virginity was barren—until thine,  
Which bore the Fruit that, in the press of the c  
    Redeemed us with the virgin-making Wine.  
And now Virginity may wed thy Son,  
    Becoming thus the Mother of fair deeds.  
Still, after all the glories it has won  
    In following the Lamb where'er he leads,  
How peerless thine in having drawn him down  
And brought him forth—the Virgin's Spouse  
    Crown.

### V. MATER CHRISTI.

MOTHER of Christ—then, Mother of us all :  
    Mother of God made Man, of Man made God  
    The thornless Garden, the immaculate Sod,  
Whence sprang the Adam that reversed the fall.  
Mother of Christ, the Body mystical,  
    Of us the members, as of him the head ;  
    Of him our life, the ' First-born from the dead  
Of us baptized into his burial.  
Yes, Mother, we were truly born of thee  
    On Calvary's second Eden—thou its Eve :  
Thy dolours were our birth-pangs by the tree  
    Whereon the Second Adam died to live—  
To live in us, thy promised Seed to be,  
    Who then his death-wound to the snake didst

## VII. THE THREE EDENS.

BLOOMED the first Eden not with man alone,  
But woman, equal woman, at his side.  
And seemly was it when, together tried,  
They fell together—for the two were one.  
On Calvary stood the Mother by the Son,  
New Eve with Second Adam crucified ;  
And as through Eve, in Adam, we had died,  
Through Mary was our loss, in Christ, undone.  
Then, how should not the Paradise regained  
Behold its Eve beside her Adam throned ;  
Both risen, both ascended—unprofaned  
Each virginal body, by the grave disowned ?  
Else had our foe his conquest half maintained  
The primal ruin been but half atoned.

## VIII. REQUIES MEA.

KEEP me, sweet Love : thy keeping is my rest.  
Not safer feels the eaglet from beneath  
The wings that roof the inaccessible nest,  
Than I, when thou art with me, Dearest, Best,  
Whose love my life is, yea, my very breath.



Thy Son to Egypt fled, to prove our faith.  
 Not Herod's men had snatched him from thy breast,  
 Or changed his thronèd slumber into death.  
 How wonderful thy keeping, mighty Queen,  
 So close, so tender ; and, as if thine eyes  
 Had only me to watch, thine arm to screen,  
 And this inconstant heart were such a prize—  
 And thou the while, in beatific skies,  
 Art reigning imperturbably serene.

IX. MONTH OF MAY.

THE month of Maia—Cybele's Roman name—  
 Ere Rome was Christ's. And 'twas for Vulcan's pride  
 To kindle at her shrine the rosy flame  
 On sweet May-day. Wombed in the fruitful east,  
 Not vainly westward, as the myths increased,  
 This purer rite, nor unprophetic, came :  
 A flower that should be gathered for the feast  
 Of truth—with more that erst decked Pagan shame.  
 Not now the mother of vain gods we pray,  
 But her, the God-Man's Mother, Ever-a-Maid :  
 And still to her this fairest month of May  
 Assign—our hearts upon her altar laid,  
 That her chaste love, descending with its fire,  
 May purge them from the dross of base desire.



# Colloquy between Christ, our Lady and the Angel

*JACOPONE DA TODI: XIII. CENTUR*

*TRANSLATED BY E. M. CLERKE.*

This 'Corrotto' is of special interest, as an early specimen of the form which the Sacred Drama took in Italy, from the introduction of the Angel, or Messenger, who plays a part corresponding to that of the Greek Chorus. (Translator.)

ANGEL : LADY of Paradise,  
Thy Son is sold for price,  
Christ, blest for evermore.  
O Woman, haste and see  
How foully used is he ;  
Meseems he slain will be,  
So, have they scourged him sore.

MARY : How can such thing be done,  
Since guilt in him is none ?  
O Christ, mine only One :  
Ah me, where was he ta'en ?

ANGEL : Lady, he is betrayed ;  
Judas hath bargain made ;  
Pieces thrice ten were paid—  
Great profit doth he gain.

MARY : Help, Magdalen, I pray ;  
My cup is full to-day ;  
My Son is led away,  
As prophecy hath said.  
O Son, O Son, O Son,  
O loved and loving One ;  
Counsel, O Son, is none  
For my heart sore bestèd.

*QUY; CHRIST, OUR LADY, ETC.*

Son of the winsome eye,  
Son, why dost not reply ?  
Son, wherefore hide and fly  
    From the fond breast that fed ?  
Lady, the cross behold,  
By the crowd onward rolled,  
Which shall ere long uphold  
    The true Light raised on high.  
O cross, what dost thou dare ?  
My Son from me wilt tear ?  
Shall he hang fastened there,  
    To whom no sin came nigh ?  
Help, O thou full of woe ;  
Thy Son they strip ; and lo,  
Nailed to the cross, e'en so  
    Him will the people all.  
Help, Lady, help, for grace :  
They spit in thy Son's face :  
His garments they replace ;  
    And lead to Pilate's hall.  
O Pilate, do not so ;  
Work not my Son such woe ;  
For, I to thee can show  
    How false the charges brought.  
Crucify, crucify,  
Who to be king doth try,  
Our law's enactment by,  
    The senate sets at nought.  
List to me, list, I pray :  
Think on my grief to-day :  
Perchance, ye turn away  
    From that which ye have thought  
Forth, then, the thieves they lead,  
Companions of his need,



*JACOPONE: E. M. CLERKE*

A crown of thorns his meed  
    Who king had claimed to be.  
His clothes they strip away—  
Ah, let me see, I pray,  
How, from sore heart alway,  
    From every limb bleeds he.  
Woman, his hand is ta'en  
Stretched on the cross amain,  
Split with a nail in twain,  
    So close 'tis fastened there.  
The other hand they take,  
And to the wood fast make,  
While grows each throe and ache  
    Redoubled everywhere.  
Woman, his feet now see  
Are nailed to the tree,  
Racked every joint shall be ;  
    Stripped are his limbs full sor  
And I begin my moan :  
Son, my Delight alone ;  
Son, who hath slain mine Own ?  
    O tender Son, I bore.  
Better had they been fain  
My heart to rend in twain,  
And on the cross refrain  
    To hang it desolate.  
Mother, whence com'st thou so ?  
Thou deal'st me mortal blow ;  
Thy weeping adds new woe  
    To thy unhappy state.  
Son, who me thus hath left—  
Of Son, Spouse, Sire bereft—  
Son, who thy flesh hath cleft ?  
    And who thy limbs despoiled



Mother, why thus complain ?  
I will that ye remain  
My friends here to sustain,  
    To gain whom I have toiled.

Son, speak not so to me ;  
I fain would die with thee,  
Nor from hence parted be,  
    Till drawn my latest breath.

Our sepulchre be one,  
O woeful Mother's Son,  
Together be undone,  
    Mother and Son in death.

: Mother, while grief doth rend  
Thee to the care I lend  
Of John, my chosen friend,  
    Thy Son's name shall he bear.

John, this my Mother take  
For charity's sweet sake ;  
Pity her, nor forsake,  
    Since pierced her heart with care  
Child, forth thy soul hath fled—  
Child of the sore bestèd,  
Child of the uncomforted,  
    Child by foul death o'erthrown,  
Child, red and white of cheer,  
Child without like, or peer—  
To whom can I draw near ?

    Son, thou hast left me lone.  
O Son, so fair and white,  
Son, of the aspect bright,  
Why did the world's despite,  
    Thee with such scorn refuse ?  
Son, sweet and mild alway,  
O Son, to sorrow prey,

## Irish Lyrics and Sonnets

FROM 'THE IRISH MONTHLY,' DUBLIN, 1879-1892

### I. THE NIGHTINGALE.

*GERALD GRIFFIN*: 1803-1840.

As the mute nightingale in closest groves  
Lies hid at noon, but, when day's piercing eye  
Is locked in night, with full heart beating high  
Poureth her plain-song o'er the light she loves ;  
So, Virgin Ever-pure and Ever-blest,  
Moon of religion, from whose radiant face,  
Reflected streams the light of heavenly grace  
On broken hearts, by contrite thoughts oppressed  
So, Mary, they who justly feel the weight  
Of Heaven's offended Majesty, implore  
Thy reconciling aid, with suppliant knee :  
Of sinful man, O sinless Advocate,  
To thee they turn, nor him they less adore ;  
'Tis still his light they love, less dreadful seen i

## II. MARY, MODEL OF HUMILITY.

*EDWARD HARDING.*

HUMBLEST of all, who aye to God appealed  
 That but to him thy greatness might be known :  
 Thy Father heard thy prayer, and he, alone,  
 Viewed the supernal power thou wouldst not wield ;  
 Thy Son heard likewise ; and, from all concealed,  
 Thy wisdom shone, the reflex of his own ;  
 Heard, too, thy Spouse—though partner of his throne,  
 His works scarce outline of thy history yield.  
 ‘I will exalt the humble,’ saith the Lord :  
 And now, with Motherhood of God and men,  
 Beloved and blest beyond all human ken,  
 Thou art the full Fulfilment of his Word.  
 That God would have thine all thou didst entreat ;  
 And lo, the very heavens are at thy feet.

III. IN MEMORIAM MISERICORDIÆ  
DIVINÆ.

*RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN, M.D. :*  
 . 1798-1886.

HAIL, Blessed Virgin ; Holy Mary, hail ;  
 To love and honour thee, how can I fail  
 If I adore thy Son, and would prevail  
 With him in prayer ?

What intercession can there be like thine,  
 So worthy to approach the throne divine  
 Of grace, all wants and miseries of mine  
 To plead for there ?



*VARIOUS AUTHORS*

The angel's salutation in our ears  
Sounds like the sweetest melody : it bears  
A message from the Lord on high, that cheers  
The heart of man.

Oh, thou art ' Full of grace ' ; no child of earth  
So spotless ever mother did bring forth,  
So pure, and so immaculate ere birth.  
That wondrous plan,

Mercy divine revealed, and willed that grace  
And nature's union should in thee take place  
Most perfect, sinless of the human race,  
Humble and meek.

' Our life, our sweetness and our hope,' to thee  
We fly for refuge in our misery ;  
Thy Son our Saviour is with thee, and we  
That Saviour seek.

In our last moments, Blessed Mary, plead ;  
' For us, poor sinners,' deign to intercede :  
Jesus and Mary, be these words decreed  
The last I speak.

Mother of God, beneath our mystic cross  
We, too, must often bide the anguished years—  
Must wait while drag the pain-pulsed moments on.  
Oh, win us strength to bear the woe, the loss,  
And drink, like thee, a life-long cup of tears,  
With lips that only say, 'Thy will be done.'

## V. MEMORARE : CITEAUX.

*CASSIE M. O'HARA.*

WRITTEN IN 1883.

'MEMORARE' : through the ages,  
Lighting saint and sinner low,  
Touching heroes, poets, sages,  
With a deeper spirit-glow,  
Comes the prayer of Mary's Bernard,  
Potent now, as long ago,  
When it rose like incense heavenward  
From the groves of dark Citeaux.  
'Memorare, O Maria,'  
That it never hath been known  
Earthly pleading, 'Mater pia,'  
Rose unheeded to thy throne :  
Hear us, then, who kneel before thee,  
With a love that fain would grow  
To the love that Bernard bore thee,  
In the cloisters of Citeaux.

## VI. NAME OF MARY.

*JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY: 1844-1890.*

DEAR, honoured name, beloved for human ties,  
But, loved and honoured first that One was given  
In living proof, to erring mortal eyes,  
That our poor flesh is near akin to heaven.



Sweet word of dual meaning : one of grace,  
 And born of our kind Advocate above ;  
 And one, by memory linked to that dear face  
 That blessed my childhood with its mother-love

And taught me first the simple prayer : ‘To thee,  
 Poor banished sons of Eve, we send our cries.’  
 Through mist of years, those words recall to me  
 A childish face upturned to loving eyes.

And yet, to some the name of Mary bears  
 No special meaning, and no gracious power ;  
 In that dear word they seek for hidden snares,  
 As wasps find poison in the sweetest flower.

But, faithful hearts can see, o’er doubts and fears,  
 The Virgin-link that binds the Lord to earth ;  
 Which, to the upturned trusting face, appears  
 Greater than angel, though of human birth.

The sweet-faced moon reflects, on cheerless night,  
 The rays of hidden sun that rise to-morrow ;  
 So, unseen God still lets his promised light,  
 Through holy Mary, shine upon our sorrow.



When evenings first were lengthening, calm and warm,  
 We lit thy altar, gay with lily bloom ;  
 Now, falls the night full swift with threatening storm,  
 And still, thy tapers stay the advancing gloom.

'Tis thine, and ten times welcome, Mother dear :  
 This ripe and crisp October month is thine :  
 What, though our flowers and leaves be scant and sere,  
 The calendar of love knows no decline.

Accept these autumn wreaths—our chaplets bright,  
 With crimson-yellow stained, like sunset skies :  
 O Star of morn, be still our Star at night,  
 And bless our falling years as thou didst bless their  
 rise.

VIII. ON GAROFALO'S 'DESCENT FROM THE  
 CROSS,' IN THE BORGHESE GALLERY,  
 ROME.

*ELLEN FITZ SIMON (NÉE O'CONNELL):*  
 1805–1883.

WHILE Magdalen seems clamorous in her woe,  
 Our Lady's silent sorrow moves me more,  
 As there she kneeleth, calmly sad, before  
 The body of her Son, and gazeth so  
 Upon his pallid blood-stained brow, as though  
 She yet endured the agony he bore  
 Through that long, endless day. She blanched not, no  
 But stood beside the cross till all was o'er.  
 Oh, what a weight of sorrow crushed thy heart,  
 Mother most dear. What depth of agony  
 Didst thou then bear, and willingly, for me  
 And for all sinners. By the painter's art  
 As here, thy sufferings we presented see,  
 We grateful raise a hymn of praise to thee.

## Some Early Italian Laude and Sonnets

*VARIOUS AUTHORS: XV.-XVI. CENTS.*

*TRANSLATED (1891) BY E. M. CLERKE.*

I. VERONICA GAMBARA : 1485-1550.

### I

O VIRGIN pure, this day, by means of thee,  
Such marvel is to earth made manifest,  
That, struck with wonder and with awe oppressed,  
Doth nature's self the mighty portent see—

For, God is Man ; 'neath human care is he ;  
And in our weary mortal flesh though dressed,  
Himself is still ; Divinity suppressed,  
And hid in childish Form, Infinity.

Nor mixed, nor e'er divided hath he been ;  
But ever, truly God and truly Man,  
Powerful in heaven as on the earth below.

Turn on me, Virgin, then, the rays serene  
Of thy sweet grace ; and ope my sense to scan  
All that a mystery so deep doth show.

### II

Oh, mystery, faith alone can comprehend ;  
Thy beauteous Form made God's high Temple, see.  
O Saintly Virgin, all humility,  
In whom he willed from high heaven to descend ;

So, by thy meekness drawn to condescend,  
And by such wish that we redeemed should be,  
That he, in thee first closed, went forth from thee  
Nor did the cloistered virgin cell offend



## *EARLY ITALIAN LAUDE*

In thee created, like the heavenly dew  
In snowy fleece, while parched the earth arou  
It only steeped in moisture seems to be—

The former fact this figure doth construe :  
Wherefore, with thee to-day our songs resoun  
Praise to the Lord, ne'er praised sufficiently.

### II. BERNARDO GIAMBULLARI.

ON BEHALF OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

HAIL, Full of grace, alway ;

Mary, thy goodness show ;

Have pity, and to Christ for pity go,

For this fair city to such woe a prey.

Mary, in mercy spare ;

Ah, turn thy pitying eyes on us below ;

Look on thy city fair,

That ne'er was yet so agonised in woe ;

Have pity, and to Christ for pity go,

That he would peace restore :

Have mercy, I implore,

On this fair city to such woe a prey.

Mercy and peace serene,

Mary, thy Florence doth entreat of thee ;

Ah, from rebellion wean

The afflicted people by thy clemency ;

No fiercer plague can be

Than discord wild :

Ah, pity, Mary mild,

On this fair city to such woe a prey.

For charity is dead,

Faith quenched, and justice banished henc

Pride is our rule instead ;

In luxury and envy each doth vie,

Mary ; for help we cry



By innocence besought :  
 Ah, take a pitying thought  
 Of this fair city to such woe a prey.

For, save thy mercy be  
 Our shield, sweet Mary, from all peril sore,  
 No other shield have we ;  
 Then, in thy pity, from thy Son implore  
 Of aid and counsel store,  
 Wherein our safety lies :  
 Ah, be thy goodness touched in tender wise  
 By this fair city to such woe a prey.

III. LORENZO DE' MEDICI : 1448-1492.

FROM the star highest placed  
 On earth, a flood of light divine hath poured.  
 O glorious Queen,  
 O Virgin-Spouse and Mother of the Lord,  
 O matin Ray serene—  
 Happy who bends, I ween,  
 Unto this holy Mother, fair and chaste.

O Sweetness prized ;  
 O Joy supreme ; O Solace and Support ;  
 Maid, holy, undefiled,  
 The sinner's Heaven, Victory and Port ;  
 Vase, the Messiah's styled,  
 Our Saviour's ; Mary mild,  
 Guide to that Treasure by the world despised.

Mother, so worthy thou,  
 That heaven and earth and sun and stars and sea  
 Praise thee in festal hymn.  
 O distant Light of shining radiancy ;  
 O Memory never dim,  
 Gate, Triumph-pride of him—  
 That Treasure who in heaven reigns happy now.

*EARLY ITALIAN LAUDE*

IV. UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

I

MERCY, I call thee, Virgin Mary great—  
Mercy, of God the Mother and the Bride ;  
Mercy I call thee, who in toil abide ;  
Mercy I call thee, in my woeful state.  
Alas, I die, by mine own fault o'erta'en ;  
Alas, I die, if thou do not sustain ;  
Alas, I die, compelled by grief and pain.  
Thou only hast the Prop of sinners been ;  
Thou only Empress of the world, I ween ;  
Thou only heaven's high Lady art and Queen.  
Deliver me, by thy soft beauty's ray ;  
Deliver me, by thy glad mysteries seven ;  
Deliver me, by all thy joys in heaven ;  
Deliver me, by Christ thy Son, I pray :  
Mercy I call thee, my soul's Love alway.

II

MOTHER, who madest him who thee had made,  
O Vessel, formed such treasure to contain,  
To thee the angelic choir lifts festive strain.  
Hail, Mary, Empress of surpassing grade.  
Hail Queen, O holiest Woman, hail to thee.  
Mother benign, whose charms and grace ne'er  
O Lady, stainless and triumphant, hail :  
The blessed host doth ever chant in glee.  
How many glories, Woman blest indeed,  
How many joys thy mind do recreate ;  
Thy rapture all the blest participate ;  
Courteous, benign, beloved, they share thy m



# Mother out of Sight

*JOHN KEBLE* : 1792–1866.

FROM 'MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,' 1869.

A poem originally written for 'Lyra Innocentium,' 184

Saw ye the bright-eyed stately child,  
With sunny locks so soft and wild,  
How, in a moment, round the room  
His keen eye glanced ; then, into gloom  
Retired, as they who suffer wrong  
When most assured they look and long?  
Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear,  
In anger half : ' My mother is not here? '

Perchance, some burdened heart was nigh  
To echo back that yearning cry,  
In deeper chords than may be known  
To the dull outward ear alone :  
What, if our English air be stirred  
With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,  
Or penitents, to leaning angels dear,  
' Our own, our only Mother is not here.'

The murmurings of that boyish heart  
They hush, with many a fostering art :  
Soon o'er the islands of the west  
The weary sun will sink to rest ;  
The rose-tints fade, that gradual now  
Are climbing Ben-y-veer's green brow ;  
Soon o'er the loch the twilight stars will peer—  
Then shalt thou feel thy soul's desire is here.



Lightly they soothe the fair, fond boy ;  
Nor is there not a hope and joy  
For spirits that half-orphaned roam,  
Forlorn in their far island home ;  
Oft, as in penance lowly bowed,  
Prayer, like a gentle evening cloud,  
Enfolds them—through the mist they seem to trace,  
By shadowy gleams, a Royal Mother's face.

The holy Church is at their side,  
Not in her robes a glorious Bride ;  
As Sister named of Mercy mild  
At midnight by a fevered child  
Might watch, and to the dim eye seem  
A white-stoled angel in a dream :  
Such, may the presence of the Spouse appear  
To tender trembling hearts, so faint, so dear.

The babe, for that sweet vision's sake,  
Courts longer trance, afraid to wake ;  
And we, for love, would fain lie still,  
Though in dim faith, if so he will.  
And wills he not ? Are not his signs  
Around us, oft as day declines ?  
Fails he to bless, or home, or choral throng,  
Where true hearts breathe his Mother's evensong ?

Mother of God, oh, not in vain,  
We learned of old thy lowly strain ;  
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,  
And kneel with thee, and call thee Blest ;  
With thee would 'magnify the Lord,'  
And, if thou art not here adored,  
Yet, seek we, day by day, the love and fear  
Which bring thee, with all saints, near and more n

What glory thou above hast won,  
 By special grace of thy dear Son,  
 We see not yet, nor dare espy  
 Thy crownèd Form with open eye :  
 Rather, beside the manger meek  
 Thee bending with veiled brow we seek ;  
 Or, where the angel in the thrice-great Name  
 Hailed thee—and Jesus to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then, with bitterer cry,  
 Man hath assailed the throne on high,  
 And sin and hate more fiercely striven  
 To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven :  
 But the dread tie, that pardoning hour,  
 Made fast in Mary's awful bower,  
 Hath mightier proved to bind, than we to break  
 None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake.

Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore,  
 He calls thee Mother evermore ;  
 Angel, nor saint his face may see  
 Apart from what he took of thee ;  
 How may we choose but name thy name,  
 Echoing below their high acclaim  
 In holy creeds ? Since, earthly song and prayer  
 Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there.

How, but in love on thine own days,  
 Thou blissful One, upon thee gaze ?  
 Nay every day, each suppliant hour,  
 Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,  
 Thy glories we may greet unblamed,  
 Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed :  
 ' Hail, Mary, Full of grace.' Oh, welcome sweet  
 Which daily in all lands all saints repeat.

Fair greeting, with our matin vows  
Paid duly to the enthronèd Spouse,  
His Church and Bride, here and on high,  
Figured in her deep purity,  
Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,  
To bear and nurse the Eternal Son :  
Oh, awful station, to no seraph given—  
On this side touching sin, on the other heaven.

Therefore, as kneeling day by day,  
We to our Father duteous pray,  
So, unforbidden may we speak  
An 'Ave' to Christ's Mother meek—  
As children with 'good-morrow' come  
To elders in some happy home—  
Inviting so the saintly host above,  
With our unworthiness, to pray in love,

To pray with us, and gently bear  
Our falterings in the pure bright air :  
But, strive we pure and bright to be  
In spirit—else, how vain of thee  
Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride—  
Feel we the sword that pierced thy side :  
Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,  
Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

NOTE.

This poem, published after Mr. Keble's death, was, during his lifetime, withheld from publication, 'with his consent, but against his wish, at the earnest request of some of his dearest friends (George Moberly.)



# Mary in Relation to the Month

*WILLIAM D. KELLY.*

FROM 'THE AVE MARIA,' NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U.S.  
1887-1891.

WITH THE PASSING YEARS : JANU.

## I

MADONNA mine, the while the fleeting years  
In their swift courses come and pass away,  
And nearer bring the time when we, like they,  
Shall cease to be ; when neither hopes, nor fears,  
Nor all the love which life to us endears,  
Within our bosoms longer wield their sway,  
And the stilled pulses of our hearts obey  
No more the voice of joy, nor plaint of tears :  
Bear with us if we lift our eyes to thee,  
Who felt the shortness and the length of life ;  
Who knew, albeit therefrom thou wast free,  
The many snares which in this world are rife,  
And ask thee, while our years are yet to be,  
For strength to conquer in their ceaseless strife

## II

A LITTLE while, and lo, in flight as swift  
As the old year, which faster still and fast  
Loses itself within the misty past,  
We, too, shall vanish from men's gaze, and drift  
Across that stream whose shadows never lift,  
Except to those who have its waters passed :

## II. WINTRY WEATHER IN SPRING-TIME MARCH.

### I

MADONNA—though the whitened meads across  
No breath to-day of balmy zephyrs floats,  
Nor mirthful melody from feathered throats  
Falls from the wayside trees, whose branches toss  
Their naked arms above the frozen fosse ;  
Albeit, that the gardens and the moats  
Beneath the ermine of their winter coats,  
Sigh for the flowers and sorrow for their loss—  
This sombre season speaks of thee withal.  
For, in the winds which whistle as they blow,  
And in the flakes which eddy as they fall  
On the broad bosom of the fields below,  
Voices there are which whisper, and recall  
The legend of our Lady of the Snow.

### II

‘HAIL ; Full of grace,’ such was the salutation,  
Dear Virgin-Mother, that the angel spoke  
When the strange greeting of his lips awoke  
Thy soul, enrapt in holy contemplation,

### III. OUR LADY'S MONTH : MAY

THE fairest of the twelve months all—  
When, re-awakened by the rain  
Of teardrops on their counterpane,  
Which April let so softly fall,  
And hearkening to the rhythmical  
Réveille of the birds' refrain,  
In every garden-plot and plain,  
The flowers shake off their drowsy thrall,  
And open wide their starry eyes—  
Is thine, Madonna, thine by right,  
Whose beauty is immaculate :  
And so, when rivals Paradise  
This world which May fills with delight  
Its days to thee we dedicate.



When its first bloom comes to the ripening grain,  
And silken tassels in the corn-fields show ;  
When heaven smiles sweetly on all things that grow,  
And harvest-time approaches once again ;  
What other month could we prefer to thee,  
Or, what one fitter does the year afford—  
Since, with her ever-blest maternity,  
Thy days of promise seem in full accord—  
To dedicate to her who was to be  
The mother of the Mother of the Lord ?

II

MIDSUMMER, and in meadow-lands the lush  
Green grasses rippling in the passing breeze,  
As dimples the smooth surface of the seas  
Which south winds softly with their pinions brush ;  
Corn-fields, where, when the feathered songsters hush,  
One hears a burst of insect melodies ;  
Fruits bending down the branches of the trees,  
And wild vines where the ripening berries blush :  
Dear mother of the Maid Immaculate,  
St. Anne, who bore her who conceiv'd the Lord,  
And thus, had part in that great act which brought  
The world the Saviour it so long had sought ;  
This month, with all its promise of reward,  
To thy blest motherhood is consecrate.

V. SIGHING, SOUGHING WIND :  
SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER's soughing wind sighs, sad and soft,  
Above the meadow-lands, where, day by day,  
To duller tints the hues of green give way ;  
And where, in lengthened lines, within the croft,

I. QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS AND MAT  
MISERICORDIÆ : NOVEMBER.

I

QUEEN of All Saints, upon this glorious day,  
When, upward gazing to the skies, we sing  
Their virtues who, by toil and conquering,  
Have won admittance to the bright array  
Of those blest spirits whose it is for aye  
To chant the praises of that mighty King,  
Around whose white throne they stand worship  
With what beatitude no tongue can say—  
Ill were it if we sang no song to thee,  
Whose spotless life, free from the least attainments  
Of all that sordidness and sin which be  
Our common heritage and our complaints,  
Won thee, by its surpassing purity,  
The glorious title of the Queen of Saints.

II

MADONNA, whom the griefs which were thine own  
When Simeon's sword transfix'd thy tender heart  
Rendered compassionate, as still thou art,  
Of all the sorrows that the world has known ;

Lo, with the wailing winds which sigh and moan,  
In these November nights, there seem to start  
Sepulchral sobbings from that realm apart,  
Where the departed for their faults atone :  
Be merciful, Madonna, then, and lend  
Thy potent intercession to the plea  
We make for those who beg us to befriend  
Their hapless helplessness and misery,  
That their captivity may sooner end  
In blessèd prayer for us, and praise for thee.

VII. TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY :  
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

IN myriad manners are thy praises told :  
The suns the circles of their course complete,  
And ever hear some tongue thy name repeat ;  
The stars, that follow where those orbs have rolled,  
Know all the lands and climes thy clients hold ;  
The spring's first daisies blossom at thy feet ;  
For thee the summer winds are bland and sweet  
And thine its beauty as the year grows old :

And yet, perchance, of all the forms and ways  
Wherein thy children, wheresoe'er they be,  
Delight to voice the volumes of the praise,  
Incomparable Queen, they render thee,  
None glorifies thee more than his who pays  
His orisons upon thy Rosary.



Three Generations of Clients of M<sup>d</sup>  
in Verse: William, Charles &  
W. B. Kent, O.S.C.

I. HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

*WILLIAM KENT: 1799–1872.*

FROM 'THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE,' 1839.

WHEN daylight on the mountain breaks,  
And, through the sky, the gorgeous streaks  
Of gold and purple richly furled,  
Usher the sun into the world;  
And nature's sweetest accents raise  
In chorus to their Maker's praise:

REFRAIN: Ave, Maria; Mother blest,  
Be thou my Guide, Support and Res

When all is bright as summer hours,  
And dew-drops hang upon the flowers;  
And mists are scattered by the light;  
And joyous birds first wing their flight;  
And sweet perfume of flowers and trees  
Is borne upon the western breeze: Ave, Maria.

When day is past, and shades of night,  
Fall, like a curtain, on our sight;  
And on the wave the moon's bright beams,  
Like sheet of burnished silver gleams;  
And on the air is softly stealing  
The vesper hymn, so full of feeling: Ave, Maria.

Oh, in this spring-time of our years,  
When all life's charm so gay appears ;  
When heart's young thoughts are courted by  
The world's allurements, and we fly—  
With heedless course—our part to share,  
Nor see concealed each dangerous snare : Ave, Maria

When the scenes change, and lurid sky  
Gives warning that the storm is nigh :  
And frightened birds fly screaming past,  
Seeking safe shelter from the blast ;  
And clouds in one dark volume roll,  
While thunder leaps from pole to pole : Ave, Maria.

When storm-burst breaks with hideous crash,  
And lightnings through the black night flash ;  
And seas in giant billows rise,  
Flinging their summits to the skies ;  
And winds on funeral wing shall sweep  
Destruction o'er the mighty deep : Ave, Maria.

When doomed to feel life's heavy gale,  
And o'er my blighted hopes bewail ;  
When friends I prize shall from me sever,  
And bands love-formed are burst for ever ;  
And the bright glow of early years  
Is washed away in sorrow's tears : Ave, Maria.

Through all the passing ills of life,  
Through friends' neglect, through pain and strife,  
Through wreck of fortune, scorn and woe,  
Through pangs from breaking hearts that flow,  
Through crushed affection's withering blight,  
And grief, for joys long taken flight : Ave, Maria.

Oh—Ave, Maria—be my stay  
Throughout this world's uncertain way ;



Sweet Mary, while my prayers ascend,  
 Be thou my Trust, my Hope, my Friend ;  
 O'er life's dark pathway brightly shine  
 The radiance of thy love divine :  
                     Then, Ave, Maria ; Mother blest,  
                     Oh, guide me to eternal rest.

## II. STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

*CHARLES KENT.*

*AFTER JACOPONE DA TODI: XIII. CENT.*

FROM 'THE MONTH,' 1875.

STOOD the woe-worn Mother weeping,  
 Near the cross her station keeping,  
     While her dying Son was pendent ;  
 Her unsullied soul lamenting,  
 Sinless, yet for sin repenting,  
     Riven by the sword resplendent.

Oh, what grief, what dire affliction,  
 Drowned her life's great benediction,  
     Mother of the Light Eternal :  
 What amazement, terror, anguish,  
 Made her spotless spirit languish,  
     Seeing quenched that Light Supernal.

Where is he, the man who tearless  
 Can behold Christ's Mother peerless,  
     Shadowed by such dread dejection ?  
 Where the heart no grief prostrating,  
 Christ's dear Mother contemplating,  
     Mourning with divine affection ?

For the sins of others dying,  
 She beheld him, death defying,  
     Tortured, rent by scourges gory ;



*THREE CLIENTS OF MARY IN VERSE* 21

Saw her Own by sweet relation  
Breathing forth in desolation  
Back to God his Soul of Glory.

Wherefore, Mother, Love's pure Fountain,  
Of thy griefs, the o'erwhelming mountain,  
Let me feel the weight and sadness :  
To thy woes while tears we render,  
Let Christ's love, O God of Splendour,  
Make our hearts, too, burn with gladness.

Holy Mother, with sweet rigour  
My believing heart transfigure  
With the signs of crucifying,  
Till the wounding it surrounding,  
Love abounding, me confounding,  
Fill my soul with grief undying.

While my tears with thine are falling  
Underneath the rood appalling,  
Until life for me is ending :  
Near the cross in rapt affliction  
Let me share thy dereliction,  
Sighs and tears together blending.

Of all virgins Virgin glorious,  
Veil not now thy light victorious,  
Hear my voice with thine lamenting ;  
Let Christ's death in mine, poor mortal,  
Symbolled be, e'en through death's portal,  
Earth his passion still repenting.

Me, with nails and spear now wounding,  
Drench and drown in blood abounding,  
Pouring from Christ's Heart supernal,

LINES ON THE TRIDUUM, IN HON  
OF OUR BLESSED LADY,

RED BY POPE LEO XIII. SEPTEMBER 6, 7, AND 8,

*W. H. KENT, O.S.C.*

HARK, the Prince whose sceptre reaches  
Through the world from south to north,  
Who with voice unfailing teaches—  
Sends to all an order forth,  
Saying, ‘ Mary’s name is slighted ;  
Let the wrong at length be righted.’

Every clime and every nation  
To their Queen shall now atone,  
And for sins make reparation,  
Sins of others and their own—  
Sins of rebels who reject her,  
And of children who neglect her.

Let us, then, to Mary turning,  
As she sits enthroned above,  
Lift our hearts with earnest yearning,  
Show our trust and show our love :  
Mother, hear thy children calling ;  
Aid the failing, raise the falling.



*REE CLIENTS OF MARY IN VERSE*

Thine the love that never faileth,  
Love so deep, no tongue may tell ;  
Thine the might that still prevaieth  
Over all the powers of hell :  
Mary, Mother, still befriend us,  
And from every foe defend us.

Mother, hear thy children praying  
Mid their sorrow and their strife ;  
Help the fainting, lead the straying  
Back to thee, to light and life ;  
Strengthen all the hearts that languish ;  
Cheer and soothe the souls in anguish.

See, the land that long delighted  
In the shelter of thy name,  
Now, for centuries benighted—  
Mother, come, thine own reclaim :  
Come, reclaim thine ancient dower ;  
Show thy pity ; show thy power.

Many hearts for truth are yearning,  
Drawing nearer to the light :  
Mother, speed the feet returning ;  
Mary, guide their steps aright :  
Hasten, Mother, to their aid ;  
Speed the day too long delayed.

Then at length, the daylight, breaking  
On the land, shall rise once more ;  
Then, shall England's heart awaking  
Know and love thee, as of yore :  
This, the hope our heart has cherished  
Who hath trusted thee, and perished ?



## Provençal Ballad

*WRITTEN IN THE DIALECT, BY A  
PRIEST OF AIX, IN PROVENCE: 1680.*

*TRANSLATED BY JOHN KENYON: 1784-1856.*

### GIPSY CAROL.

FROM 'A DAY AT TIVOLI,' 1849.

#### FIRST GIPSY.

GIPSIES three, Gipsies three ;  
Roamers wide o'er field and fell ;  
Farers free, where'er we be ;  
Such are we, such are we ;  
Fortunes, also, we can tell.  
Pretty Child, so sweet and mild,  
Would you choose your lot to know,  
Weal or woe, weal or woe,  
Cross our hands, for we can show.  
Janan, why a-loitering stand ?  
Come and read the Infant's hand.

#### SECOND GIPSY.

Thou art, thou art, as I can see,  
The Equal of the Deity,  
His well-belovèd Progeny,  
And born to be adored.  
Yea : I can see that thou art he,  
Co-partner of the Deity ;  
Fore-born for me, fore-born for me,  
Ere chaos felt the Word.  
For, love it was that gave thee birth ;  
Boundless love for all on earth.  
With Virgin-Mother—Father, none :  
This, all this, in thy palm is shown.

## *PROVENÇAL BALLAD*

### FIRST GIPSY.

Yet, still a secret lags behind,  
Which Janan hath not cared to tell :  
Yet, still a secret lags behind,  
Which soon shall work its marvel well.  
Messiah dear, put here, put here,  
A silver piece, to make us cheer :  
Then—Janan tells it, Darling dear.

### SECOND GIPSY.

Yet, 'mid this bliss, yet 'mid this bliss,  
Something of very hard there is,  
For our behoof, to do.  
Yea, yea, I wis, 'mid all this bliss,  
Something of very hard there is,  
To work our safety through.  
That cross, Salvation's cross, I see ;  
And, if of thy sad martyrie  
My tongue the cause may dare to touch,  
It is, that thou hast loved too much.

### FIRST GIPSY.

But still, at the end of the vital line,  
A secret untold remains to divine :  
Give again, sweet Babe, thy palm to sp  
And a charming secret we can tell :  
But first, the tester we must hold ;  
Without it nothing can be told.

### SECOND GIPSY.

Thou art God and Mortal too ;  
And as such, shalt live—not much—  
On this earth, our human birth :  
Thou art God and Mortal too ;

*JOHN KENYON*

And being so, full soon shalt go  
From thy sojourn here below.  
Nought a nature, thus divine,  
From eternity can sever ;  
Endless life a gift of thine,  
And thine essence lives for ever.

FIRST GIPSY.

But, dost thou not wish, as fit it is,  
We should speak a word to thy Mother dear  
And, in our homely gipsy guise,  
Make our compliment to her ?  
Already, fair Lady, we understand  
That a mystery lurks in that beautiful hand.  
Do thou, Janan, thou,  
Who so well knowest how,  
Say a somewhat to pleasure the Lady's ear.

SECOND GIPSY.

Lady, thou art of royal blood ;  
Thy house in glory long hath stood ;  
The world hath loftier, none.  
Thou art, in sooth, of royal blood,  
Thy house in glory long hath stood ;  
All this to me is known.  
Thy Lord—thy Son : thy God—his Father  
What would Blessed Woman rather ?  
Sainted Daughter of thy Lord ;  
Happy Mother of thy God.

FIRST GIPSY.

But thou, old Man, who by the manger  
Quietly dost take thy stand,  
Let us see, respected stranger,  
Let us see and read thy hand.



### *PROVENÇAL BALLAD*

And think'st thou then, that, plotting sly,  
We shall steal yon ass that is feeding by ?  
Old Man, old Man, far better pelf  
Would be the Blessed Babe himself.  
But first, kind Master, hand your groat,  
And let us quench a thirsty throat.

#### *SECOND GIPSY.*

I see by that hand, I see full sure,  
That thou art great and just and pure ;  
By that hand dost thou stand full clearly pi  
Great and pure and well-beloved.  
Husband, wisely mastering sense  
With a saint-like abstinence,  
Thou to Providence didst bow ;  
And art thou not rewarded now ?

#### *FIRST GIPSY.*

But now, sweet Babe, full well we wot  
That thou art born with little store ;  
Thy lot, a naked, lowly lot ;  
Therefore, of pence we talk no more.  
And didst thou fear, my Darling dear,  
To see the scare-crow gipsy near ?  
Yet, wherefore start ? For, God thou art  
Then, hear our prayer, before we part.

#### *CHORUS OF THE THREE GIPSIES.*

If, with too much liberty,  
We have dared thine ear importune ;  
If, with too much liberty,  
We have dared to read thy fortune ;  
Humbly we pray to thee,  
Build thou for us a destiny ;  
And be it one, Immortal Son,  
Blessing us eternally.

## Lament of our Lady

### I. THE EMBRACING OF THE BODY OF CHRIST BY HIS VIRGIN-MOTHER.

*WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.*

FOUNDED ON A 'LAMENT,' TRANSLATED FROM THE  
GREEK OF SIMEON METAPHRASTES: IX.-X. CENTS.

FROM 'LYRA MYSTICA,' 1865.

O THOU uncovered Corse, Word of the Living One,  
Self-doomed to be uplifted on the bitter tree,  
Thereon to die—thy patient will, Eternal Son—  
And thence, in love draw all men unto thee.

Which of thy holy members is without a wound?  
The thorny wreath thy blessed brow embraces fast;  
No place whereon to lay thee, weary head, was found—  
But, thou shalt rest within a tomb at last.

O lips, which once with sweetest words did overflow,  
Fresh from sharp vinegar and bitterness of gall;  
O cheeks, how often turned to many a smiter's blow,  
And spat upon in Pilate's judgment-hall.

By hands of men made helpless on the dreadful beam,  
O hands, of man creative, how were ye pierced through;  
Yet, all outstretched, ye reach e'en hades to redeem,  
And give the first transgressor help anew.

O mouth all sweet, no guile was ever found in thee,  
And yet, alas, by traitorous kiss wast thou betrayed:  
O blessed feet, that, walking on the stormy sea,  
All water hallowed, as the waves obeyed.

Where is the chorus of thy sick ones, O my Son,  
 All those infirm whom thou didst heal, the upraised  
 dead ?  
 To draw the nails from hands and feet there came not one  
 Of all the crowds whom thou hast comforted.  
 Only came Nicodemus—he who sought by night,  
 And Joseph kind—whose rocky tomb thy bed shall be.  
 Whither, to sleep a lion's sleep, in awful might,  
 My Son, how soon will they be bearing thee.  
 Now, thou art borne to me from yon sharp cross of pain.  
 And heavily upon these Mother-arms art laid—  
 These arms which bare thee long ago, and once again  
 A lowly resting place for thee are made.  
 I, who first swathed thee, thy grave-clothes now will bind :  
 Giver of Life, thou liest dead before me now :  
 Tears laved thee at thy birth ; far hotter tears I find  
 To wash the death-drops from thy pallid brow.  
 High in these arms-maternal thou didst leap,  
 Thou who wast born of me, this weary world to save :  
 O bitter funerals—that I, who hushed thy sleep,  
 Must wail this doleful passion o'er thy grave.

## II. MOTHER OF SORROWS.

*T. E. BRIDGETT AND EDMUND  
 VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE SACRED POETRY OF  
 ST. ALPHONSUS: XVIII. CENT.

FROM 'HYMNS AND VERSES ON SPIRITUAL SUBJECTS,' 1863.

O YE who pass along the way  
 All joyous, where with grief I pine,  
 In pity pause awhile, and say,  
 Was ever sorrow like to mine ?



See, hanging here before mine eyes,  
    This Body, bloodless, bruised and torn  
Alas, it is my Son who dies,  
    Of love deserving, not of scorn.

For know, this weak and dying Man  
    Is Son of him who made the earth ;  
And me, before the world began,  
    He chose to give him human birth.

He is my God ; and, since that night  
    When first I saw his infant grace,  
My soul has feasted on the light  
    And beauty of that heavenly face.

For, he had chosen me to be  
    The loved companion of his heart ;  
And ah, how that dear company  
    With love transpierced me like a dart.

And now, behold, this loving Son  
    Is dying in a woe so great,  
The very stones are moved to moan  
    In sorrow at his piteous state.

Where'er his failing eyes are bent,  
    A friend to help he seeks in vain ;  
All, all on vengeance are intent,  
    And eager to increase his pain.

Eternal Father, God of Love,  
    Behold, thy Son : ah, see his woe ;  
Canst thou look down from heaven above  
    And for thy Son no pity show ?

But, no—that Father sees his Son  
    Clothed with the sins of guilty men ;  
And spares not that Beloved One,  
    Though dying on his cross of pain.

By Frederick George and Elvira  
Louisa Lee

*FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.*

I. FISHERMAN'S SONG.

FROM 'THE KING'S HIGHWAY,' 1873.

OVER the crested waves, sun sinking low,  
Gliding by ocean's caves, rapid our prow ;  
Grey grow the deepening skies, purpling the sea;  
Softly our songs arise, Mother, to thee.

Advocate thou art sure, undefiled Dove,  
Mother of God, all-pure, thee let us love :  
Plead for us, pray for us—trackless the way ;  
Kindly words say for us, day after day.

Darker the looming sky, stormier the sea,  
Pilgrims, we look on high, Mother, to thee ;

Waiting, in faith and love, pure hearts to bring,  
Long we to greet above, Jesus, our King.

He is thy Son, and thou gavest him birth ;  
He is thy God, and now rules o'er the earth ;  
He, as the Son of Man, needed thy care ;  
Yet, as thy God, he can answer thy prayer.

O'er the wild waters now, darkening and dun,  
Swift glides our vessel's prow, long sunk the sun ;  
Night is around us black, dangers increase ;  
One star points out our track, homeward to peace.

Lead us then, guard us aye, over life's sea,  
Unto the perfect day where thou wilt be ;  
Songs here are poor and short, comfort nor balm,  
Guide us safe into port—heavenly calm.

Lily of Eden, hail ; black grows the night ;  
Faith, hope, nor patience fail, waiting the light ;  
Plead for us, pray for us, Mother Divine,  
Kindly words say for us—Jesus is thine.

Lights flash around his throne, chants ever ring ;  
Praising our God alone, Saviour and King ;  
Saints and the ransomed stand, Mother, near thee,  
Angels in mystic band—nevermore sea.

Gleam the strange lamps of fire, angelic throngs  
Make up the heavenly choir, chanting their songs ;  
Perfect the peace, and joy never can pall,  
Pleasures without alloy—God all in all.



## II. OUR LADY OF THE STORM.

FROM 'THE KING'S HIGHWAY,' 1873.

At Cowie, Kincardineshire, high on a rock, close to the sea margin, stand the ruins of an ancient church, under the dedication of 'Our Lady of the Storm,' the churchyard around being still used as a burying-place.

## I

WHERE the waves wildly fret and surge for aye,  
Old Scotland's children did their Master's will ;  
They reared a kirk upon a craggy hill,  
That highest worship might ascend each day.  
The waves are chanting their eternal song,  
The sunshine sleeps upon that lonely hill,  
To that bare shrine no crowd of suppliants throng ;  
The lights are out—the voices all are still.  
Wild storms have been ; but yet, the Evening Star  
Hangs lustrous o'er the strange fantastic foam ;  
Pledges in gold and crimson come from far  
Of brighter weather for a voyage home.  
That cross, those lonely graves were once for thee,  
Mother of God and Maid, Star of the Sea.

## II

A LINGERING remnant garners faithful yet  
The morning splendours of that cross-crowned spire ;  
Toiling, they know the paths, high still and higher,  
Where Peace and Righteousness each other met :  
For, there God's children sleep round ruined walls,  
Where chant the winds a solemn requiem-song,  
Where the clouds gather, or the sunshine falls,  
Or, star-crowns glimmer when the nights are long.  
Lord, though the faithless weary grew of thee,  
Thy law discarding ; yet, these walls are thine,  
And this, the passing thousands now may see,  
For there once more is reared thy sacred sign.  
Storms came ; yet, floats the Ark's majestic form—  
Ave, Maria, Lady of the Storm.

### III. THE BELLS OF ST. HUGH'S, PARKMINSTER.

FROM 'MERRY ENGLAND,' 1890.

ACROSS the Sussex lanes and swelling hills,  
There ring out bells calling to prayer and praise,  
From stately spire, where now God's servants raise  
Their intercessions with unselfish wills.  
Dear Lady, great Saint Hugh, bear up their hands ;  
God's Spirit ever brood above their shrine ;  
Our Blessed Lord, in Sacrament Divine,  
Bless the poor way-worn of those beauteous lands,  
Shedding his grace and mercy over all.  
Green are the bright green leaves of wood and wold,  
The lilies white and petalled fair with gold ;  
Bells chime, or ring, with solemn measured call.  
Spring-time is here : God give a fairer spring  
For 'Mary's Dower.' So, chime your bells and ring.

*ELVIRA LOUISA LEE* : 1838-1890.

#### I. MATER AMABILIS.

FROM 'THE UNION REVIEW,' 1867.

MOTHER, as if upon thy breast reposing  
We, thine own children, ask to sleep this night ;  
Now, that the day in twilight gloom is closing,  
Pray that our God may grant eternal light.

Gabriel of old, with 'Ave,' knelt before thee,  
When darkness brooded on the stream of time,  
Came the World's Light, when golden gleams fell o'er  
thee,  
Angelic joy-bells rang a ceaseless chime.

BY E. L. LEE

Here, low our souls, lone hearts are very weary  
With travail sore, and fighting aye with sin ;  
Mary, be thou our rest, this world is dreary,  
To thy dear bosom take thy children in.  
When Jesus his great love for us was showing,  
In bitter woe upon the shameful tree,  
He every sorrow of his loved ones knowing,  
Commended John, sweet Mother, unto thee.  
With him, then, we would share thy tender keep  
And pray thee act for us a Mother's part ;  
Thy plaint be uttered in the hour of weeping,  
And gain the love of Jesus' Sacred Heart.  
His voice we love, and heed his gentle guiding ;  
We long to follow whither thou art gone,  
With God thy Son, and thee in bliss abiding,  
When life is o'er and all our labour done.  
Oh, blessed hope, like morn in lustre breaking,  
Vision of peace—a land of light and love ;  
Rest after toil for us, in joy awaking  
To find our home eternally above.

## II. SALUS INFIRMORUM.

MARY, our Mother dear,  
Health of the weak,  
Sick are our souls with fear—  
Jesus we seek :  
Dark lower the clouds around,  
Sunshine grows dim ;  
Safety with thee is found—  
Lead us to him.  
Oft have we lost the track,  
Fierce our dark foe,  
Striving to drive us back  
While on we go :



*E. L. LEE*

Not always strong to fight,  
Weakened by sin,  
Lend us thine arm of might—  
Help us to win.  
When in our deepest need,  
Sin-scarred, undone,  
Gently thy children lead  
Home to thy Son :  
He, our Physician kind,  
Easing sore pain,  
All our deep wounds shall bind  
Wash out each stain.  
He, our True Food, bestow  
Strength for the way ;  
Bring us with thee to know  
Love's perfect day :  
Grant us at last a place  
Low at thy feet,  
There to behold thy face,  
Mother, most sweet.  
There to rejoice at last,  
Tear-stains no more,  
Trials and sorrows past,  
Gained now the shore :  
There linked in love divine,  
Mother and Son,  
Where the lamps burn and shine  
God, Three in One.

## Legend and Ballads

MADONNA AND THE RICH MAN.

*FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.*

FROM 'ROAD-SIDE SONGS OF TUSCANY,' 1885.

SHE is weeping, the Madonna,  
 She has no bread, nor wine ;  
 She is weeping, the Madonna :  
 IN. O God, Redeemer, hear  
 Our Lady of the Rosary,  
 Our Saviour's Mother dear.

' Go, Lady, to that Rich Man,  
 And he will give you aid ;  
 Go, Lady, to that Rich Man ' : O God.

' I have nothing here to give you,  
 I have neither bread, nor wine ;  
 I have nothing here to give you : ' O G

' Give me the broken pieces  
 That on the plate remain ;  
 Give me the broken pieces ' : O God.

' I keep the broken pieces,  
 My dog can live on those ;  
 I keep the broken pieces ' : O God.

'Twas only three days later,  
 That Rich Man came to die ;  
 'Twas only three days later : O God.

He at the gate stood knocking,  
 High at the gate of heaven ;  
 He at the gate stood knocking : O Go

Said Jesus to Saint Peter,  
 ' Who knocks there at the gate ? '  
 Said Jesus to Saint Peter : O God.

' Perhaps, it is that Rich Man,  
 Who would not help the poor ;  
 Perhaps, it is that Rich Man ' : O God.  
 ' Go, let him call his dogs, then,  
 To open him the door ;  
 Go, let him call his dogs, then ' : O God.  
 He at the gate went knocking,  
 Low at the gate of hell ;  
 He at the gate went knocking : O God.  
 The gates of hell were open,  
 They all were open wide ;  
 The gates of hell were open : O God.  
 A bed of coals prepare him,  
 That he may rest thereon ;  
 A bed of coals prepare him : O God.  
 ' Would God to life return me,  
 I then would help the poor ;  
 Would God to life return me ' : O God.  
 The leaf, when once 'tis faded,  
 Can ne'er grow green again ;  
 The leaf when once 'tis faded :  
 O God, Redeemer, hear  
 Our Lady of the Rosary,  
 Our Saviour's Mother dear.

II. MELODY AT AVIGNON, 1793.  
*BESSIE R. PARKES (MADAME BELLOC).*  
 FROM 'THE LAMP,' 1864.

ROBESPIERRE reigned in the Place de Grève,  
 And in distant Avignon his word was doom,  
 When a band of royalists, piously brave,  
 Were marched to the edge of their gaping tomb :



*MELODY AT AVIGNON, 1793*

As they went on their way, they sang—

Tender and full the chorus rang :

CHORUS. A l'heure suprême, Mère chérie ;  
Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie.

/

The maiden young, and the grandsire old,  
And the child whose prayers were shortly told,  
And the curé, walking side by side  
With the baron, whose name was his only pride,  
The noble dame and the serving maid—  
Neither ashamed, nor yet afraid—  
A wonderful sight they were that day,  
Singing still, as they went their way : A l'heure.

One of their murderers, waiting nigh,  
Heard them singing as they went by,  
And smiled, as he felt the edge of his blade,  
At the fulness of music their voices made.  
'We will stop that melody soon,' said he,  
'In spite of their calling on Sainte Marie.'  
But, one by one, as those voices fell,  
The others kept up the chorus well : A l'heure.

When all the victims to death had gone,  
And the last sweet music was hushed and done  
When the pit was filled, with no stone to mark,  
And the murderers turned through the closing  
One of them wiped his sharp knife clean,  
Strode over the soil where the grave had been,  
And hummed as he went, with an absent air,  
Some notes just caught by his memory there : A

And, when the thought of that day grew dim,  
Those obstinate words still clung to him.  
He was a man who said no prayers,  
But his lips would fashion them, unawares ;

They mixed with his dreams, and started up  
 To check the curses bred in his cup ;  
 They wove him round in a viewless net  
 Of thoughts he could not, though fain, forget,  
 As he still repeated, again and again,  
 The ghostly air and the ancient strain : A l'heure.

Thirty years were counted and o'er :  
 The lilies of France bloomed out once more ;  
 The grapes which hung on the vines were ripe,  
 Like the penitent man on the threshold of life ;  
 When the Angel of Death with healing came  
 For one who in Lyons had borne no name,  
 But ' Le Frère d'Avignon,' for many a day ;  
 Who, living and dying, would hourly say—  
 'Twas on his lip as he passed away :

CHORUS. A l'heure suprême, Mère chérie ;  
 Ora pro nobis, Sainte Marie.

III. ST. DOMINIC AND THE ROSARY.  
*THOMAS JOSEPH POTTER: 1827-18;*  
 A CENTO FROM 'LEGENDS, LYRICS AND HYMNS,' 1862.

THERE is a glorious legend  
 Of the times now passed away,  
 Of the times when faith was brighter  
 Than it is in this our day—  
 When the hearts of men were keener,  
 For the things that are above—  
 For the glory of their Master  
 And the Mother of his Love.  
 A darksome cloud had risen  
 O'er the sweet and smiling earth,  
 And it fell upon the patriarch  
 And the infant at its birth :



## *ST. DOMINIC AND THE ROSARY*

As it hurried o'er the mountain,  
As it rushèd through the glen,  
It scattered wide its noxious tide  
Among the sons of men.  
Error's form was stalking boldly  
In the light of God's own sun ;  
It was jibing and rejoicing  
For the evil it had done :  
It stalked along in triumph,  
In the might of fire and sword ;  
It blighted, with its poisoned breath,  
The peasant and his lord.

\* \* \*

A holy monk was praying  
In his lone and lowly cell ;  
His eye was resting fondly  
On a Form he loved right well :  
Mary's Image stood before him,  
And his face was beaming bright,  
As visions floated round him  
In the silence of the night.  
He saw the wolf devouring  
The shepherd and his sheep ;  
And his noble breast was panting,  
And his eyes were fain to weep :  
And the love that burned within him  
For the glory of his King,  
Was all too great for human heart,  
Too deep for human thing.  
He prayed the Virgin-Mother  
To raise her mighty arm,  
To scatter wide the impious herd,  
And shield the flock from harm :



*T. J. POTTER*

He prayed her, for her glory  
And the glory of her Child,  
To chase away this hellish foe,  
To still this tempest wild.

\* \* \*

A gentle light is floating  
Around him as he kneels,  
And the gleamings of another world  
Within his breast he feels.  
A Lady stood before him,  
And the beauty of her face  
Was such as mortal might not claim—  
Too pure for human race :  
A gentle Infant nestled  
On her pure and spotless breast,  
And his little arm was round her,  
As he close unto her pressed.  
And the light of God shone round them,  
As they stood in silence there ;  
As they smiled with loving favour  
On the hermit at his prayer.  
Then, the Lady touched him softly  
As he lay in holy fear,  
And she bade him rise and gird his loins  
And be of right good cheer :  
For, he should be the warrior,  
With neither spear, nor sword,  
To scatter wide this impious band,  
To rout this hellish horde.  
'Twas not by earthly weapon  
This work was to be done ;  
For, not by sword, and not by spear,  
Are greatest conquests won.

*ST. DOMINIC AND THE ROSARY*

She smiled with heavenly meaning,  
As a chaplet forth she held ;  
And the hermit's heart grew lighter,  
As his weapon he beheld :  
And his breast was almost bursting  
As she taught him how to tell  
The holy beads, whose potent might  
Should rout the ranks of hell.

\* \* \*

The holy monk has issued  
From his lone and lowly cell,  
And eager ears are listening  
For the story he may tell :  
Men see God's mark upon him,  
As eagerly he pleads,  
And tells them of his wondrous gift,  
The Holy Virgin's beads.  
Quick through the Church's kingdor  
The holy practice spread ;  
And soon that error's hateful form  
Was numbered with the dead :  
For it fell away before it,  
As the mist before the sun ;  
And the preacher and his holy bead  
The glorious fight soon won.  
Still the Church's children ever,  
In their hours of grief and pain,  
Unto that holy chaplet turn,  
Whose virtues still remain :  
'Tis the weapon of their warfare ;  
'Tis their armour in the fight ;  
And they love it, as the ensign  
Of their spotless Mother bright.



**Ad Beatam Virginem Mariam**  
*POPE LEO XIII.*

FROM THE LATIN OF THE HOLY FATHER, 1891

I

Now that the war is raging, fierce and fell,  
 And man's relentless foe, with wrath beholding  
 The sons of God his palaces enfolding,  
 Full many a form of terror sends from hell :  
 Fast though they fly love's battle to repel,  
 Faster, oh faster, bring thy succours, Mary ;  
 Kind Mother of my youth, like Michael,  
 With virgin-foot tread down each adversary ;  
 Thou give me strength's invincible accession ;  
 Thou kindle virtue's meekly shining star :  
 So shall I rise to tyrant-wrong's repression,  
 And loose the bands of error, near and far :  
 To the four winds of heaven my foes will flee ;  
 Beneath thy flag I move to victory.

II

HAIL, Mary, hail ; to hear the word what pleasure  
 Hail, Mary, hail ; to sing the strain what rest :  
 It is the gold of Araby the blest—  
 O my fair Hope, chaste Love, enchanting Treasure  
 O my sure Guard—when troubles leave not leisure  
 If, as time wanes, my spirit sinks oppressed,  
 Crushed under cares that know not change, nor cease  
 Thou soothe my sorrows on thy mother-breast :  
 And oh, when near my time for homeward passing  
 And my frail vessel almost sights the land,  
 And my tired eyes their last of earth are glassing  
 Thou gently close them with thy holy hand :  
 Then, as I tread the vale with staff and rod,  
 Commend my spirit to the hands of God.



# Our Lady's Lullaby, Old and New

## I. MADONNA'S LULLABY.

*T. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI*  
1696-1787.

*TRANSLATED BY T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.*  
FROM 'HYMNS AND VERSES ON SPIRITUAL SUBJECTS,' 1863.

MARY sings : the ravished heavens  
Hush the music of their spheres ;  
Soft her voice, her beauty fairer  
Than the glancing stars appears :  
While to Jesus, slumbering nigh,  
Thus she sings her lullaby :

' Sleep my Babe, my God, my Treasure,  
Gently sleep : but ah, the sight  
With its beauty so transports me,  
I am dying of delight :  
Thou canst not thy Mother see,  
Yet, thou breathest flames to me.

' If within your lids unfolded,  
Slumbering eyes, you seem so fair ;  
When upon my gaze you open,  
How shall I your beauty bear ?  
Ah, I tremble when you wake,  
Lest my heart with love should break.

' Cheeks, than sweetest roses sweeter,  
Mouth, where lurks a smile divine—  
Though the kiss my Babe should waken,  
I must press those lips to mine :  
Pardon, Dearest, if I say—  
Mother's love will take no Nay.'

As she ceased, the gentle Virgin  
Clasped the Infant to her breast ;  
And, upon his radiant forehead  
Many a loving kiss impressed :  
Jesus woke, and on her face  
Fixed a look of heavenly grace.

Ah, that look, those eyes, that beauty.  
How they pierce the Mother's heart ;  
Shafts of love from every feature  
Through her gentle bosom dart :  
Heart of stone—can I behold  
Mary's love, and still be cold ?

Where, my soul, thy sense, thy reason ?  
When will these delays be o'er ?  
All things else, how fair so ever,  
Are but smoke : resist no more.  
Yes, 'tis done : I yield my arms  
Captive to those double charms.

If alas, O heavenly Beauty,  
Now so late those charms I learn,  
Now, at least, and ever, ever  
With thy love my heart will burn,  
For the Mother and the Child—  
Rose and Lily undefiled.

Plant and Fruit, and Fruit and Blossom—  
I am theirs, and they are mine ;  
For no other prize I labour,  
For no other bliss I pine ;  
Love can every pain requite,  
Love alone is full delight.

II. LULLA LULLABY.

*WILLIAM BYRD*: 1538–1623.

COPIED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY, BY ORBY SHIPLEY,  
M.A., FROM 'MEDIUS; PSALMS, SONNETS AND SONGS OF  
SADNESS AND PIETY,' 1588.

BE still, my Blessed Babe, though cause thou hast to  
mourn ;

Whose Blood most innocent to shed, the cruel king hath  
sworn.

And lo, alas, behold, what slaughter he doth make,  
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour, for thy  
sake :

A King is born, they say, which King this king would  
kill ;

Oh, woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their  
will.

REFRAIN : Lulla, la lulla ; lulla lullaby :

My sweet little Baby, what meanest thou to  
cry ?

Three kings this King of kings to see, are come from  
far,

To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a  
star ;

And shepherds heard the song, which angels bright did  
sing,

Giving all glory unto God, for coming of this King :

Which must be made away, king Herod would him kill ;

Oh, woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their  
will.

Lo, lo, my little Babe, be still, lament no more ;

From fury shalt thou step aside ; help have we still in  
store ;



II. OUR LADY'S LULLABY IN THE  
DESERT : FROM THE GERMAN  
*ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.*

HOLY angels, hovering near me  
On your wings of silvery light,  
Lo, my Babe is slumbering sweetly  
Neath the wind-blown palms to-night :  
Hark, they rustle—angels kind,  
Hold the branches, calm the wind  
Peace, good palm trees, moaning o'er me,  
Beaten by the angry blast ;  
Silence, silence—here before me,  
See, my Child is slumbering fast :  
If his rest ye would not break,  
Winds, blow softly for his sake.

On the sand, with weeping weary,  
Sleeps the blessèd Little One ;  
Blustering winds and branches dreary  
Must not wake my darling Son :  
While the moon, resplendent, glows,  
Peaceful be his sweet repose.

Ah, 'tis vain ; the night grows colder ;  
Nought have I of coverings warm :  
Shining angels, waxing bolder,  
Come and shield this shivering Form :  
Spread your wings, with soft plumes lined :  
Hold the branches, calm the wind.

#### IV. SLEEP OF THE INFANT JESUS.

*GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.*

AFTER ABBÉ LEFEBVRE : FROM 'GOD'S CHOSEN FESTIVAL,' 1877

ON Mary's bosom pillowing his head,  
Jesus hath fallen asleep :  
That Mother dear, as though he had been dead,  
Doth o'er her Infant weep.

She thought : ' My Son, 'tis willed that thou shouldst die  
Slain by the hand of foes ' :  
And then, she sang, to haste the moments by,  
And charm him to repose.

' You sleep, Child ; but, your heart a watch doth keep  
And on your tears doth feed ;  
And from my sword of sorrows, e'en in sleep,  
My heart doth ever bleed.

' You sleep : your white hands tenderly recline  
Upon your snowy breast ;  
And mine, that rock your Infancy Divine,  
Can never be at rest.

‘ You sleep ; your eyes are closed : they keep their  
Until the parting days :  
And vainly mine, to end our many fears,  
To heaven direct their gaze.

‘ Ah, during his repose how beats his heart  
With fear and charity :  
Does he behold that keen, accursèd dart,  
By which it pierced shall be ?

‘ My God ; his brow which gory thorns shall pierce  
Soon through and through, behold ;  
Behold his feet, his hands, which death so fierce  
Shall make full quickly cold.

‘ Angels of heaven, depart ; my heart with dread  
The sword no longer fears ;  
But, take ye from his heart, turn from his head,  
The chalice of his tears.’

\* \* \*

The Child-God on his Mother’s bosom slept,  
Smiling to hear her voice :  
And when of crosses spake she, as she wept,  
He did the more rejoice.



## Saint Brendan, &c.

*DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY:*  
1817-1882.

FROM 'BALLADS, POEMS, AND LYRICS,' 1850.  
*AND A SONNET BY HIS DAUGHTER.*

### I. THE VOYAGE : CANTO III.

'We are informed that St. Brendan, hearing of the voyage of his cousin, Barinthus, in the Western Ocean, and obtaining an account from him of the Happy Isles in the far West, determined, under a strong desire of winning heathen souls to Christ, to undertake a voyage of discovery himself.' (Author.)

WE were alone, on the wide watery waste—  
Nought broke its bright monotony of blue,  
Save, where the breeze the flying billows chased,  
Or, where the clouds their purple shadows threw.  
We were alone—the pilgrims of the sea—  
One boundless azure desert round us spread ;  
No hope, no trust, no strength, except in thee,  
Father, who once the pilgrim-people led.

And when the bright-faced sun resigned his throne  
Unto the Ethiop queen, who rules the night,  
Who, with her pearly crown and starry zone,  
Fills the dark dome of heaven with silvery light :  
As on we sailed, beneath her milder sway,  
And felt within our hearts her holier power,  
We ceased from toil, and humbly knelt to pray,  
And hailed with vesper hymns the tranquil hour.

For then, indeed, the vaulted heavens appeared  
A fitting shrine to hear their Maker's praise,  
Such as no human architect has reared,  
Where gems and gold and precious marbles blaz

What earthly temple such a roof can boast ?

What flickering lamp with the rich starlight vies,  
When the round moon rests, like the sacred Host,  
Upon the azure altar of the skies ?

We breathed aloud the Christian's filial prayer,  
Which makes us brothers even with the Lord ;  
'Our Father,' cried we, in the midnight air,  
'In heaven and earth be thy great name adored ;  
May thy bright kingdom, where the angels are,  
Replace this fleeting world, so dark and dim.'  
And then, with eyes fixed on some glorious star,  
We sang the Virgin-Mother's vesper hymn.

'Hail, brightest Star, that o'er life's troubled sea  
Shines pity down from heaven's elysian blue,  
Mother and Maid, we fondly look to thee,  
Fair Gate of bliss, where heaven beams brightly thine  
Star of the Morning, guide our youthful days,  
Shine on our infant steps in life's long race ;  
Star of the Evening, with thy tranquil rays,  
Gladden the aged eyes that seek thy face.

'Hail, sacred Maid, thou brighter, better Eve,  
Take from our eyes the blinding scales of sin ;  
Within our hearts no selfish poison leave,  
For, thou the heavenly antidote canst win.  
O sacred Mother, 'tis to thee we run—  
Poor children, from this world's oppressive strife  
Ask all we need from thy immortal Son,  
Who drank of death, that we might taste of life.

'Hail, spotless Virgin, mildest, meekest Maid  
Hail, purest Pearl that time's great sea hath born  
May our white souls in purity arrayed,  
Shine, as if they thy vestal robes had worn.



## II. MARY'S INTERCESSION.

*SISTER MARY STANISLAUS*  
*(MAC CARTHY), O.S.D.*

FROM 'THE IRISH MONTHLY,' 1886.

OH, thought to set the coldest heart on fire ;  
Oh, thought to cheer the most despondent brea  
A thousand times within the regions blessed—  
A thousand times the bright angelic choir  
Have heard my name in accents of desire,  
To Jesus' ear, by Mary's lips addressed :  
And always coupled with some grand request,  
Some grace, not all my life-toil could acquire ;  
And with such pleading in her voice and eyes,  
Persuasive grace, maternal majesty,  
That he, who ne'er her slightest wish denies—  
Although the boon be far too great for me,  
Unworthy as he knows me—he replies,  
'As thou dost will, my Mother, let it be.'



# Hymn of Alessandro Manzoni

1784-1873.

*E. M. CLERKE.*

## THE NAME OF MARY.

THE Spouse of one who toiled for daily wage  
In Nazareth, once climbed the mountain slope  
To glad the home of her who, in her age,  
First knew a mother's hope ;

And greeting her, who in all reverence spoke  
A welcome to the unexpected guest,  
She, praising God, exclaimed : ' All tribes and fol  
For aye shall hail me blest.'

Oh, with what scorn the presage had been heard  
By that proud age : oh, futile schemes of man :  
Oh, human thought, how widely hast thou erred,  
How brief thy vision's span.

We, witnesses how to that word of thine,  
The obedient future gave fulfilment sooth—  
We, born in love, reared in the school divine  
Of the celestial truth—

Mary, we know that he alone made good  
The lofty promise from thy lips that came,  
Who prompted thy full heart. In reverent mood,  
Mary, we speak thy name.

' Mother of God,' to us implies that word.  
Hail, blessed One : how match such sound benign  
What dignity on mortal e'er conferred,  
Comes near this rank of thine ?

Hail, blessed One : did rudest age e'er shun  
To speak a name whose sound doth charm and please ?  
Where hath it not been taught by sire to son ?

What mountains and what seas

Have heard it not ? Nor is its fame confined  
To elder lands, whose shrines its glories tell ;  
The new-found world the Genoese divined,

Hath worshippers as well.

In desert plains, past oceans bleak and wild,  
What flowret named in savage tongue doth grow,  
That hath not bloomed to deck thine altars mild,

Thy thresholds to bestrow ?

O Virgin, Lady dear, all-holy One—

What titles sweet hath every tongue for thee :

Proud nations boast, where'er doth shine the sun,

Thy clients still to be.

Thee, when the day doth dawn and doth decline,  
And when the sun doth part its course midway,  
Church-bells salute, and give the sacred sign

That all to thee may pray.

When the dark watches of the night appal,  
Thy helpful name the timorous child doth sigh ;  
To thee, when downward swoops the sudden squall,

Do trusting sailors cry.

The sorrowing woman to thy royal heart,  
Confides the tears, despised of man, that roll  
To thee, blest Queen—the woes doth she impart

Of her immortal soul.

To thee, who ne'er a hearing hast denied  
To prayers and plaints from every human state,  
Unlike the world whose sympathies divide

The lowly from the great.



*MANZONI: E. M. CLERKE*

To thee, O Blest, who once a grief didst know  
That ne'er shall be forgot while time doth last  
E'en yet in daily memory is that woe,  
    Though centuries have passed.

E'en yet in daily pity hearts are sad  
In many lands, while men thy sorrows tell,  
And earth of every joy of thine is glad,  
    As though it late befel.

So great a glory doth the earth award  
Unto God's Mother, first in human praise ;  
To such exalted rank it pleased the Lord  
    This Hebrew Girl to raise.

O seed of Israel, to dust abased ;  
O people to long wrath of heaven condemned  
Say, is not she, by us in honour placed,  
    Sprung from thy stock contemned

Was David not her sire ? and she, the dream  
Of all thine ancient seers, O Israel ?  
Of whom a Virgin's triumph was the theme,  
    O'er the abyss of hell ?

Turn, turn at last : to her your hearts incline,  
And be ye saved by her who saveth all ;  
Nor be there tribe, nor people who decline  
    With us on her to call.

Hail, to thee, next the Godhead's awful height  
O Rose, O Star, our Hope when threatened nigh  
Fair as the sun, yet terrible in might  
    As an embattled host.



# Some Middle-Age Verse

## I. OF THE ASSUMPTION.

*SIR JOHN BEAUMONT: 1582-1628.*

*DISCOVERED AND IDENTIFIED BY F. G. KENYON.*

This poem, with another, cancelled in the edition of the author's works, in 1629, has lately been found (1890), in a small volume of verse, amongst the Stowe Collection of MSS., formerly in the Ashburnham Library. The book is now in the possession of the British Museum. The old spelling has been followed.

WHO is shee that assends so high  
Next the heavenly Kinge,  
Round about whome angells flie  
And her prayes singe?

Who is shee that, adorned with light,  
Makes the sunne her robe,  
At whose feete the queene of night  
Layes her changing globe?

To that crowne direct thine eye,  
Which her heade attyres;  
There thou mayst her name discerie  
Wrytt in starry fires.

This is shee, in whose pure wombe  
Heaven's Prince remained;  
Therefore, in noe earthly tombe  
Cann shee be contayned.

Heaven shee was, which held that fire  
Whence the world tooke light,  
And to heaven doth now aspire,  
Flames with flames to unite.

Shee that did soe clearely shyne  
 When our day begunne,  
 See, howe bright her beames decline  
 Nowe shee sytts with the sunne.

## II. THE WRECK OF WALSINGHAM :

AN ELEGY OF THE XVI. CENTURY.

*CONTRIBUTED BY OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B.*

FROM THE RAWLINSON MSS., BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

The sacred Image of Walsingham was burnt, at Chelsea, in the latter part of the year 1538 ; and the Elegy was, probably, written shortly after.

In the wrecks of Walsingham,  
 Whom should I choose,  
 But the Queen of Walsingham,  
 To be guide to my muse?  
 Then, thou Prince of Walsingham,  
 Grant me to frame  
 Bitter plaints to rue thy wrong,  
 Bitter woe for thy name.

Bitter was it, oh, to see  
 The silly sheep  
 Murdered by the ravening wolves,  
 While the shepherds did sleep.  
 Bitter was it, oh, to view  
 The sacred vine,  
 While the gardeners played all close,  
 Uprooted by the swine.  
 Bitter, bitter, oh, to behold  
 The grass to grow  
 Where the walls of Walsingham  
 So stately did show.

Such were the works of Walsingham,  
While she did stand :  
Such are the wrecks as now do show  
Of that holy land.  
Level, level with the ground  
The towers do lie,  
Which, with their golden glittering tops,  
Pierced once to the sky.  
Where were gates, no gates are now :  
The ways unknown  
Where the press of peers did pass,  
While her fame far was blown.  
Owls do shriek, where the sweetest hymns  
Lately were sung :  
Toads and serpents hold their dens,  
Where the palmers did throng.  
  
Weep, weep, O Walsingham,  
Whose days are nights :  
Blessings turned to blasphemies,  
Holy deeds to despites ;  
Sin is where our Lady sate ;  
Heaven turned is to hell :  
Satan sits where our Lord did sway—  
Walsingham, oh, farewell.

**SINNER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN**

FRENCH POEM OF THE XV. CENTURY.

*ATED* (1874) *BY JOHN O'HAGAN*: 1822-189

QUEEN, by God supremely graced,  
Who art placed  
Nearest to his throne divine ;  
I, this morn, my path have traced,  
Heart-abased,



As a pilgrim to thy shrine,  
Saddest suppliant of thine,  
Queen benign :  
Soul and body low I bend,  
Praying that thou wilt incline,  
Lady mine,  
To be present at my end.

Virgin merciful and sweet,  
Chosen Seat  
Of all perfect charity,  
As I cast me at thy feet,  
I entreat  
Grace to turn from vanity :  
For alas, my days I see  
As they flee,  
Good therein doth nowhere dwell ;  
But the watchful enemy,  
Tempting me,  
Draws me ever down to hell.

Folly, folly still appears  
Through my years :  
Time all wasted and misspent  
All in fruitless hopes and fears,  
And in tears  
Such as earthly passions vent.  
Truly, Virgin, I repent  
And lament,  
Bringing thee this humble lay,  
That thy sweet encouragement  
May be bent  
Towards me, on my dying day.

Lady, to thy gentleness  
I confess,

*SOME MIDDLE-AGE VERSE*

When my memory reckons o'er  
Days of youth and wilfulness,  
What excess  
Love of passing pleasure bore.  
Well it fits me, grieving sore,  
To implore  
All thy gracious help, that I  
May my life of sin deplore  
More and more,  
Doing penance ere I die.  
I am weakest of the weak,  
Sooth to speak ;  
Since my use of reason grew,  
Forward ever, ill to seek,  
Ill to wreak,  
Crowning ancient sins with new ;  
Nor when now they rise to view,  
Dark and true,  
Know I where my hope to place,  
Save to weep, and weep anew,  
As I do  
In the sight of thy sweet face.  
But thou Fountain fair and clear,  
Refuge dear  
Unto every soul in pain ;  
Queen, whom angel-choirs revere  
In the sphere  
Where thy Lord and Son doth reign  
Maidenhood unknowing stain,  
Who in vain  
Never hast besought thy Child—  
Thou with him to plead wilt deign,  
And wilt gain  
One more sinner reconciled.

## Childhood of Immanuel

ARTHUR M. MORGAN, M.A.

FROM 'IMMANUEL,' 1875.

### I. ANTICIPATORY : A HOME ASKED.

IMMANUEL, Immanuel, of earth  
 The Holy and the Mighty asks a home ;  
 Emptied of all save pity he would come,  
 The Father's Sole-begotten, to our dearth.  
 Now should we cry among our fields, Woe worth,  
 Where are white lilies in his path to wait ?  
 Will he, the Everlasting Orb, go forth,  
 Orient and occident in turn his gate ?  
 Now should the bird who sings so sweet at even  
 Hush her to hearken 'songs of night' more sweet ;  
 But, when the singer has gone back to heaven,  
 Songful once more, to him those songs repeat,  
 While men stand raptured near, and list awhile,  
 In far-off summer days, in sunset-isle.

### II. REALISATION : A HOME FOUND.

IMMANUEL, Immanuel, the word  
 'Whom shall we send?' has echoed through all years ;  
 Now in time's fulness the response appears,  
 'Behold, I come to do thy will, O Lord.'  
 'Whom shall we send?' Like touch-vibrating chord  
 The Angel of the Presence seeks our shade,  
 And there in Nazareth, of man abhorred,  
 Our God asks dwelling of a Mortal-Maid.  
 'Through thee are one the twain whom sin would sever,  
 Through thee comes back the gift whence Eva fell ;  
 Ave, Maria, Full of grace for ever,  
 Thou art the Mother of Immanuel.'  
 Mother of God, swift answering, 'Let it be,'  
 For thy meek faith we render, 'Hail, to thee.'



## III. SIGHT THROUGH CONTEMPLATION.

WHAT dost thou ponder, Mary, Full of grace,  
Thy visitants departed? Dost thou see,  
With the clear eyes of thy white purity,  
Thy Baby's arms the mighty world embrace?  
An artist's gaze may at an easel trace  
In faint first lines the masterpiece's power ;  
E'en so, perchance, dilates thy dwelling-place,  
And breaks in perfect bloom thy passion-flower.  
Thus, with the soul it is as with the manger,  
In work and word the watchers twain are nigh ;  
Again, the Foster-Father guards from danger,  
Again, the Mother-Maid sings lullaby ;  
True Priest and spotless Bride, that birth they scan,  
Immanuel, Eternal God with Man.

## IV. REVELATION IN DREAMS.

THERE are who in the night lie down to slumber,  
And, waking, joy to know their grief a dream ;  
There are who wake and work beneath the gleam,  
Yet, sleep—such phantasies their noonday cumber.  
There is who, coming in the midnight sombre,  
Tells men of heaven beneath the clouds begun,  
And bids them sorrows with their dreams to number.  
Which fade, and fading, bring to them the sun.  
Sleep, sleep, O Joseph ; thou didst dream while waking,  
Thou in thy slumber things of day shalt hear ;  
The star of morning says the sun is breaking,  
The angel speaks the King of angels near.  
O Foster-Father, guard thy household well—  
The Ever-Maiden, the Immanuel.

## V. STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

MOTHER of Jesus, with thy sweet hand guiding  
Thy Little One along the Libyan plain,  
Dost mark how tottering falls each idol fane,  
Eternal God in Egypt's midst abiding?  
To human eyes from Herod's anger hiding,  
A puny train along the sands ye go ;  
Yet, conquering and to conquer, God is riding,  
With coronal of stars and horse of snow.  
Ye also, Foster-Father, Mother-Maiden,  
Attendants of his march, save you, seem none,  
But babes, just gone from Bethlehem to Eden,  
The martyrs' noble army, crowned, forerun ;  
Their cross, as men count years, love's cross before,  
They bid the weeping mother weep no more.

## VI. PURIFICATION OF THE STAINLESS.

MESEEMS the Church is as her Heavenly Spouse ;  
No past and future in her time may be ;  
The tender smile of her first infancy  
Still, after many ages, lights her brows.  
Come, pilgrims, hasten to the holy house,  
And bend and praise. Before the earth-set throne,  
A lowly Mother seals her travail-vows,  
Nor renders thanks and offers gifts alone ;  
For, round her thanks are thankful voices ringing,  
The thankful voices of the first Nowell,  
And aye her soul is 'Nunc dimittis' singing,  
Because her eyes have seen Immanuel ;  
The Mother purified, who stain has none,  
Offering in earthly shrine the Eternal Son.

## VII. WISDOM'S MANSION.

HAST thou the pleasant path of Wisdom missed ?  
Oh, while the time is, seek her sorrowing ;  
Men from the ocean pearls of price up bring,  
Men rive the earth for gold and amethyst ;  
They who find Wisdom only bend and list ;  
Once she was far away beyond all ken ;  
But righteousness and peace in Jesus kissed,  
And now the Wisdom sets her chair with men.  
Not to the world she makes her strange expansion,  
Not with thy friends and kinsfolk walks she one ;  
Mary and Joseph, where is Wisdom's mansion ?  
'Teaching the wise, we found our twelve-year Son ;  
Go to the Father's house, as we of yore,  
And dwell with Wisdom—wise for evermore.'

## VIII. CONSUMMATION.

IMMANUEL, Immanuel, my flowers—  
My little children, now is Childhood done ;  
My intonation and my cadence one,  
Immanuel, I sing with all my powers ;  
Immanuel, in dark or sunny hours,  
Immanuel, be comfort far or nigh,  
Immanuel, in sweet or songless bowers,  
Immanuel, I carol till I die ;  
Immanuel, God with us in his meekness ;  
Immanuel, God with us in his might—  
To bind our wounds, to gift with strength our weak  
To bring us, angels, to the home of light.  
The Son of Mary, he our world has trod ;  
Now, thanks and glory to the Child, our God.



# Motherhood : an Ode

*LEWIS MORRIS.*

FROM THE 'ODE OF PERFECT YEARS,' 1880.

BUT, here is one who over all the earth  
Is worshipped and is blest,  
Who doth rejoice from holier springs of mirth,  
And sorrow from a deeper fount of tears,  
On whose sweet bosom is our earliest rest,  
Whose tender voice that cheers  
Is our first memory, which still doth last  
Through all our later past—  
The love of love, or child, the world-worn strife,  
The turmoil and the triumphs of a life—  
The sweet Maid-Mother, pure and mild,  
The deep love undefiled.

Thou art the universal praise  
Of every human heart, the secret shrine  
Where seer and savage keep a dream divine  
Through growing and declining days ;  
And, but for thee  
And thy unselfish love, thy sacrifice,  
Which brings heaven daily nearer to our eyes,  
Men, whom the rude world stains, men, chilled w  
Would find no ray of Deity  
To fire a faith gone out.

Our life from a twofold root  
Springs upwards to the sky,  
One, surface only, shared with tree and brute,  
And one, as deep and strong as heaven is high  
Spirit and sense,  
Each bears its part and dwells in innocence ;

Yet, only grown together can they bear  
The one consummate fruit.  
The flower is good, the flower is fair,  
But, holds no lasting sweetness in its petals thin,  
No seed of life within.  
But, the ripe fruit within its orbèd gold  
Doth hidden secrets hold ;  
Within its honied wells, set safe and deep,  
The future lies asleep.  
Of shamefastness our being is born—  
Of shamefastness and scorn.

Oh, wonder, that so high dost soar :  
Oh, vision, blest for evermore :  
With every throe of birth  
Two glorious Presences make glad the earth—  
The Stainless Mother and the Eternal Child.  
Of the heart comes love, of the heart and not the brain ;  
To heights where thought comes not can love attain :  
We cannot tell at all, we may not know,  
How to such stature high our lower natures grow ;  
What strong instinctive thrill  
The Mother's being doth fill,  
And raises it from miry common ways,  
Up to such heights of love.  
We cannot tell, what blessed forces move,  
And so transform the careless girlish heart  
To bear so high a part.  
We cannot tell ; we can but praise.

Fair Motherhood, by every childish tongue  
Thy eulogy is sung.  
In every passing age  
The theme of seer and sage :  
The painters saw thee in a life-long dream ;

The painters, who have left a world more fair  
Than ever days of nymph and goddess were—  
Blest company, who, now for centuries,  
Have fixed the Virgin-Mother for our eyes—  
The painters saw thee sitting, brown or fair,  
Under the Tuscan vines, or colder northern air ;  
They saw pure love transform thy peasant gaze ;  
They saw thy reverent eyes, thy young amaze,  
And left thee Queen of Heaven, wearing a crown  
Of glory ; and abased at thy sweet breast,  
Spurning his robes of kingship down,  
The Child-God laid at rest.

They found thee, and they fixed thee for our eyes  
But, every day that goes  
Before the gazer, new Madonnas rise.  
What matter, if the cheek show not the rose,  
Nor look divine is there, nor queenly grace ?  
The mother's glory lights the homely face.  
In every land beneath the circling sun  
Thy praise is never done.  
Whatever men may doubt, they put their trust in  
Rude souls and coarse, to whom virginity  
Seems a dead thing and cold.  
So always was it, from the days of old ;  
So shall it be, while yet our race doth last ;  
Though truth be sought no more and faith be pa  
Still, till all hope of heaven be dead,  
Thy praises shall be said.

Aye, thou art ours, or wert, ere yet  
The loss we ne'er forget,  
The loss which comes to all who reach life's mid  
We see thee by the childish bed  
Sit patient all night long,



# Shadow of the Star, &c.

*GERARD MOULTRIE, M.A.: 1829–188*

FROM 'LYRA MESSIANICA,' 1864.

## I. SHADOW OF THE STAR.

SARÆAN odours load the air ;

See myrrh, as though for burial brought ;  
The flash of royal gold is there ;

But, where is he for whom 'tis sought ?  
Behold him, on the Spotless Virgin's knee,  
The Priest, the Man, the Monarch—lo, 'tis he.

Mother of God, the eastern star

Shines brightly on the humble shed  
Where wise Chaldeans, led from far,

Bend low before the Infant Head ;  
The priestly arms spread forth to bless e'en now  
Stedfast to win the crown by death, the brow.

Mother of Sorrows, mark the word,

And ponder it within thy heart—  
Through thine own soul shall pierce the sword  
Ere God full knowledge shall impart ;  
Then, shalt thou see, with re-awakened eye,  
The signs, worked out, of the Epiphany.

Upon the great Good Friday morn,  
Thy Son in royal guise shall stand  
With purple robe, and crown of thorn,  
And sceptred reed in his right hand :  
When these things come to pass, look up ; behold  
The first great sign worked out—the gift of gold.

When priestly arms on Calvary's crest  
In intercession wide are spread,  
And, to that blessing, from their rest,  
Hades sends forth the sainted dead,  
The second gift behold—see heavenward rise  
Atoning incense of the sacrifice.

The Soul has fled ; the vexed limbs sleep ;  
O'er both the Godhead spreads its span :  
Bring myrrh and spices ; vigil keep  
Over the Archetypal Man :  
With eyes of awful love and bated breath,  
Lady, behold the myrrh—the type of death.

\* \* \*

In mystic number, vested white,  
The presbyters around the Throne  
Cast down their crowns of golden light,  
Their Maker and their Lord to own ;  
'For he is worthy of all praise,' they sing,  
'Of heaven and earth Creator, Lord and King.'

Unchangeable the priesthood's vow,  
Which this Man, pure from human stain,  
Yet, Man in all things, offers now—  
Himself for sin the Victim slain.  
At last, the threefold gifts in one concur ;  
Here blend the gold, the frankincense, the myrrh



## II. MARY AT CANA OF GALILEE.

FROM 'HYMNS AND LYRICS,' 1867.

IN silent thought  
He sate beside the Mother ; and around,  
The revellers were merry, thinking nought  
Of him : and high the sound  
Of mirth and happiness and festal glee  
Rose from the village hall of humble Galilee.

She gazed on him ;  
And knew that, underneath that fragile frame,  
The God who sits between the cherubim,  
Girded about with flame,  
Restrained his swelling Godhead, in the hem  
Of that weak fleshly garb assumed at Bethlehem.

She watched his eye ;  
And saw it kindle, when the wine ran low ;  
As oft-times at her breast in infancy,  
In still and steady glow,  
Her God had gazed on her from that calm face,  
And eye to eye her soul refreshed its stores of grace.

'Tis not yet come,  
Woman, mine hour ; when I must tread alone  
The wine-press of my vintage. Though my home  
I leave to seek mine Own,  
The Woman's Seed, ere ripened, must abide  
The resurrection Sun of God's warm Easter-tide.'

' Fill full the cup ' :  
And the thin water blushes into wine,  
To find its meaner substance brimming up  
Round the creative Vine ;  
And the low whisper steals around the board :  
' Our Guest is God ; 'tis our Creator ; 'tis the Lord



## ‘ Vagrant Verses ’

*ROSA MULHOLLAND (MRS. JOHN T. GILBERT).*

FROM ‘ THE IRISH MONTHLY ’ ; AND ‘ VAGRANT  
VERSES,’ 1886.

### I. NORAH’S LILIES.

‘ NORAH, little Norah ; whither art thou hieing ? ’  
 Keep the sad voices of the winds calling eerily.  
 ‘ Aha ; for the water, for the blue shining water ’—  
 Rings out the answer from her glad heart cheerily.  
 Still snatching wildly at her curly brown locks streaming—  
 ‘ Linger on the heath awhile and revel with us merrily.’  
 ‘ Hie ; for the lilies, for the white floating lilies ’—  
 Leaping from the clinging of their light hands airily.  
 ‘ Tarry, little maiden, the waxen cups come drifting ’—  
 Dragging in terror at her light flowing drapery.  
 ‘ Oh, they are for Mary ; and the dawn-star is fading ;  
 Morn is breaking o’er the hills, pallid and vapoury.’  
 ‘ Tarry, little Norah ; thou wilt drown unless thou tarry ;  
 We will blow the flowers, so thou mayst grasp them  
 easily.’  
 ‘ They must be on the altar, at Mary’s feet, ere sunrise ’—  
 Stretching o’er the margin of the lake curling breezily.  
 Rest thee, little maiden, thou art drifting mid the lilies,  
 Down among the lilies with thy dead eyes closed  
 dreamily,  
 Clasping to thy bosom all the snowy waxen blossoms,  
 While upon thy pallid face the sun shines beamily.

## II. AFTER THE STORM.

MARY most Pure, walking in highest heaven  
Among the blossoms of the starry meadows,  
And looking down into our earthly shadows,  
Heard a sad soul that asked to be forgiven.

Pausing, she listened to the piteous story :  
Then said she, 'I will have for my handmaiden  
This weary soul with sorrow overladen,  
And I will robe her in eternal glory.'

Behold, the eager angels hastening  
Where death and Satan hover o'er their prey,  
While sin and poverty are standing by.

For each his own, and none will dare deny  
To death and poverty the worn-out clay :  
Wake, happy soul, and spread thy trembling wing

For unto earth has come a mighty Wonder,  
And sweeter words are uttered now by God,  
Than, when of old he spake to us in thunder,  
And scourged the faithless nations with its rod.

Oh, come and see the Lily he has planted—  
Eve's fairer Daughter, blooming in the land ;  
And make again the prayers that he has granted,  
And ask the world's redemption at his hand.

For lo, the stars, in heaven's serenest story,  
Are grouped to crown this Womanhood sublim  
And lo, the sun has woven of his glory  
A robe to be her raiment for all time.

Oh, come and see a Spotless Virgin kneeling ;  
Oh, come and hear an angel at her side ;  
The earliest tidings of our joy revealing—  
The herald of the glorious Christmas-tide.

Come here, for this is Mary and no other,  
And she will nurse the Lord upon her knee ;  
And Jesus will bequeath her as a Mother  
To us upon the cross of Calvary.

Then let us run and greet her with the angel :  
'Ave, Maria ; give to us thy Son' :  
O'er all the earth ring out the loud evangel—  
The gates of hell are closed, and heaven is won



## On Pictures by Murillo

### I. LINES ON A PICTURE AT MADRID, BY MURILLO.

*RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH:*  
1807-1886.

FROM 'POEMS,' 1885.

WITH what calm power thou risest on the wind ;  
Mak'st thou a pinion of those locks unshorn ?  
Or, of that dark-blue robe which floats behind  
In ample folds ? Or, art thou cloud-upborne ?

A crescent moon is bent beneath thy feet ;  
Above, the heavens expand, and tier o'er tier  
With heavenly garlands thy advance to greet,  
The cloudy throng of cherubim appear.

There is a glory round thee, and mine eyes  
Are dazzled, for I know not whence it came ;  
Since, never in the light of western skies  
The island-clouds burned with so pure a flame.

Nor, were those flowers of our dull common mould  
But, nurtured on some amaranthine bed,  
Nearer the sun, remote from storms and cold,  
By purer dews and warmer breezes fed.

Well may we be perplexed and sadly wrought,  
That we can guess so ill what dreams were thine  
Ere from the chambers of thy silent thought  
That face looked out on thee, Painter divine.

What innocence, what love, what loveliness,  
What purity must have familiar been  
Unto thy soul, before it could express  
The holy beauty in that visage seen.

And so, if we would understand thee right,  
 And the diviner portion of thine art,  
 We must exalt our spirits to thine height—  
 Nor, wilt thou else the mystery impart.

II. LINES ON MURILLO'S PICTURE,  
 'THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.'

*AUBREY DE VERE.*

FROM 'THE MONTH,' 1884; REVISED, 1892.

The picture which suggested this poem is in the church of Sacred Heart, at Bournemouth, to which it was presented by late Count de Torre Diaz, to whose memory this poem is inscribed.

'A SIGN was seen in heaven : a Woman stood ;  
 Beneath her feet the moon.' That waning moon  
 'Neath yonder pictured apparition curved,  
 Is time there dying with his dying months :  
 The Spirit showed that vision to Saint John,  
 Exiled in Patmos Isle. The best beloved  
 Deserved such solace best.

She stands in heaven :  
 Not yet the utmost mountain-peaks of earth,  
 Forth from the hoary deep unlifted still,  
 Have felt her foot's pure touch. A cloud from God  
 On streaming like a tide, thus far hath borne her  
 To the threshold only of the house of man :  
 Angelic heads and wings beneath her gleam,  
 And lily and rose and palm. Her knee is bent :  
 Her moon-like face is tearful with great awe :  
 Her universe is God, and other none ;  
 Piercing all worlds her gaze is fixed on him :  
 She waits his will supreme.

*MURILLO'S 'IMMACULATE CONCEPTION'*

Men of good-will,  
Draw near in faith, honouring the mystery :  
The sunrise of your wondrous world of faith  
Was when the angel spake, and at his word,  
Mary believed. Its noon was Pentecost,  
Then, when the Church of God stood up, sun  
By him, the ascended Sun of Righteousness.  
This is not noon, nor sunrise. This is dawn ;  
The aurora of the spiritual heaven and earth—  
Then, when the hour of consummation comes  
For them alone material worlds shall be ;  
Their glory shall but be this pledge fulfilled ;  
Their loveliness shall be but hers writ large ;  
Their fruitfulness, the type of hers : her life,  
When time is ripe, shall be a music-strain  
Tuning all harmonies of time ; itself  
An echo through the centuries prolonged  
From this first bird-note clear.



What thoughts are hers? He only knows who sends  
them.

From him they come ; to him, once more ascend.  
Child-Prophet sad ; feels she the destined weight  
Of crowns and sceptres, and the wide earth's praise,  
Honouring earth's humblest? She that would be nought,  
Must she be Queen of all?

Not yet ; not yet ;

Ere comes that day she must be Queen of Woes.  
This, this is the beginning, not the end ;  
A world redeemed must be a world sin-marred :  
That world as yet exists not. This is she  
Through whom, though man had never fallen, his God  
Then too had dwelt with Man—so taught the Seer—  
Not victim, but triumphant. Sleep, O Eve,  
Thy Daughter's foot—yon picture veils, yet shows it—  
Thy Daughter's foot, 'the Woman's,' the Foretold,  
Whose sacred Seed, 'the Woman's Seed,' through her  
Shall bruise the serpent's head, not yet subdues it :  
Not yet that moon she treads hath gazed on guilt :  
Transience is not transgression. High in spheres  
No autumn ever touched, the Tree of Life  
Stands ; and close by, as pure, the Tree of Knowledge :  
The twain commix their lights ; the twain are one.  
All yet is archetypal : all is healing :  
Not yet, the fruit is plucked : not yet, God's frown  
Makes Eden dark.

I raise mine eyes once more.

That breeze which onward wafts her, sucked the flowers  
Which pave the summits of the Hills of God.  
The 'Hills of God.' He sang them well, that bard  
Great-hearted, who for love of Christ preferred  
The priestly vestment to the singing robe ;  
Whose monument this day stands consummate.

Thus taught he, God's decrees his arduous theme :  
Thus sang he—song severe, not winged by verse—  
' High on the summits of the Hills of God,  
There spreads a table-land immeasurable ;  
Not cherub's eye can grasp it ; seraph's flight  
Reach its remoter verge. Across it moves,  
Alone, the ordered march of God's decrees,  
From infinite distance on to infinite :  
Their birth-place no man knows.' Methinks, I see them,  
A cloudy pageant of advancing gods,  
With feet which tread that shadowy stage, nor less  
With vans outstretched winnowing the air. A breath  
Strikes on my brow ; and strains I hear, like sighs  
Of seas round coasts far distant.

Child of Heaven,  
The First-born, save thy Son, in those decrees,  
The Elect, the Immaculate, the Full of grace  
Which, for that Son's sake, fenced thee from his foe :  
Foam-born from seas of sanctity alone ;  
Tested in all the sanctities of God,  
And borne—that six days' work as yet unwrought—  
Above the heaving crests of things to be,  
A Gift predestined, but a Gift reserved ;  
Say, must that foot which treads yon waning orb,  
Descend one day to earth ? It will not catch  
Her taint ; but, where it treads, those other feet  
Will leave ensanguined prints—the Feet of God.

#### NOTES.

No. II. Line 77 : That bard ; Father Faber. Line 80 : Whose monument ; The allusion here is to the recently opened Church of the London Oratory. Line 86 : Thus sang he ; This thought is to be found in one of Father Faber's prose works. (Author.)

## Nineteenth Century Tribute

### I. LADY OF THE PASSION.

*ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING*

1809–1861.

AFTER JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF EUCALATA  
XI. CENTURY.

FROM 'THE GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS,' 1863.

O LADY of the Passion, dost thou weep?  
What help can we, then, through our tears sur-  
If such as thou a cause for wailing keep?  
What help, what hope, for us, sweet Lady, say  
'Good man, it doth befit thine heart to lay  
More courage next it, having seen me so.  
All other hearts find other balm to-day—  
The whole world's consolation is my woe.'



### III. THE AVE HOUR.

*GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON:*

1788–1824.

Written between 1819 and 1822.

Ave, Maria ; o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee.  
Ave, Maria ; blessed be the hour,  
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet, the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.  
Ave, Maria ; 'tis the hour of prayer ;  
Ave, Maria ; 'tis the hour of love ;  
Ave, Maria ; may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above ;  
Ave, Maria ; oh, that face so fair ;  
Those down-cast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove  
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike,  
That painting is no idol—'tis too like.

### IV. THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

*SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE:* 1772–1834

Translated (1798) from the Latin lines placed beneath a print  
: Virgin and Child in the Inn of a village in Germany. (Author

SLEEP, sweet Babe, my cares beguiling ;  
Mother sits beside thee smiling ;  
Sleep, my Darling, tenderly.  
If thou sleep not, Mother mourneth,  
Singing as her wheel she turneth ;  
Come, soft slumber, balmily.

V. THE BLADE OF GRASS.

*DORA GREENWELL: 1821-1882.*

FROM 'CAMERA OBSCURA,' 1876.

Thy own soul a sword shall pierce. St. Luke ii. 35.

O LITTLE blade of grass,  
A little sword thou art,  
That, in thy haste to pass,  
Hast pierced thy Mother's heart.  
O little blade of grass,  
A little tongue thou art  
Of cleaving flame—alas,  
Thou hast cleft thy Mother's heart.  
O little blade, upcurled  
Leaf, sword, or fiery dart,  
To win thy Father's world  
Thou must break thy Mother's heart.

VI. CHRISTMAS EVE HYMN: FROM  
THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

*EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY:*  
1819-1880.

FROM 'LYRA MESSIANICA,' 1865.

THERE comes a Galley laden—  
A heavenly Freight on board—  
It bears God's Son, the Saviour,  
The great undying Word.  
And proudly floats that Galley  
From troubled coast to coast;  
Its sail is Love and Mercy,  
Its mast the Holy Ghost.

VII. FROM 'THE GOLDEN LEGEND  
A MIRACLE PLAY.'

*H. W. LONGFELLOW*: 1807-1882.

I. PRINCE HENRY'S SOLILOQUY.

THIS is indeed the Blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer.  
All hearts are touched and softened at her name  
Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant  
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present.  
And even as children, who have much offended  
A too indulgent father, in great shame,  
Penitent, and yet, not daring unattended  
To go into his presence, at the gate  
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait  
Till she goes in before and intercedes ;  
So, men, repenting of their evil deeds,  
And yet, not venturing rashly to draw near  
With their requests an angry father's ear,  
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,  
And she for them in heaven makes intercession



And, if our faith had given us nothing more  
 Than this Example of all Womanhood,  
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure—  
 This were enough to prove it higher and truer  
 Than all the creeds the world had known before.

## II. URSULA TO OUR LADY.

VIRGIN, who lovest the poor and lonely,  
 If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
 Can ever ascend to where thou art,  
 Into thy blessed hands and holy  
 Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving.  
 Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it  
 Into the awful presence of God ;  
 For thy feet with holiness are shod,  
 And, if thou bearest it, he will hear it.

## VIII. HYMN EIGHT : BY NOVALIS.

### *HELEN LOWE.*

FROM 'THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM,' 1841.

IN many a form I see thee oft,  
 O Mary, beauteously portrayed ;  
 But, never with such semblance soft  
 As to my soul thou cam'st arrayed.  
 I only know, the world's annoy,  
 Since then, like transient dream doth fade,  
 And an eternal heaven of joy  
 My spirit hath its dwelling made.

IX. MARY, STAR OF THE SE  
*THOMAS MOORE* : 1779-185  
FROM 'EVENINGS IN GREECE,' 1825.

WHEN evening shades are falling  
O'er ocean's sunny sleep,  
To pilgrims' hearts recalling  
Their home beyond the deep ;  
When rest, o'er all descending,  
The shores with gladness smile,  
And lutes, their echoes blending,  
Are heard from isle to isle :  
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
We pray, we pray, to thee.

The noon-day tempest over  
Now ocean toils no more,  
And wings of halcyons hover,  
Where all was strife before ;  
Oh, thus may life, in closing  
Its short tempestuous day,  
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,  
Shine all its storms away :  
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
We pray, we pray, to thee.

To thee the nations turn with glad accord,  
 Confess thy name and celebrate thy worth ;  
 Singing full choruses of holy mirth,  
 To thee chaste Mother of the Incarnate Word.  
 O Blessed Lady, by thy love divine  
 To that meek Child, so wonderfully shown  
 When sorrow stained his cheeks with blood and  
 And sins of others bore his body down—  
 Adopt all humankind, who droop and pine  
 In sin-born sorrow that is all their own.

# XI. A HYMN.

*EDGAR ALLAN POE: 1811-1849.*

AT morn, at noon, at twilight dim,  
 Maria, thou hast heard my hymn :  
 In joy and woe, in good and ill,  
 Mother of God, be with me still.  
 When the hours flew brightly by,  
 And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
 My soul, lest it should truant be,  
 Thy grace did guide to thine and thee.  
 Now, when storms of fate o'ercast  
 Darkly my present and my past,  
 Let my future radiant shine  
 With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

# XII. HYMN OF ELLEN DOUGLAS

*SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.: 1771*

FROM 'THE LADY OF THE LAKE,' CANTO IV.

AVE, Maria ; Maiden mild—  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer ;  
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
 Thou canst save amid despair.



### *NINETEENTH CENTURY TRIBUTE*

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
Though banished, outcast and reviled—  
Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer ;  
Mother, hear a suppliant child.  
Ave, Maria.

Ave, Maria ; Undefined—  
The flinty couch we now must share,  
Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover there.  
The murky cavern's heavy air  
Shall breathe of balm, if thou hast smiled—  
Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer ;  
Mother, list a suppliant child.  
Ave, Maria.

Ave, Maria ; Stainless styled—  
Foul demons of the earth and air,  
From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to our lot of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled—  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer ;  
And for a father hear a child.  
Ave, Maria.

### XIII. ALMA VIRGO.

*AGNES STRICKLAND : 1796–1874*

A paraphrase, rendered whilst Persiani was singing the hymn to the *Mary's*, Moorfields, July 25, 1840.

BLESSED Mother, Maid divine,  
Raise to thee this heart of mine ;  
Fill with heavenly warmth my frame,  
Bid my soul ascend in flame,  
In eternal jubilee,  
Singing evermore with thee, Alleluia.

## Odes and Sonnets : Personal

### I. SONNET : FOR HERSELF.

*VITTORIA COLONNA* : 1490–1547.

*TRANSLATED* (1880) *BY WILLIAM H. EYRE, S*

VIRGIN most Pure, who never knewest night,  
Living within the true Sun's deathless day,  
The golden gleam of which, through all thy way,  
Made glad thy beauteous eyes, with joyous light :  
With thee the God-Man dwelt, when angels bright  
Lit up his lowly home with lustrous ray,  
And filled with awe, pleased homage sought to pay,  
Yearning his will to work, be what it might.  
Thou, the Eterne, veiled by our human screen,  
As Lord didst fear ; didst cherish as thy Son ;  
Didst love as Spouse ; as Father didst adore.  
Pray that my troubled stream of life may run  
Back to its happy Source ; and, Heaven's great Que  
Thv Mother-love show me too, ever more.

Ah, wretched we, poets of earth ; but thou  
Wert, living, the same poet which thou art now :  
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,  
And joy in an applause so great as thine ;  
Equal society with them to hold,  
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.  
And they (kind spirits) shall all rejoice to see,  
How little less than they exalted man may be.

\* \* \*

Thy spotless muse, like Mary, did contain  
The boundless Godhead ; she did well disdain  
That her eternal verse employed should be  
On a less subject than eternity :  
And for a sacred mistress scorned to take  
But her, whom God himself scorned not his Spouse to  
make.

It (in a kind) her miracle did do ;  
A fruitful Mother was, and Virgin too.

How well (blest Swan) did fate contrive thy death,  
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
In thy great Mistress' arms—thou, most divine  
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,  
Where, like some holy sacrifice, to expire  
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.

\* \* \*

Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,  
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.  
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,  
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)  
Lo, here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove  
So humble to esteem, so good to love)  
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,  
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me.  
And, when my muse soars with so strong a wing,  
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.



*DANTE: ERASMUS*

III. SONNET XLVI: FOR HIMSELF.

*DANTE: XIII.-XIV. CENTS.*

*TRANSLATED BY CHARLES LYELL,  
OF KINNORDY: 1767-1849,*

FROM 'THE CANZONIERE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI,' 1835.

PARENT of virtue, Light eternal, thou  
Of whom was born the meek benignant Fruit  
That suffered on the cross a bitter death,  
To save us sinners from the dark abyss:  
Thou, Queen of Heaven supreme, and of this world  
Vouchsafe to entreat thy meritorious Son  
To lead me to his heavenly kingdom's joys,  
Through guidance of his never-failing grace.  
Thou know'st my hope was ever placed in thee;  
In thee, thou know'st, was still my sole delight  
O Goodness infinite, assist me now:  
Help me, for at the bourne I am arrived  
Which I must soon inevitably pass;  
My Comforter, oh, now desert me not.  
For, every fault committed here on earth  
My soul deplores, and contrite is my heart.

V. VOTIVE ODE, HUNG UP AT OUR LADY'S  
SHRINE AT WALSINGHAM, IN 1511.

*DESIDERIUS ERASMUS: 1467-1536*

*TRANSLATED (1874) FROM THE GREEK  
BY J. T. WALFORD, S.J.*

FROM WATERTON'S 'PIETAS MARIANA BRITANNICA,' 1811.

HAIL, Jesus' Virgin-Mother ever Blest,  
Alone of women Mother eke and Maid,  
Others to thee their several offerings make;  
This one brings gold, that silver, while a third

V. MARY AND JOSEPH IN EGYPT.  
*ELLEN FITZ-SIMON (NÉE O'CONNELL)*  
1805-1883.

FROM 'THE ROSARY MAGAZINE,' 1874.

Suggested by a picture of the Egyptian Idols falling down before  
the Infant Saviour in the flight into Egypt.

WHILST Joseph leads the patient beast and slow,  
That bears the weight of Mary and her Son,  
O'er rugged steeps, o'er barren plains they go  
Through wildernesses, till the day is done,  
Till 'neath the western wave hath set the sun.  
Then, rest—till morning her bright face doth show ;  
Then, on again—their weary race is run.  
They pass where stand in pride the Idols : lo,  
A crash is heard. In sudden ruin all  
Before the Sacred Infant headlong fall.  
Dog-faced Anubis, Isis, too, the call,  
The silent call, 'obey ; that given is now  
By the Child-Saviour's mighty presence. How  
Doth joy celestial sit on Joseph's brow,  
While the meek Mother clasps her precious One.

*W. D. KELLY: F. THOMPSON*

VI. PADRE PASSAGLIA : 1887.

*WILLIAM D. KELLY.*

MADONNA, without stain of sin conceived,  
Whose pity, like thy boundless love, is great  
And swift to succour and compassionate  
Those who have sinned, and for their sinning grieve  
Lo, dead lies he, who high renown achieved  
When, ere Rome had decreed immaculate  
Thy blessèd birth, he toiled to vindicate  
The glory which was thine, till all believed ;  
And though awhile in devious paths he strayed,  
Of the clear vision of his faith bereaved,  
Be thou his champion now, benignant Maid.  
And let his lapses be for aye reprieved,  
Lest haply, Queen, of thee it should be said,  
‘ He trusted in thy love and was deceived.’



# Old Catholic Verse

*COLLECTED (1846) BY DOM ALPHONSUS  
MORRALL, O.S.B.*

FROM A MANUSCRIPT VOLUME, 'A CENTURY OF SONG.'

## I. INVOCATION OF MARY.

‘And I will tread the virtuous peaceful paths  
Of her who trod the subtle Serpent’s head,  
And wears the silvery crescent on her own.’

O VIRGIN-MOTHER of our gracious Lord,  
Thou, at whose shrine all kings, all nations bend  
Mother of Mercies, who thine aid dost lend  
To lips who hail thee with the heart’s accord ;  
Solace of sinners, Load-star ever nigh,  
Whose saintly feet the serpent sin have crushed ;  
How much I love, when all rude winds are hushed  
And silvery moonbeams light the motley sky,  
Beneath high heaven’s blue vaulted canopy,  
In hallowed stillness, to invoke thy aid,  
And feel my cares released, my sorrows fly ;  
For, but to hail thee once, O spotless Maid,  
Seems a bright ray of hope in realms on high,  
Where pain dissolves in joys that never fade.

May the roses on her brow  
 Be far less white to see,  
 Than the soul she gives thee now—  
 We pray of thee, Marie.

May the veil she weareth blest  
 Have less of modestie,  
 Than the feelings in her breast—  
 We pray of thee, Marie.

May her garment, coarse and rude,  
 Show less humilitie,  
 Than her spirit hath, endued—  
 We pray of thee, Marie.

May her girdle, which doth tell  
 Sweet Jesus' charitie,  
 With his love her bosom swell—  
 We pray of thee, Marie.

May it make her love to bear,  
 With him to Calvarie,  
 The rood of his Passion dear—  
 We pray of thee, Marie.

For, this is her humble prayer  
 With thee, most dear Ladie,  
 In his love and woes to share—  
 We pray of thee, Marie.

III. HIS QUI LUGENT IN PURGATORIO.  
*JAMES A. DOMINIC AYLWARD, O.P. :*  
 1813-1872.

To those whose souls do languish  
 Compassed with flame, but, hopeful in their grief,  
 Who, but for friendly aid, in patient anguish  
 Must still pine on—in pity bring relief,  
 Sweet Mary.

*OLD CATHOLIC VERSE*

For thou art pity's spring,  
Healing and cleansing all who seek thy waters ;  
    Ah, stretch thy hand, the cooling dew to fling  
All freshly on thy suffering sons and daughters,  
                                Sweet Mary.

O Mother mild, to thee  
The sighing dead appeal for their release ;  
    They long the glories of thy Son to see,  
And share with thee in his eternal peace,  
                                Sweet Mary.

O Key of David, made  
To open heaven, compassionate their doom—  
    Prisoned in pain, on beds of sorrow laid—  
Unlock the portals of their dungeon-gloom,  
                                Sweet Mary.

Bright Pattern of the just,  
Unto all faithful hearts for ever dear,  
    In thee the weeping dead hold firm their trust  
Oh, urge for them thy strong continual prayer,  
                                Sweet Mary.

Blest over earth and heaven  
For thy deserts, pray to thy Royal Son,  
    That all our trespasses may be forgiven,  
And we be ranged around his beaming throne,  
                                Sweet Mary.



## V. AVE MARIA.

‘*V.*’

THE sun was sinking in the west,  
Like Angel-spirit to its rest,  
An ocean flood of golden light  
Lay on each hill and woodland height  
It seemed a land of fairy sprite,

Then, each convent bell did ring,  
Each hill and dale did echoing sing,  
The gentle peasants did prolong  
The sound of that fond thrilling song,  
Loud chanting, as they moved along,

Oh, sweet it is and good to see  
The glowing sun sink in the sea,  
While nature heaves with loving swell  
Of choral song and convent bell,  
All coming that one prayer to tell,

# Assumpta est Maria and other Verse

*HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M.A.:*

1829–1888.

## I. ASSUMPTA EST MARIA.

FROM 'LYRICS OF LIGHT AND LIFE,' 1874.

THE sun shines bright and glorious, and the hill tops are  
illumed

With a more than earthly light, the day our Lady was  
assumed ;

For her, the cloudless blaze of noon on the lonely tarn is  
glowing,

And the many-sounding torrents chant her praises in  
their flowing.

For her, the golden valleys thick with corn-fields laugh  
and sing,

And with innumerable notes of birds the happy wood-  
lands ring ;

The earth is jubilant with song, and a preternatural  
motion

Stirs the deep music of the waves, in sunless caves of  
ocean ;

And the sound of many waters, with a voice of solemn  
mirth,

Like a worship without words, goes up incessant from  
the earth ;

The Magnificat of mountain-streams, and—sweetest after  
showers—

A fragrance as of incense wafted from myrtle bowers.

And shall we alone, dear Mother, when all around is  
    gay,  
Stand mute amid the minstrel choir that hails thy  
    triumph day?  
Nay, by the skylark's matin hymn, flooding the heavens  
    with praise,  
Faint echo of their angel-harps who on thy brightness  
    gaze,

We too will raise our anthem, all unaudiened though it  
    be,  
Tell thy glories to the snow-clad peaks and far-resound-  
    ing sea ;  
In Creation's rolling symphony we will bear our feeble  
    part,  
Thou wilt not disdain the homage of a true and loyal  
    heart.

What, if there were who loved to roam these breezy, fern-  
    clad hills,  
And to dream away the summer nights beside their  
    trickling rills,  
Who thought to seek the beautiful in earth's most  
    beauteous places,  
While the mountain-breath was fraught for them with  
    more than earthly graces?

They behold a more than common light on lake and  
    sunny lea ;  
For Nature, through her sweet constraints, was drawing  
    them to thee ;  
Oh, lead us home, dear Mother-Maid, who linger on the  
    way,  
Lighten the eyes in darkness bound and turn the feet  
    that stray.



Guide thou our steps through troublous paths of anguish  
and unrest,  
Of subtle questionings, and doubts that may not be  
represt,  
To the land beyond the eastern hills, lapt in the living ray  
Of the Uncreated Vision, where the shadows flee away.

## II. PILGRIM BOAT ON THE RHINE.

FROM 'THE SENTENCE OF KAÏRES,' 1854.

MOTHER, our bark floats lightly  
Across the glimmering deep ;  
The silvery moon-beams brightly  
On the placid waters sleep :  
Still on the mountains hoary  
Is fixed our dreaming eye,  
Though the sunset's latest glory  
Hath faded from on high.

A sound of waters rushing,  
Where from many a rocky height  
Wild mountain streams are gushing,  
Breaks on the stilly night :  
No other sound is near us  
To mar the deep repose ;  
Dear Mother, thou wilt hear us,  
Thine eyelids never close.

For the earth-wearied spirit,  
Methinks, such quiet even  
Some music might inherit,  
Caught from the harps of heaven.  
The moon it glanceth brightly  
O'er the untroubled deep ;  
Thy smile is o'er us nightly  
Our dreams from sin to keep.

*H. N. OXENHAM*

Star of the Sea, we hail thee,  
    Bending beneath thy care,  
Blest Mother, we assail thee  
    With the sweet force of prayer :  
Thine the deep tender feeling  
    Which Jesus gave to thee,  
The Godhead's Self concealing  
    In thy meek purity.

Thou art Eden's fairest flower—  
    For a soul unstained by sin  
Was the unearthly dower,  
    Which thou alone couldst win.  
Sweet are the admonitions  
    Of such a night as this,  
For it gives us heavenly visions  
    Of thine unequalled bliss.

Star-beams, that brightly quiver  
    In the blue depth above,  
Tell how thou art with us ever  
    In the fulness of thy love.  
The gentle moon shall mind us  
    Of heaven's eternal rest,  
Oh, may our last hour find us  
    With thee among the blest.

Hail, Jesus, Son of Mary,  
    To the pilgrim's prayer incline,  
For the ways of life are weary,  
    Oh, make us ever thine ;  
Thine, in life's early morning ;  
    Thine, in death's hour of gloom  
Thine, when the archangel's warni  
    Shall call our spirits home.

## II. THREE PEALS OF THE ANGELUS.

FROM 'THE SENTENCE OF KAÏRES,' 1854.

TOLL at the hour of dawn :  
When the busy day hath begun,  
That Christians may kneel in life's early morn  
To Mary's Incarnate Son ;  
For, at midnight hour Saint Gabriel spoke,  
And Christ was conceived ere morning broke.  
Hail, Mary, Full of grace.

Toll at the mid-day hour :  
Let the bell toll loud and long,  
For the sun hath risen with a burning power,  
And the world and the flesh are waxing strong ;  
Through the long hours of the sultry day,  
Stay with thy children, Jesus, stay.  
Hail, Mary, Full of grace.

Toll at the fall of eve :  
When the busy day is done,  
Lest Jesus thy soul in corruption leave,  
Call yet again on Mary's Son ;  
For, at fall of eve, 'mid the gathering gloom,  
His body was laid in Saint Joseph's tomb.  
Hail, Mary, Full of grace.

Toll for each hour of prayer :  
Toll at morning, noon and night ;  
Let the loud church-bells, like the angel, declare  
The dawn of the World's true Light ;  
Till the chimes that inspired our childhood'  
faith  
Are the requiem rung o'er the couch of death.  
Hail, Mary, Full of grace.



# Francis T. & W. Gifford Palgr

*FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, M.A*

FROM 'AMENOPHIS,' 1892.

## I. VIRGINI DEIPARÆ.

MOTHER-MAID all-holy,  
 Throned upon thy knee,  
 Evermore the Almighty  
 Child and Lord we see,  
 While with awe thou gazest  
 On the wondrous face—  
 Blest among all women,  
 Mary, Full of grace.  
 Sung by million millions,  
 Since the distant day  
 When she walked among us  
 Her sweet stainless way :  
 How should we unworthy  
 To thy praise draw near ;  
 How, uplift the chorus  
 Meet for heaven to hear ?  
 Of that perfect childhood,  
 Of that youth-time fair,  
 Scarce a whisper lingers  
 What thou wast, and where :  
 Flower amid the flowers  
 Faith beholds thee go,  
 Mystic Rose of Sharon,  
 Lily pure as snow.  
 O'er the holy bosom  
 She her faithful hands  
 Folds, in silence waiting  
 Highest heaven's commands ;

Till the sun-bright angel  
Spoke his awful word,  
'Lo, thy will is my will,  
Handmaid of the Lord.'

Angels and archangels  
Now are round the Maid,  
Where the world's Creator  
At her knees is laid ;  
Where she worships o'er him,  
God and Man in one,  
Son of highest heaven,  
Mary's royal Son.

By our great first parent,  
Tempted and beguiled,  
We were cast from Eden  
To the desert wild :  
Second Eve and Mother,  
By the gift she brought,  
God, through Mary's sorrow,  
Man's salvation wrought.

On the Babe thou smilest,  
He on thee the while :  
But, his Father's business  
Calls him from thy smile :  
In the secret archives  
It is writ above,  
Sevenfold swords shall pierce thee,  
Sevenfold wounds of love.

Who should tell, when Mary  
Touched the heart of woe ?  
When she saw death's triumph  
Up the dool-way go ?

*W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE*

When the whole world's burden  
    Bent him 'neath the rood?  
When it shone, to save us,  
    With the precious Blood?  
By the cross now standing  
    In that utter woe,  
Yet, some drops of gladness  
    In thy sorrows flow;  
As the loved disciple  
    Reverent leads thee home—  
Queen in lowly refuge,  
    Heaven's own ante-room.  
Now, through rest translated  
    To the realm assigned,  
Crowned with grace we greet thee  
    Crown of human-kind:  
Yet, through all the ages,  
    Throned upon thy knee,  
Mother-Maid, the Almighty  
    Child and Lord we see.



And round the mountain base the warning line.  
But these I passed, till shone in sequence fair,  
Crowned with the light nor change, nor time can quell,  
Earth's loveliest vision, sole beyond compare,  
The Mother-Maid, the Immaculate Miracle,  
In perfect beauty throned ; and next her, One  
Whose look was power, whose every word a spell,  
A brightness robed in brightness, as the sun  
Clad in a golden cloud ; o'er shame and pain,  
Anguish and death, he passed triumphant on.  
And they, his legioned followers, the long train  
Of maids and matrons, manhood, age and youth  
Came after, of that beauty rapt and fain.

## II. MARY IN THE HIGHEST HEAVEN.

### BOOK II. CHAPTER XXVII.

AND here, the priceless Pearl, the Mother-Maid,  
Lily and Rose of earth, of heaven the Gem,  
Goddess and Queen of gods and mortals made.  
And these beside, as round the central stem  
Clusters the petalled flower, in scent and hue  
Flawless, complete, a self-crowned diadem ;  
So, those great spirits divine, faithful and true,  
In many fanes enshrined, by many a tongue  
Invoked, who, to blind men the labyrinth clue,  
That heavenward leads, 'mid scorn and worst of wrong,  
Have freely placed in hand, together blent,  
Here tuned of renovate love the nuptial song.  
As in a dream I heard and saw.

# The Child's Purchase

*COVENTRY PATMORE.*

FROM 'THE UNKNOWN EROS,' 1888.

As a young child, whose mother, for a jest,  
To his own use a golden coin flings down,  
Devises blythe how he may spend it best,  
Or on a horse, a bride-cake, or a crown,  
Till, wearied with his quest,  
Nor liking altogether that, nor this,  
He gives it back for nothing but a kiss,  
Endowed so I  
With golden speech, my choice of toys to buy,  
And scanning power and pleasure and renown  
Till each in turn, with looking at, looks vain,  
For her mouth's bliss,  
To her who gave it give it I again.

Ah, Lady elect,  
Whom the time's scorn has saved from its res  
Would I had art  
For uttering this which sings within my heart  
But, lo,  
Thee to admire is all the art I know.  
My Mother and God's, Fountain of miracle,  
Give me thereby some praise of thee to tell  
In such a song  
As may my guide severe and glad not wrong  
Who never spake till thou'dst on him confer  
The right, convincing word.  
Grant me the steady heat  
Of thought wise, splendid, sweet,

## *THE CHILD'S PURCHASE*

Urged by the great, rejoicing wind that rings  
With draught of unseen wings,  
Making each phrase, for love and for delight,  
Twinkle like Sirius on a frosty night.  
Aid thou thine own dear frame, thou only Fair,  
At whose petition meek  
The heavens themselves decree that, as it were,  
They will be weak.

Thou, Speaker of all wisdom in a Word,  
Thy Lord ;  
Speaker, who thus couldst well afford  
Thence to be silent—ah, what silence that  
Which had for prologue thy Magnificat.  
Oh, Silence full of wonders,  
More than by Moses in the Mount were heard,  
More than were uttered by the Seven Thunders ;  
Silence that crowns, unnoted like the voiceless blue,  
The loud world's varying view,  
And in its holy heart the sense of all things ponders,  
That acceptably I may speak of thee,  
'Ora pro me.'

Key-note and Stop  
Of the thunder-going chorus of sky-powers ;  
Essential Drop  
Distilled from worlds of sweetest-savoured flowers  
To anoint with nuptial praise  
The Head which for thy beauty doffed its rays,  
And thee, in his exceeding glad descending, meant,  
And man's new days  
Made of his deed the adorning accident ;  
Vast Nothingness of self, fair female Twin  
Of fulness, sucking all God's glory in



COVENTRY PATMORE

(Ah, Mistress mine,  
To nothing I have only added sin,  
And yet, would shine)  
'Ora pro me.'

Life's Cradle and death's Tomb,  
To lie within whose womb,  
There, with divine self-will infatuate,  
Love-captive to the thing he did create,  
Thy God did not abhor,  
No more  
Than man, in youth's high spousal-tide,  
Abhors at last to touch  
The strange lips of his long-procrastinating bride,  
Nay, not the least imagined part as much,  
'Ora pro me.'

My Lady ; yea, the Lady of my Lord,  
Who didst the first descry  
The burning secret of virginity,  
We know with what reward ;  
Prism, whereby  
Alone we see  
Heaven's light in its triplicity ;  
Rainbow complex  
In bright distinction of all beams of sex,  
Shining for aye  
In the simultaneous sky,  
To One, thy Husband, Father, Son and Brother,  
Spouse blissful, Daughter, Sister, milk-sweet  
'Ora pro me.'

Mildness, whom God obeys, obeying thyself  
Him in thy joyful Saint, nigh lost to sight  
In the great gulf  
Of his own glory, and thy neighbour light ;

## *THE CHILD'S PURCHASE*

With whom thou wast as else with husband none,  
For perfect fruit of inmost amity ;  
Who felt for thee  
Such rapture of refusal, that no kiss  
Ever sealed wedlock so conjoint with bliss ;  
And whose good singular eternally  
'Tis now, with nameless peace and vehemence  
To enjoy thy married smile,  
That mystery of innocence,  
'Ora pro me.'

Sweet Girlhood without guile,  
The extreme of God's creative energy ;  
Sunshiny Peak of human personality ;  
The world's sad aspirations' one Success ;  
Bright Blush, that sav'st our shame from shamelessness  
Chief Stone of stumbling ; Sign built in the way  
To set the foolish everywhere a-bray ;  
Hem of God's robe, which all who touch are healed  
To which the outside many honour yield  
With a reward and grace  
Ungessed by the unwashed boor that hails him to  
face,  
Spurning the safe ingratiant courtesy  
Of suing him by thee,  
'Ora pro me.'

Creature of God, rather the sole than first ;  
Knot of the cord  
Which binds together all and all unto their Lord ;  
Suppliant Omnipotence ; Best to the worst ;  
Our only Saviour from an abstract Christ  
And Egypt's brick-kilns, where the lost crowd plods,  
Blaspheming its false gods ;  
Peace-beaming Star, by which shall come enticed,



Though nought thereof as yet they weet,  
 Unto thy Babe's small feet,  
 The mighty, wandering disemparadised,  
 Like Lucifer, because to thee  
 They will not bend the knee,  
 'Ora pro me.'

Desire of him, whom all things else desire ;  
 Bush aye with him, as he with thee, on fire ;  
 Neither in his great deed, nor on his throne—  
 Oh, folly of love, the intense  
 Last culmination of intelligence—  
 Him seemed it good that God should be alone :  
 Basking in unborn laughter of thy lips,  
 Ere the world was, with absolute delight.  
 His infinite reposed in thy finite ;  
 Well-matched : he, universal being's spring,  
 And thou, in whom are gathered up the ends of  
     thing,  
 'Ora pro me.'

In season due, on his sweet-fearful bed,  
 Rocked by an earthquake, curtained with eclipse,  
 Thou sharedst the rapture of the sharp spear's heat  
 And thy bliss pale  
 Wrought for our boon, what Eve's did for our bale  
 Thereafter, holding a little thy soft breath,  
 Thou underwent'st the ceremony of death ;  
 And now, Queen-Wife,  
 Sitt'st at the right hand of the Lord of Life,  
 Who, of all bounty, craves for only fee  
 The glory of hearing it besought with smiles by th  
 'Ora pro me.'

Mother, who lead'st me still by unknown ways,  
 Giving the gifts I know not how to ask,



Petrarch's xxix. Ode, 1304-1374

*C. B. CAYLEY, B.A.: 1823-1883.*

FROM 'SONNETS AND STANZAS OF PETRARCH,' 1879

VIRGIN most Fair, who, clad and crown'd with sun  
And stars, didst please the Sun supreme so well,  
That for his light he made a tent in thee,  
Love bids me something of thy praises tell,  
But nought, without thy aid, can be begun,  
And his, who loved thy body's guest to be.  
I cry to one, who answers graciously  
Whoe'er in faith implore.  
If ever yet the sore  
Sufferings of man have touched thy clemency,  
Virgin, oh, now to my petition lean ;  
Do thou my warfare aid,  
Though I be made  
Of earth, and thou Heaven's Queen.

*PETRARCH: CAYLEY*

Virgin most Wise, and numbered in that band  
Of virgins that are blessèd and discreet :  
Yea, first thereof, and with the clearest light—  
Thou trusty shield, when death and fortune beat  
Poor wretches down, that canst all blows withstand  
Assuring us of triumph, not retreat ;  
Relief of troubled hearts from that wild hea  
Which here men's follies raise—  
O Virgin, let the gaze  
Of those fair eyes, which did in sorrow meet  
On thy sweet Son's dear limbs each ghastly trace,  
Be turned to my distress  
Who, succourless,  
For succour seek thy face.

Virgin most Pure, in whom no blemish lies,  
Daughter and Mother of thy Birth Divine,  
Light of this life, of yonder life the Grace,  
Thou bright and lofty Window of the skies,  
By thee our most High Father's Child and thine  
Came down to save the latest of our race ;  
And, amid every mortal dwelling-place,  
Thou, Saintly Maid, alone  
Wast chosen, that the moan  
Of Eve thou shouldst with jubilee replace.  
Oh, make me, for thou canst, his grace beseem,  
Thou that beyond all bound  
Art blest, and crowned  
In yonder court supreme.

Virgin most Holy, Full of grace, that wast  
Exalted by thy deep, true humbleness  
To heaven, whence thou my orison dost hea  
Thou broughtest forth the Fount of tendernes

And Sun of justice, who the world, when lost  
 In errors dense and dark, made bright and clear.  
 Three names thou linkest, that are sweet and dear—  
 Mother and Child and Bride.  
 O Virgin, glorified  
 Queen of that Lord who, to this earthly sphere,  
 Loosing our bonds, brought liberty with bliss ;  
 True Comforter, impart  
 Peace to my heart,  
 By those blest wounds of his.

Virgin, apart from all and singly placed,  
 Who, with thy beauties, hast enamoured heaven,  
 Whom none precedeth, none hath seconded ;  
 Thou that to God hast veritably given,  
 By holy thoughts and acts devout and chaste,  
 A temple in thy fruitful maidenhead ;  
 By thee my life to gladness can be led,  
 If, by my prayer, kind Maid,  
 Sweet Mary, thou be swayed,  
 Where sin abounds, that grace as far may spread.  
 So, on my spirit's bended knees I pray,  
 That, tow'rd a better end,  
 Thou may'st amend  
 My misdirected way.

Bright Virgin, that for ever dost abide,  
 Thou Load-star on this ocean tempest-vexed,  
 Thou trusted Guide of every seaman true,  
 Look, with how dire a storm I stand perplexed,  
 Helpless, without one helper at my side,  
 How close on me the pangs of death pursue.  
 But thou my soul's Hope art ; to thee I sue,



While sinful granting it—

Virgin, do not permit

Thy foe to boast that he can make me rue.

Remember, that God, even for our sin,

To rescue us from doom,

Did flesh assume,

Thy virgin shrine within.

Virgin, how many tears have I now spent,

With many a blandishment and many a vow,

All to my hurt and my incumbrance sore.

Since I was born in Arno's vale till now,

By turns to this and that direction bent,

My life has been but trouble evermore.

Of mortal charms, words, graces, what a store

Hath cumbered all my mind.

O Virgin, holy and kind,

Delay not, for my last year I may score.

As swift as arrows fly, my days have flown

In wretchedness and sin ;

And I begin

To wait for death alone.

Virgin, thou know'st who moulders, and my heart

Leaves wretched, which she kept in languishme

And where a thousand things were wrong, ne

I knew ; yet, had I known them all, the event

Were equal—had she played a different part,

Her fame, and my salvation were undone.

O Queen of Heaven, our goddess, if I run

Into no terms forbid—

Thou, from whom nought is hid,

Deep-scanning Virgin, things as yet by none

Performed, are nought to thy great potency.

Now, therefore, end my woe ;

Reap honour so

Thyself, and save thou me.

Virgin, on whom alone my hopes relie,

Who canst and wilt to my sore trouble give

Thy succours, be thou with me to my end.

Regard not me, but by whose grace I live ;

Let not my merit, but that image high

Which in me dwells, a man so mean, commend.

Thou seest me like a rock, from which descend,

O Virgin, idle streams ;

Some Gorgon, or my dreams,

Have shaped me thus ; but, sorrows do thou send

More soft and holy to this breast outworn.

Make my last years devout

And pure throughout,

Though some were madness-born.

Virgin Humane, pride's Foe, if dear thou hold

The common prototype of thee and us,

Have pity upon my humbled heart contrite.

For, if I loved, with faith so marvellous,

A piece of earth, a brittle mortal mould,

Thou, noblest thing, may'st more my zeal incite.

If then, from my debased and wretched plight,

Thy hand uplifteth me,

Virgin, I pledge to thee

My chastened pen, my thoughts, my inmost might

My tongue, my heart, and every tear and sigh ;

Oh, let my changed desire

Thy grace acquire ;

Guide me where true fords lie.

# Poems on Ancient Pictures

## English and American.

### I. TWO ART SONNETS.

FROM 'THE CATHOLIC WORLD,' NEW YORK, 1879.

#### TWO MADONNAS : RAPHAEL AND MURILLO

Is it in grace maternal she excels  
Only, or sumptuous womanhood mature,  
This Lady of sultana-like coiffure?  
Nay, her dark eyes are thoughts' divinest wells  
Nay, on her lips the lilies' perfume dwells,  
The seal of the angel : doth it not endure  
Immortally here, impressed on none less pure  
Than, in her arms, the Child-Emmanuel's?

See, not less tender, less to be adored,  
This other Mary : child-eyes wonder-wide  
At her Maternity, the mystic Bride,  
And Mother, and meek Handmaid of the Lord

Murillo's Peasant Girl is strangely fair  
By that superb Madonna of the Chair.



## II. FRA ANGELICO.

NOT for earth's joys, triumphal, hymeneal,  
 Those harp-strings twang, those golden trumpets  
 blare :  
 On gilded grounds, in place of the blue air,  
 In Byzant lines unrounded and unreal,  
 The simple monk worked out his own ideal—  
 And were there ever forms more heavenly fair ?  
 Nay, from the life the ineffable angels there  
 Seem limned and coloured by their servant leal.  
 What was his charm ? Whence the inflowing grace ?  
 The beauty of his holiness. His child-soul dreamed,  
 When psalm and censer filled the holy place,  
 Till to take shape the mist, the music seemed ;  
 Till Mary Mother's smile grew out of song,  
 To symphony of the seraphic throng.

I. 'SANT' IMAGINE' : A FRAGMENT ON A  
 PICTURE BY FIORENZO DI LORENZO  
 IN THE INSTITUTE AT FRANKFORT.

*MICHAEL FIELD.*

FROM 'SIGHT AND SONG,' 1892.

AND wherefore doth Madonna thus look down  
 So wistful toward the book upon her knees ?  
 Has she no comfort ? Is there need  
 Within the Scriptures she should read  
 Who to the Living Word her bosom presses ?  
 With bliss of her young Babe so near,  
 Is it not drear  
 Darkly from books to understand  
 What bodes his coming to the land ?

### III. MURILLO'S 'IMMACULATE CONCEPTION'

*DAVID GRAY*: 1836-1888.

FROM 'LIFE, POEMS, ETC.,' BUFFALO, NEW YORK, 1888.

WHENCE is the spell—O fair and free from guile,  
Thou with the young moon shod—that binds my brow  
Is thine that orb of fable which did wane,  
Darkening o'er sad Ortygia's templ'd isle—  
Beautiful Artemis, hid from earth awhile,  
And on the pale monk's vigil risen again,  
A wonder in the starry sky of Spain?  
Comes the myth back, Madonna, in thy smile?  
Yea, thou dost teach that the Divine may be  
The same, to passing creeds and ages given;  
And how the Greek hath dreamed, or Churchman st  
What reck we, who, with eyes tear-blinded see  
Thee standing loveliest in the open heaven?  
Ave, Maria, only heaven and thee.

He who that touching piece achieved, where meet  
The sisters twain, in visitation sweet ;  
Of which the Tuscan city, 'mid her crowd  
Of miracles, e'en yet is justly proud.

Oh, matchless line of years, whose generous strife,  
Reared the reviving arts to perfect life :  
Then, Petrarch's native lay refined on love ;  
Then, Angelo the impetuous chisel drove ;  
Then, oracles, that stirred young Raphael's breast,  
Spoke forth in colours, clear as words, exprest.

Thou too, the pencil's scarce less gifted seer,  
Fair is the dream thy hand interprets here :  
How sweet yon Infant Christ's down-beaming smile  
On bright Saint John, who lifts his own the while :

That bliss of young maternity how sweet,  
Where mildly mingling Saint and Mother meet :  
Nay, more than mother's rapture, to behold  
Her Saviour-Son, by prophet-bards foretold.

Or, if adoring meekness e'er had shrine  
In human face, fond Katharine, 'tis in thine :  
In that one present joy of all possest,  
Heedless of future, and by past unprest.

But hers, who stands anear that elder boy,  
Margaret's, I ween, is no untroubled joy ;  
In her, methinks, the painter's hand hath sought  
Meanings to plant of more than common thought —  
A look, as if that calm, yet clouded eye  
Had glimpsed the minglings of futurity ;  
And, 'mid the glories of each final doom,  
Foresaw, not less, the sorrows first to come.



V. LINES ON A PICTURE BY LEONARD  
DA VINCI, CALLED 'THE VIRGIN  
OF THE ROCKS.'

*CHARLES LAMB: 1775-1834.*

WHILE young John runs to greet  
The Greater Infant's feet,  
The Mother standing by, with trembling passion  
Of devout admiration,  
Beholds the engaging mystic play and pretty adorati

\* \* \*

But at her side  
An angel doth abide,  
With such a perfect joy  
As no dim doubts alloy,  
An intuition,  
A glory, an amenity,  
Passing the dark condition  
Of blind humanity,  
As if he surely knew  
All the blest wonders should ensue ;  
Or, he had lately left the upper sphere,  
And had read all the sovran schemes and divine r  
there.

VI. ON THE SAME PICTURE.

*MARY LAMB: 1764-1847.*

MATERNAL Lady with the virgin grace,  
Heaven-born thy Jesus seemeth sure,  
And thou a Virgin pure.  
Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face  
Men look upon, they wish to be  
Catholic, Madonna fair, to worship thee.

VII. SONNETS FOR PICTURES BY HANS  
MEMMELING, AT BRUGES.

*DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*: 1828–1882.

FROM 'ART AND POETRY,' 1850.

I. VIRGIN AND CHILD ; IN THE ACADEMY.

MYSTERY : God, Man's Life, born into man  
Of Woman. There abideth on her brow  
The ended pang of knowledge, the which now  
Is calm assured. Since first her task began,  
She hath known all. What more of anguish than  
Endurance oft hath lived through, the whole space  
Through night till night, passed weak upon her face  
While, like a heavy flood, the darkness ran ?  
All hath been told her, touching her dear Son ;  
And all shall be accomplished. Where he sits  
Even now, a Babe, he holds the symbol fruit  
Perfect and chosen. Until God permits,  
His soul's elect still have the absolute  
Harsh nether darkness, and make painful moan.

II. MARRIAGE OF ST. KATHARINE ; IN THE HOSPITAL.

MYSTERY : Katharine, the bride of Christ.

She kneels : and on her hand the Holy Child  
Setteth the ring. Her life is sad and mild,  
Laid in God's knowledge—ever unenticed  
From him, and in the end thus fitly priced.  
Awe, and the music that is near her, wrought  
Of angels, hath possessed her eyes in thought :  
Her utter joy is hers, and hath sufficed.  
There is a pause, while Mary Virgin turns  
The leaf and reads. With eyes on the spread book,  
That damsel, at her knees, reads after her.  
John whom he loved, and John his harbinger,  
Listen and watch. Whereon so e'er thou look,  
The light is starred in gems, and the gold burns.



try from 'the Ave Maria,' &  
U.S.A. 1886-1889.

I. OUR LADY'S PURIFICATION.

'*M.A.*'

OH, purify the first soft ray  
That lights the morning sky,  
And tints with gold the snowy clouds  
That in its pathway lie ;  
And purify the moonbeam fair  
That smiles o'er land and sea :  
For, though their light is very pure,  
'Tis far less pure than she ;  
Oh, far less pure than she who stood  
Before the temple-gate,  
Her soul a fount of heavenly light—  
Mary Immaculate.

And purify the crystal drops  
That gem the violet,  
And crown the opening rosebud's brow  
With diamond coronet ;  
The hyacinth amid its leaves,  
The blossom on the tree,  
Though pure in nature's loveliness,  
They are less pure than she—  
Less pure than she that Virgin Blest :  
For, who can estimate  
Her more than angel purity—  
Mary Immaculate ?



II. THE FIRST ANGELUS BELL.  
*MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.*

WHAT master wrought the sweet-toned bells  
That, soft o'er vales and sylvan dells,  
    The Angelus first rang?  
Gleamed silver pure and virgin gold,  
Like souls, within the dark clay mould,  
Ere rich their spirit voices rolled,  
    As though an angel sang?

Or, voicing the celestial thought,  
Pealed forth the chimes, by seraphs fraught  
    With melody, that thrilled  
From star to star, when Gabriel soared,  
Before the flame-white Throne adored,  
With Mary's answer, and the Lord  
    The earth with heaven filled?

Or, first in Nazareth's holy glade,  
When Christ, a Child, there dwelt and prayed  
    The flower-bells of spring

Bade he, with fragrant breath of song,  
 To hail his Mother blessed among  
 All women, and the wind-swayed throng  
     The Angelus did ring—

Till music-laden was the air,  
 Till rose above the valley fair  
     The chanting echoes: thus,  
 Was nature's sweetest anthem heard,  
 The listening world with rapture stirred,  
 As, at the Child-God's potent word,  
     First rang the Angelus?

### III. SEALERS' ROSARY.

*RICHARD HOWLEY, D.D.*

A GOODLY fleet  
 Set in a sea all dazzling white;  
     Soft azure tints creep forth to meet  
 The aurora's gold and ruby light  
     Upon the crystal plain;  
 While underneath, subdued and sweet,  
     Sobs the imprisoned main.

The daylight dies;  
 But, fairer night o'er all the zone  
     From clustered lamps new glory throws;  
 She sparkles round the ice-king's throne,  
     And lights his hall;  
 Like steel, blue-bright, resplendent glows  
     The iceberg's wall.

'All hands, ahoy,'  
 Resounds above the gleaming floes;  
     'To Rosary': the crews deploy  
 To greet their 'Mary of the Snows,'

A PAIR OF DOVES : A RONDEAU  
*WILLIAM D. KELLY.*

A PAIR of doves, Madonna fair  
And free from even shade of sin,  
The temple when you entered in,  
You laid before the altar, where  
From the high-priest, who waited there,  
The Jewish matrons knelt to win  
Their absolution, though akin  
To theirs was not the Babe you bear—  
A pair of doves.

Your love of poverty's blest share,  
O Fair without and Pure within,  
Had you not wished thus to declare,  
Richer your offering might have been—  
A pair of doves.



VI. VIRGIN IMMACULATE.  
*ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.*

ABOVE the moon, her face reflecting heaven ;  
Beneath her feet, the world and all its strife  
Thus, is she pictured, who to man hath given  
The Source, the Author and the Crown of life

Mary Immaculate, oh, sweetest name,  
Second to none but his, thy God, thy Son ;  
Enkindle in our hearts love's brightest flame,  
Virgin of Virgins, O belovèd One.

Thou beauteous Promise of creation's dawn ;  
Destined Restorer of our fallen state ;  
Bright Star that ushered in redemption's morn  
Shine on our darkness, O Immaculate.

Purer than crystal streams, or mountain snows  
Whiter than lilies on the lake's blue crest,  
Distilling fragrance sweeter than the rose,  
Virgin Immaculate, we hail thee blest.

VII. IN MARY'S MONTH.  
*MARY E. MANNIX.*

'MADONNA mia,' turn those gentle eyes,  
In adoration lifted to the throne,  
A moment downward, through the floating sl  
To earth, whence truth and holiness seem

Thou wert his Mother, Mary, and thou art ;  
 Yet, on the cross he gave us sinners thee,  
 And bade thee guard within thy stainless heart  
 Such ingrates vile, such lepers white as we.  
 O Mother loved—loved spite of darkening sin,  
 That wraps, as with a pall, this world of woe—  
 Open thy tender heart and take us in,  
 Save from the dangers footsore pilgrims know ;  
 Making to bloom these withered souls of ours,  
 Madonna, in thine own sweet month of flowers.

## VIII. OUR LADY'S FACE.

*E. P. RYDER.*

THINE is the face that, while the centuries glide  
 Into the silent chambers of the past,  
 Remains unchanged, unmoved by time, or tide.  
 O Queen, upon thy love our hopes are cast :  
 Sweet semblance of a face I hope to see—  
 So great the mercy of the God I love—  
 I seem to see thy lips breathe prayers for me,  
 Asking that I may share a home above.  
 And, is a heavenly home for such as I ?  
 Lord, grant forgiveness, and lift up the load  
 'Neath which I falter, howsoe'er I try :  
 And, if a space be found in thine abode  
 Where I may see thy Mother's face and thine,  
 Heaven shall contain no happier soul than mine.

## IX. PORTENTS.

*'B. S.'*

THE sky is veiled in an inky shroud,  
 The boom of the surf is fierce and loud—  
 Ah, woe is me ; ah, woe is me.

*C. W. STODDARD*

The storm-king will ride forth to-night,  
For the sun went down with lurid light  
    In the moaning, treacherous sea :  
A thunderous calm is in the air,  
And the frightened beasts have sought their  
    Ah, woe is me ; ah, woe is me.  
How the lambent tongues of lightning glide  
Over the muttering, sullen tide,  
    Like demon-smiles of fiendish glee.  
Haste, oh, haste to light the beacon's flame,  
And call on our Lady's sacred name—  
    Ah, woe is me ; ah, woe is me.  
Ere to-morrow's sun ariseth pale  
Many a proud ship will feel the gale ;  
    Many a wreck that sun will see ;  
Many a corpse upon ocean's breast ;  
Many a gallant heart at rest—  
    Ah, woe is me ; ah, woe is me.  
Many a home will be filled with gloom ;  
Many a soul have gone to its doom  
    For an endless eternity.  
Oh, light blest tapers on Mary's shrine,  
And call on her and her Son Divine—  
    Ah, woe is me ; ah, woe is me.  
Though the waves be raging for their prey,  
Both wind and waves must the will obey  
    Of the Virgin Star of the Sea.

X. AVE-MARIA BELLS.

*CHARLES WARREN STODDARD*

At dawn, the joyful choir of bells,  
In consecrated citadels,  
Flings on the sweet and drowsy air  
A brief, melodious call to prayer ;



For Mary, Virgin meek and lowly,  
Conceivèd of the Spirit Holy,  
As the Lord's angel did declare.

At noon, above the fretful street,  
Our souls are lifted to repeat  
The prayer, with low and wistful voice :  
' According to thy word and choice,  
Though sorrowful and heavy laden,  
So be it done to thy Handmaiden ' :  
Then, all the sacred bells rejoice.

At eve, with roses in the west,  
The daylight's withering bequest,  
Ring, prayerful bells, while blossom bright  
The stars, the lilies of the night :  
Of all the songs the years have sung us,  
' The Word made Flesh has dwelt among us  
Is still our ever-new delight.

#### XI. MATER INVIOLOTA.

*WILLIAM P. TREACY.*

I STOOD in thought beside a circling sea,  
Whose waters were more clear than morning ligh  
More calm than those that first met Adam's sigh  
More beautiful than those of earth can be ;  
No slimy weed, nor jagged stone, nor tree,  
Was ever mirrored in those waters bright ;  
But, there I saw deep golden rays that might  
Shine in the court of the Divinity.

'Twas thy pure soul, O Mary, kind and sweet,  
That came to cheer my heart and glad mine eye  
For, in thy soul so calm, so pure, so mild,  
The piercing gaze of God could never meet—  
As there, alone, the Sun of Justice lies—  
A thing of earth, or aught by earth defiled.

# Hymn in Praise of the Virgin Mary

*SAINT CUCHUMNEUS: VII.—VIII. CENTS.*

*TRANSLATED BY T. J. POTTER: 1827–1873.*

The original may be found in the ‘*Liber Hymnorum*,’ in the Franciscan Convent, Dublin, a MS. of the viii. cent. The translation, taken from Cardinal Moran’s ‘*Essays on the Early Irish Church*,’ 1864, is contributed by James O’Lavery, P.P., M.R.I.A.

IN alternate measure chanting, daily sing we Mary’s  
praise ;

And, in strains of glad rejoicing, to the Lord our voices  
raise.

With a two-fold choir repeating Mary’s never-dying  
fame,

Let each ear the praises gather, which our grateful tongues  
proclaim.

Judah’s ever-glorious Daughter—chosen Mother of the  
Lord—

Who, to weak and fallen manhood, all its ancient worth  
restored.

From the Everlasting Father, Gabriel brought the glad  
decree,

That, the Word Divine conceiving, she should set poor  
sinners free.

Of all virgins pure, the purest—ever stainless, ever  
bright—

Still from grace to grace advancing, fairest Daughter of  
the Light.

Wondrous title—who shall tell it?—whilst the Word  
Divine she bore,

Though in Mother’s name rejoicing, Virgin purer than  
before.

By a woman's disobedience, eating the forbidden tree,  
Was the world betrayed and ruined—was by Woman's  
aid set free.

In mysterious mode a Mother, Mary did her God conceive,  
By whose grace, through saving waters, man did heavenly  
truth receive.

By no empty dreams deluded, for the Pearl which Mary  
bore,  
Men, all earthly wealth resigning, still are rich for ever-  
more.

For her Son a seamless tunic Mary's careful hand did  
weave ;  
O'er that tunic fiercely gambling, sinners Mary's heart  
did grieve.

Clad in helmet of salvation, clad in breastplate shining  
bright,  
May the hand of Mary guide us to the realms of endless  
light.

'Amen ; Amen' ; loudly cry we—may she, when the fight  
is won,  
O'er avenging fires triumphing, lead us safely to her  
Son.

Holy angels gathering round us, lo, his saving name we  
greet ;  
Writ in books of life eternal, may we still that name  
repeat.

#### NOTE.

Stanza 10. Lines 1 and 2 : Mary's careful hand did weave ;  
This statement carries backward the tradition, that our Lady wove  
our Blessed Lord's seamless garment, to the beginning of the  
eighth century.



# Chaplet of Memories

*ELAIDE A. PROCTER*: 1835-18

## THE SHRINES OF MARY.

FROM 'A CHAPLET OF VERSES,' 1862.

### PRELUDE.

THERE are many Shrines of our Lady,  
In different lands and climes,  
Where I can remember kneeling  
In old and belovèd times.  
They arise now like stars before me  
Through the long, long night of years ;  
Some are bright with a heavenly radiance,  
And others shine out through tears.  
They arise, too, like mystical flowers,  
All different, and all the same—  
As they lie in my heart like a garland  
That is wreathed round Mary's name.  
Thus, each shrine has two consecrations ;  
One all the faithful can trace,  
But one is for me and me only,  
Holding my soul with its grace.

### I

A SHRINE in a quaint old chapel  
Defaced and broken with years,  
Where the pavement is worn with kneelin  
And the step with kisses and tears.

## CHAPLET OF MEMORIES

She is there in the dawn of morning,  
When the day is blue and bright,  
In the shadowy evening twilight,  
And the silent, starry night.  
Through the dim old painted window  
The hours look down, and shed  
A different glory upon her,  
Violet, purple and red  
And there—in that quaint old chapel  
As I stood one day alone—  
Came a royal message from Mary,  
That claimed my life as her own.

## II

I REMEMBER a vast cathedral  
Which holds the struggle and strife  
Of a grand and powerful city,  
As the heart holds the throb of a life  
Where the ebb and the flow of passion,  
And sin in its rushing tide  
Have dashed on that worn stone chapel  
Dashed and broken and died.  
And above the voices of sorrow  
And the tempter's clamorous din,  
The voice of Mary has spoken  
And conquered the pain and the sin  
For long ages and generations  
Have come there to strive and to pray  
She watched and guided them living,  
And does not forget them to-day.  
And once, in that strange, vast city  
I stood in its great stone square,  
Alone in the crowd and the turmoil  
Of the pitiless southern glare ;

### III

I REMEMBER a lonely chapel  
With a tender claim upon me,  
It was built for the sailors only,  
And they call it the ' Star of the Sea ' :  
And the murmuring chant of the vespers  
Seems caught up by the wailing breeze  
And the throb of the organ is echoed  
By the rush of the silver seas :  
And the votive hearts and the anchors  
Tell of danger and peril past ;  
Of the hope deferred and the waiting  
And the comfort that came at last.  
I too, had a perilous venture,  
On a stormy and treacherous main,  
And I too, was pleading to Mary  
From the depths of a heart in pain.  
It was not a life in peril—  
O God, it was far, far more ;  
And the whirlpool of hell's temptations,  
Lay between the wreck and the shore.  
Thick mists hid the light of the beacon,  
And the voices of warning were dumb  
So I knelt by the altar of Mary,  
And told her her hour was come :



## CHAPLET OF MEMORIES

For, she waits till earth's aid forsakes us,  
Till we know our own efforts are vain ;  
And we wait, in our faithless blindness,  
Till no chance but her prayers remain.  
And now, in that sea-side chapel  
By that humble village shrine  
Hangs a heart of silver, that tells her  
Of the love and the gladness of mine.

### IV

THERE is one far shrine I remember  
In the years that are fled away,  
Where the grand old mountains are guardi  
The glories of night and day :  
Where the earth in her rich, glad beauty  
Seems made for our Lady's throne,  
And the stars in their radiant clusters  
Seem fit for her crown alone :  
Where the balmy breezes of summer  
On their odorous pinions bear  
The fragrance of orange blossoms,  
And the chimes of the convent prayer.  
There, I used to ask for her blessing  
As each summer twilight was grey ;  
There, I used to kneel at her altar  
At each blue, calm dawn of day.  
There, in silence was victory granted,  
And the terrible strife begun,  
That only with her protection,  
Could be dared, or suffered, or won.  
If I love the name of that altar,  
And the thought of those days gone by,  
It is only the heart of Mary  
And my own that remember why.

## V

WHERE long ages of toil and of sorrow,  
 And poverty's weary doom,  
 Have clustered together so closely  
 That life seems shadowed with gloom :  
 Where crime that lurks in the darkness  
 And vice that glares at the day  
 Make the spirit of hope grow weary,  
 And the spirit of love decay ;  
 Where the feet of the wretched and sinful  
 Have closest and oftenest trod,  
 Is a house, as humble as any,  
 Yet, we call it the House of God.  
 It is one of our Lady's chapels ;  
 And though poorer than all the rest,  
 Just because of the sin and the sorrow,  
 I think she loves it the best.  
 There are no rich gifts on the altar ;  
 The shrine is humble and bare ;  
 Yet, the poor and the sick and the tempted  
 Think their home and their heaven is there  
 And before that humble altar  
 Where our Lady of Sorrow stands,  
 I knelt with a weary longing  
 And I laid a vow in her hands ;  
 And I know when I enter softly  
 And pause at that shrine to pray,  
 That the fret and the strife and the burden  
 Will be softened and laid away.  
 And the prayer and the vow that sealed it  
 Have bound my soul to that shrine ;  
 For the Mother of Sorrows remembers  
 Her promise, and waits for mine.



## CHAPLET OF MEMORIES

### ENVOY.

It is one long chaplet of memories,  
Tender and true and sweet,  
That gleam in the past and the distance  
Like lamps that burn at her feet ;  
Like stars that will shine for ever,  
For time cannot touch, or stir  
The graces that Mary has given,  
Or, the trust that we give to her.  
Past griefs are perished and over ;  
Past joys have vanished and died ;  
Past loves are fled and forgotten :  
Past hopes have been laid aside ;  
Past fears have faded in daylight ;  
Past sins have melted in tears—  
One love and remembrance only  
Seems alive in those dead old years.  
So, wherever I look in the distance,  
And whenever I turn to the past,  
There is always a Shrine of Mary  
Each brighter still than the last.  
I will ask for one grace, O Mother,  
And will leave the rest to thy will ;  
From one shrine of thine to another,  
Let my life be a pilgrimage still :  
At each one, O Mother of Mercy,  
Let still more of thy love be given,  
Till I kneel at the last and brightest—  
The throne of the Queen of Heaven



## Prologues

BEGINNING OF A BALLAD IN HONO  
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

*ALEXANDER BARCLAY:*  
*XV.-XVI. CENTS.*

FROM SEBASTIAN BRANDT'S 'SHIP OF FOOLS,' BY THE  
TRANSLATOR.

O MOTHER-MARY, Flower of all woman-kind,  
In beauty passing each earthly creature,  
In whom the fiend no thought of sin could find  
O blessed Mother, remaining Maiden pure,  
O shining Lamp, in light passing nature,  
Most clear Crystal, by clean virginity,  
O holy Mother and Virgin, most demure—  
Direct our life in this tempestuous sea.

## PROLOGUES

Thou, humble, yet o'er every creature high,  
Our nature thou so far didst glorify  
That nought disdained the Maker of mankind  
His Son in flesh and blood to clothe and wind.

Within the blissful cloister of thy side  
Took shape of man the Eternal Love and Pea  
That of the realm threefold is Lord and Guide,  
Whom earth and sea and heaven do never cea  
To laud and praise ; and thou all passionless  
Bare of thy body a pure Maiden's Son,  
Creator of the all-wide creation.

Assembled is in thee magnificence  
With mercy, goodness and so great pitie  
That thou, that art the Sun of Excellence,  
Not only helpest them that pray to thee,  
But, often time, of thy benignity  
Full freely, ere that men thine help beseech,  
Dost go before and art their lives' true Leech.

Now help, thou meek and blissfulest fair Maid,  
Me wretched outcast upon this waste of gall,  
Think on the Canaan-woman how she said  
' Yet, Lord, the dogs eat of the crumbs in hall  
That underneath their master's table fall ' ;  
And though that I, unworthy son of Eve,  
Be sinful, yet accept of my believe.

And, for that faith without good works is dead,  
So for my working give me wit and space,  
That I be quit of endings dark and dread ;  
O thou that art so fair and full of grace  
Be thou mine Advocate in that high place  
Where without end is sung the glad Osanne,  
Mother of Christ, thou Daughter dear of Anne.

### III. INVOCATION TO MARY.

*GEOFFREY CHAUCER: 1340-1400.*

FROM THE OPENING OF 'THE PRIORESS' TALE.'

*MODERNISED (1801) BY W. WORDSWORTH.*

O LORD, our Lord, how wondrously (quoth she)  
Thy name in this large world is spread abroad ;  
For not alone by men of dignity  
Thy worship is performed and precious laud ;  
But, by the mouths of children, gracious God,  
Thy goodness is set forth ; they, when they lie  
Upon the breast, thy name do glorify.

Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,  
Jesu, of thee, and the white Lily-flower  
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,  
To tell a story I will use my power ;  
Not that I may increase her honour's dower,  
For she herself is Honour, and the Root  
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best boot.

O Mother-Maid, O Maid and Mother free,  
O Bush unburnt, burning in Moses' sight,  
That down didst ravish from the Deity,  
Through humbleness, the Spirit that did aligh  
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's mi



Conceivèd was the Father's Sapience —  
Help me to tell it in thy reverence.

Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,  
Thy virtue and thy great humility,  
Surpass all science and all utterance ;  
For sometimes, Lady, ere men pray to thee,  
Thou goest before in thy benignity,  
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,  
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen,  
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,  
That I the weight of it may not sustain ;  
But, as a child of twelve months old, or less,  
That laboureth his language to express,  
Even so fare I ; and therefore, I thee pray,  
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

#### IV. DEDICATION OF HIS 'CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.'

*ROBERT FABYAN: XV.-XVI. CENTS.*

Most Blessed Lady, Comfort to such as call  
To thee for help in each necessity,  
And what thou adest may in no wise appal,  
But to the best is formed in ylke degree,  
Wherefore, good Lady, I pray it may please thee,  
At my beginning my pen so to lead  
That, by thine aid, this work may have good speed.

#### NOTE.

No. III. Line 14: Our soul's best boot: From the Anglo-Saxon 'bot'—a word which may be understood from the line 'God send every man boot for his bale,' i.e. alleviation for his trouble.

# Raphael's Madonna di San Sís

## English and American Estimates

### I.

*ALFRED GURNEY, M.A.*

FROM 'A CHRISTMAS FAGGOT,' 1884.

BEHOLD, by Raphael shown, Love's sacrament :  
Earth's curtains part ; God's veil is lifted up ;  
There comes a Child, forth from his bosom sent  
To rule the feast of life, his bread and cup,  
His purpose making plain with man to sup.  
Out-streams the light, accomplished is the sign—  
A Virgin-Mother clasps a Babe Divine.  
Her lovely feet descend the cloudy stair,  
Great succour bringing to a world forlorn ;  
On either side a man and woman share  
A common rapture, welcoming the dawn  
Of God's new day, the everlasting morn—  
Of such a day as shall, from east to west,  
Dispel the darkness, doing Love's behest.  
He turns a face all radiant to the sun,  
Enamoured of the sight he looks upon ;  
She to the end of what is now begun  
Down-gazes, stooping, shadowed by the throne  
Made by a Maiden's arms, Maternal grown ;  
Than ivory most fair, than purest gold,  
More pure, more fair and stronger to uphold.  
On cherubs twain, whom watching has made wise  
A spell has fallen—a prophetic dream ;  
Their upward-gazing and far-seeing eyes,  
Like stars reflected in a tranquil stream,  
To look beyond the Child and Mother seem ;

*MADONNA DI SAN SISTO*

A twisted thorn-branch and a cross to them  
Are manifest—his throne and diadem.

High heaven open stands, and there a crowd  
Of worshippers with love-lit eyes appear,  
Like stars down-gazing through a fleecy cloud,  
Dimly discerned as morning draweth near,  
Spreading a radiant pall upon night's bier.  
The blessed thing the sign doth signify  
They partly know, and are made glad thereby.

But, more the Mother knows, and more she sees  
Than soaring angel, or than climbing saint ;  
Her heart familiar grown with mysteries  
Of God's own working under love's constraint—  
The remedy she knows for man's complaint.  
The clouds are all beneath her, and above  
The light of life, the radiancy of love.

And he, whom Lord of Love and Life we hail,  
Is on her bosom borne, a Blossom fair ;  
The pentecostal breath that lifts her veil  
Has fanned his royal brow, and stirred his hair,  
And kissed his lips just parted for a prayer.  
That Spirit-wind shall blow, that Face shall shine,  
Till all his brothers know their Father's Sign.



The Infant-God, with his sublimest charms,  
Throned in the clasp of her maternal arms ;  
Uplift my ravished senses to the skies,  
And bear me to the gates of Paradise.

And as, when erst on Thabor's holy sward,  
To right, to left of earth's transfigured Lord,  
Wrapt in the effulgence of that Form revered,  
There Moses, there Elias re-appeared.  
So here, in ether, 'mid the clouds are seen,  
The glowing heaven's disparted veil between,  
In hoary age and blooming youth displayed,  
The reverent Pontiff and revering maid ;  
Sixtus discrowned, as though his hand had strown  
Three crowns at once before the Great White Thron  
And Barbara, bending as the virgin-bride  
Who waits the Bridegroom, with her lamp supplied

Beneath, as though some casement in the sky  
Were opened once for mortals ere they die,  
Angelic types of those who do his will,  
Lean forth entranced on the celestial sill.

Lost in the blaze that makes their splendours dim  
Are cherub hosts and burning seraphim,  
In myriad myriads dwindling from the sight,  
Drowned in the depths of the Primeval Light.

The matchless whole a revelation seems  
Of art's divinest and serenest dreams :  
The God-like calm of that supernal brow  
The Babe's rayed curls the Incarnate Word avow  
Gleams of the glory that the heavens declare  
Stir in the radiant nimbus of his hair.  
And she, the Maiden-Mother, whose sweet face  
Shines with the effluence of the Godhead's grace

III.

*GEORGE H. MILES.*

FROM 'CHRISTINE,' NEW YORK, 1866.

THREE-HUNDRED years the world has looked at it  
Unwearied—it, at heaven : and here it hangs  
In Dresden, making it a Holy City.  
It is an old acquaintance : you have met  
Copies by thousands—Morghens here and there—  
But all the sunlight withered. Prints, at best,  
Are but the master's shadow—as you see.  
I call that face the holiest revelation  
God ever made to genius. How, or why,  
When, or for whom 'twas painted, wherefore ask ?  
Enough to know 'tis Raphael, and to feel  
His Fornarina was not with him, when,  
Spurning the slow cartoon, he flashed that face,  
'That Virgin-Mother's half-transfigured face,

On canvas. Yes : they say, 'twas meant to head  
 Some virginal procession : to that banner  
 Heaven's inmost gates might open, one would think.  
 But let the picture tell its story. Take  
 Your stand in this far corner. Falls the light  
 As you would have it ? That, Saint Barbara ;  
 Observe her inclination, and the finger  
 Of Sixtus : both are pointing—where ? Now, look  
 Below—those grand boy-angels : watch their eyes  
 Fastened—on whom ? What : not yet catch my mean  
 Step closer—half a step—no nearer. Mark  
 The Babe's fixed glance of calm equality.  
 Observe that wondering, rapt, dilated gaze,  
 The Mother's superhuman joy and fear,  
 That hushed, that startled adoration. Watch  
 Those circled cherubs swarming into light,  
 Wreathing their splendid arch, their golden ring,  
 Around the unveiled vision. Look above  
 At the drawn curtain. Ah ; we do not see  
 God's self ; but, they do. They are face to face  
 With the Eternal Father.

Sir, 'tis strange :

That wondrous Virgin-face, which Raphael plucked  
 From his vast soul four centuries ago,  
 Is breathing now—not in his Italy—  
 But on the shores where then first flashed the sail  
 Of Genoa's ocean Pilot.

Years ago,

We met mid-heaven like drops of summer rain ;  
 Then, falling, parted.

But, observe the picture :

Am I not right ? Just, just before them burns,  
 Viewless to us, the Unveiled Omnipotent.  
 Yet somehow, critics fail to see, or say this.



# The Mother of Jesus

*Y A. RAWES, O.S.C., D.D.: 1826*

FROM 'FOREGLEAMS OF THE DESIRED,' 1881.

## I. OUR LADY'S BIRTH.

WHEN September's sun was shining,  
On the corn-clad mountain-side ;  
When Engaddi's lonely vineyards  
Shone in green and purple pride :  
When the broadening moon in autumn  
Saw the harvest gathered in ;  
Then, there came the Prince's Daughter  
Mary, without stain of sin.

From the crest of sun-lit mountains  
Standing in a desert wild,  
Came our Lord's predestined Mother,  
Came the sin-destroying Child :  
Light unearthly burns around her,  
Sign of more than man can see ;  
Joachim and Anna wonder  
What this mystery can be.

For the world such welcome glory,  
Till that hour was never seen ;  
When the heaven-sent angels, watching,  
Knelt around their infant Queen :  
Legions of victorious angels  
Guard her with their wings outspread  
Purer light than theirs is streaming  
From her little star-crowned head.

Not as Jesus came, came Mary,  
In the wintry days of snow ;  
But amid the yellow harvest,  
In the autumn's golden glow :  
Thus September, heavy-fruited,  
Clad in russet brown and green,  
Gave the world its sinless Daughter  
Gave the Church her sun-clothed

*THE MOTHER OF JESUS*

No joy so pure as hers,  
The Virgins' chosen Queen,  
Upon whose faultless soul  
No stain of sin has been—  
The purest joy by far  
That highest heaven has seen.

No love so strong as hers,  
The Eternal Spirit's Bride,  
Which seraphim know not  
In flowing of its tide—  
Where by the King she reigns,  
For ever at his side.

No thoughts so wise as hers,  
Far-reaching, never dim,  
The Mother of Fair Love  
Drawn ever close to him—  
Far wiser in God's eyes  
Than thoughts of cherubim.

No strength so great as hers,  
Who weakness never knew ;  
Who kept for her Beloved,  
All fruits, both old and new—  
Stronger than mighty thrones,  
Yet stronger ever grew.

No peace so deep as hers,  
Who reigns among the blest ;  
Where sorrow comes no more,  
Where weary souls find rest—  
Queen of the peaceful world,  
On Sion's highest crest.



### III. CANTICLE.

BLEST Mother of my Lord, I fly to thee,  
Who ever hast a mother's love for me,  
Who prayest ceaselessly to God for me.

Thou Queen, who givest gifts of light to me,  
In joy and weariness I turn to thee,  
Lifting my hands and all my heart to thee.

No love of Jesus is flame-winged like thine,  
For all his overflowing Heart is thine ;  
My Mother Mary, make thy Jesus mine.

No heart is steeped in love of God like thine  
No spirit lightens in his eyes like thine ;  
Thou loving Mother, make thy Jesus mine.

I seek, and cannot find him without thee ;  
Or worship him, or love him without thee ;  
For he is thine, and evermore with thee.

## *THE MOTHER OF JESUS*

But, always do I find my Love with thee ;  
For, thou didst bring my dearest Love to me ;  
Oh, bring him now ; oh, bring thy Son to me.

Thou chosen Daughter of the Living One ;  
Thou sun-clothed Mother of the Living One ;  
Thou Bride, star-crownèd, of the Living One ;

The souls in Purgatory turn to thee ;  
Their cry of pain uprises unto thee—  
A voiceless cry, by day and night, to thee.

Thou helpest souls on earth who know not thee  
The souls who trust with childlike love to thee.  
The souls who look in pain and grief to thee.

Help thou all suffering souls, most loving One ;  
Much solace give to them, most loving One ;  
Remembering thine own pain, most loving One

A flower-like splendour in the love of God,  
Thy soul most filled with sweetest bliss of God,  
Thou liest crowned upon the Heart of God.

My Mother, thou art dearest to the King,  
Touching the golden sceptre of the King,  
Thy sinless hands uplifting to the King.

My Mother, evermore the Queen of Heaven,  
The risen stars are round thy throne in heaven  
Thy Son, the Saint's Desire, is King of Heaven

Bring me in safety where I wish to be,  
To light of promise, where I pray to be,  
The heaven of Jesus, where I long to be.

Bring me to him who sought on earth for me,  
Who lived, divinely sorrowful, for me—  
Thy Jesus, Son of God, who died for me.

## Rossetti's Ode : 'Ave'

*THE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*: 1828

FROM 'POEMS,' 1870.

MOTHER of the Fair Delight,  
Thou Handmaid perfect in God's sight,  
Now sitting fourth beside the Three,  
Thyself a Woman-trinity—  
Being a Daughter born to God,  
Mother of Christ from stall to rood,  
And Wife unto the Holy Ghost—  
Oh, when our need is uttermost,  
Think that to such as death may strike  
Thou once wert Sister sister-like :  
Thou Headstone of humanity,  
Groundstone of the great mystery,  
Fashioned like us, yet more than we.

Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy brea  
Warmed the long days in Nazareth),  
That eve thou didst go forth to give  
Thy flowers some drink, that they might l  
One faint night more amid the sands?  
Far off the trees were as pale wands  
Against the fervid sky : the sea  
Sighed further off eternally,  
As human sorrow sighs in sleep.  
Then, suddenly the awe grew deep,  
As of a day to which all days  
Were footsteps in God's secret ways :  
Until a folding sense, like prayer,  
Which is as God is, everywhere,



*ROSSETTI'S ODE*

Gathered about thee ; and a voice  
Spake to thee without any noise,  
Being of the silence : ' Hail,' it said,  
' Thou that art highly favoured ;  
The Lord is with thee here and now ;  
Blessed among all women thou.'

Ah, knew'st thou of the end, when first  
That Babe was on thy bosom nursed ?  
Or when he tottered round thy knee,  
Did thy great sorrow dawn on thee ?  
And through his boyhood, year by year  
Eating with him the Passover,  
Didst thou discern confusedly  
That holier sacrament, when he,  
The bitter cup about to quaff,  
Should break the bread and eat thereof ?  
Or came not yet the knowledge, even  
Till on some day forecast in heaven  
His feet passed through thy door to press  
Upon his Father's business ?  
Or still was God's high secret kept ?

Nay, but I think the whisper crept  
Like growth through childhood. Work and  
Things common to the course of day,  
Awed thee with meanings unfulfilled ;  
And all through girlhood, something stilled  
Thy senses like the birth of light,  
When thou hast trimmed thy lamp at night  
Or washed thy garments in the stream :  
To whose white bed had come the dream,  
That he was thine and thou wast his  
Who feeds among the field-lilies.  
Oh, solemn shadow of the end  
In that wise spirit long contained.

*D. G. ROSSETTI*

Oh, awful end ; and those unsaid  
Long years, when ' It was finishèd.'

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone,  
Left darkness in the house of John),  
Between the naked window-bars  
That spacious vigil of the stars?  
For thou, a watcher even as they,  
Wouldst rise from where, throughout the day  
Thou wroughtest raiment for his poor ;  
And, finding the fixed terms endure  
Of day and night, which never brought  
Sounds of his coming chariot,  
Wouldst lift, through cloud-waste unexplored  
Those eyes which said, ' How long, O Lord  
Then, that disciple whom he loved,  
Well heeding, haply would be moved  
To ask thy blessing in his name ;  
And that one thought in both, the same  
Though silent, then would clasp ye round  
To weep together—tears long bound,  
Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.  
Yet, ' Surely I come quickly ' ; so  
He said, from life and death gone home.  
Amen : even so, Lord Jesus, come.

But oh, what human tongue can speak  
That day, when Michael came to break  
From the tired spirit, like a veil,  
Its covenant with Gabriel  
Endured at length unto the end?  
What human thought can apprehend  
That mystery of Motherhood,  
When thy Beloved at length renewed  
The sweet communion severèd—

*FROM 'THE IRISH MONTHLY'*

His left hand underneath thine head,  
And his right hand embracing thee ?  
Lo, he was thine ; and this is he.

Soul, is it faith, or love, or hope,  
That lets me see her standing up  
Where the light of the Throne is bright  
Unto the left, unto the right,  
The cherubim, succinct, conjoint,  
Float inward to a golden point,  
And from between the seraphim  
The glory issues for a hymn.  
O Mary Mother, be not loth  
To listen—thou whom the stars cloth  
Who seest and mayst not be seen.  
Hear us, at last, O Mary Queen ;  
Into our shadow bend thy face,  
Bowing thee from the secret place,  
O Mary Virgin, Full of grace.



And so, O dearest Mother,  
Before the simple shrine  
Which we have decked with flowers  
Because we call it thine,  
We kneel to scatter incense  
And prayer and song for thee :  
Look down, O dearest Mother,  
Look down, to hear and see.

Look down on us thy children,  
O Mother dear, look down ;  
The mother's face beams kindly  
When other faces frown :  
Though thou art Queen of Heaven,  
And reign'st in joy above,  
Yet still, O dearest Mother,  
Look down on us with love.

Ah, we have forced thee often,  
All loving as thou art,  
To turn in sadness from us,  
Thine eyes—but not thy heart :  
In grief, but not in anger,  
Though we have tried thee sore :  
Yet, smile again, dear Mother,  
We'll vex thy heart no more.

By him who calls thee Mother,  
And bids us do the same—  
By him, thy Son, who gives us  
A brother's tender name—  
By all the love that yearneth  
Within thine own pure heart.  
O Mother, be a mother,  
And act a mother's part.

*FROM 'THE IRISH MONTHLY'*

In heaven's eternal May-time  
Whose sunlight is the Lamb,  
In the gladness and the glory,  
The rapture and the calm—  
We'll praise thee and we'll bless thee,  
With happy saints above,  
If now, O mighty Mother,  
Thou look on us with love.

II. DANTE'S PRAYER TO OUR LADY

PARADISO: CANTO XXXIII.

O VIRGIN-MOTHER, Daughter of thy Son,  
Of creatures all the lowliest, loftiest One,  
Term of God's counsel, fixed ere time begun.  
Our human race thou hast to such degree  
Ennobled in thy Maker's eye, that he  
His Creature's Child hath not disdained to be.  
Kindled anew within thy womb's pure shrine,  
Did burn the love beneath whose glow benign  
Bloomed in eternal peace this Flower divine.  
Here, unto us, thou art the noonday Light  
Of Charity—below, in earth's dark night,  
Thou art of Hope the living Fountain bright.  
Lady, so great thou art, thy power so high,  
Who longs for grace, nor breathes to thee his si  
Would have his wishes without wings to fly.  
Thy bounty succoureth not him alone  
Who asks for it ; but, oftentimes is known  
Freely to come ere the demand hath flown.  
In thee all mercy, clemency we find ;  
In thee all splendour—all in thee combined,  
Whatever is of good in human kind.  
O Queen, who canst whate'er thou wilt, I pray  
That he who hath such wonders seen to-day,  
'Neath thy protection ever safe may stay.

*MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.*

I. MEMORARE : A PRAYER.

REMEMBER, holy Mary,

'Twas never heard, nor known,  
That anyone who sought thee

And made to thee his moan—  
That anyone who hastened

For shelter to thy care,  
Was ever yet abandoned

And left to his despair :

No, never, Blessed Virgin,  
Most merciful, most kind,  
No sinner cries for pity  
Who does not pity find.

And so to thee, my Mother,

With filial faith I call ;

For, Jesus dying gave thee

As Mother to us all :

To thee, O Queen of Virgins,

O Mother meek, to thee

I run with trustful fondness,

Like child to mother's knee :

See, at thy feet a sinner,

Groaning and weeping sore

Ah, throw thy mantle o'er me

And let me stray no more.

Thy Son has died to save me,

And from his throne on high

His Heart this moment yearneth

For even such as I :

All, all his love remember,

And oh, remember, too,

How prompt I am to purpose,



How slow and frail to do :  
Yet, scorn not my petitions,  
But patiently give ear ;  
And help me, O my Mother,  
Most loving and most dear.

#### IV. NAME OF MARY : FROM THE ITALIA

MARY, that holy name hath scarcely died  
Upon my lips, that name immaculate,  
When my torn heart regains its placid state,  
And in mine eyes the tears of grief are dried.  
Mary : I name her, and a boundless tide  
Of rapture doth my bosom inundate  
With sweetness so unutterably great  
That, to contain it, all its strength is tried.  
Mary : that name secure shall bear me on  
Amid life's perils ; in that mighty name  
The menaces of fortune I defy.  
And, when my term of mortal life is gone,  
In my last moments Mary's help I'll claim—  
Her name upon my lips, content I'll die.

#### V. A THOUGHT FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN

THE world shines bright for inexperienced eyes,  
And death seems distant to the gay and strong,  
And in the youthful heart proud fancies throng,  
And only present good can nature prize.  
How, then, shall youth o'er these low vapours rise  
And climb the upward path, so steep and long ?  
And how, amid earth's sights and sounds of wrong,  
Walk with pure heart, and face raised to the skies ?  
By gazing on the Infinitely Good,  
Whose love must quell, or hallow every other—  
By living in the shadow of the Rood,

For he that hangs there is our Elder Brother,  
Who, dying, gave to us himself as food,  
And his own Mother as our nursing Mother.

## NOTE.

No. V. In the last of his 'Discourses to Mixed Congregations,' Dr. Newman calls the Blessed Virgin the Mother of Emmanuel, and says: 'It is the boast of the Catholic Religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus for our food and Mary for our nursing Mother?' (Author.)

## Dialogue between the Child Jesus and His Virgin Mother

*M. CASIMIR SARBIIEWSKI, S.J. : 1595-1640.*

*TRANSLATED (1891) BY RICHARD WILTON, M.A.*

CHILD : O VIRGIN, fairer than the stars on high,  
Than gold more glittering, and than glass more bright ;  
Dearer than purple to the eye,  
Outvying roses white.

VIRGIN : Jesus, more beauteous than the crimson west,  
Than the moon's splendour, or the noon-day glow ;  
Dearer than fields with springtide blest,  
Purer than winter snow.

CHILD : So gleamest thou, as some twin-fountain cool,  
Which, having danced around green Heshbon's hill,  
Seeks now some far sequestered pool,  
Alone and wondrous still.

VIRGIN : So shinest thou as twin-doves milky white  
Shine in our eyes, when by some riverside  
Or garden streamlet they alight,  
And peacefully abide.



CHILD : Thy noble locks thy graceful shoulders crown  
Like purple robes dipt in a Lydian fount,  
Or long-fleeced wild goats wandering down  
From Gilead's topmost mount.

VIRGIN : Thy lovely circling hair thy face illumines  
As a green crest the tapering palm entwines,  
Or, as in twilight of its plumes,  
The shadowy raven shines.

CHILD : Words, Virgin, from thy lips as softly flow  
As honeyed streams from combs Hyblæan run,  
Or bridal veils let loose fall low,  
The fillets being undone.

VIRGIN : Son, with thy words thy lips as sweetly swim  
As cups that overflow with Cæcuban,  
Or, wet with dew at evening dim,  
The lilies glimmer wan.

CHILD : Thy breasts are like to roe-deer that are twin  
Which crop the lilies with their tender lips,  
When, panting, the tired day begins  
To seek the night's eclipse.

VIRGIN : Son, thy breasts vie with clusters of the vine  
Clusters which in green Cyprus see the light,  
Or which in fair Engaddi shine  
Amid its gardens bright.

CHILD : Whoever thy fair cheeks, O Maid, beholds  
Finds rosy apples in a branching tree ;  
While other fruits thy heart enfolds  
More beautiful to see.



## Speech of the Maid of Orleans

BEFORE CHARLES VII., THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, AT  
THE FRENCH COURT : ACT I. SCENE X. OF THE DRAMA

*J. C. F. VON SCHILLER* : 1759–1805.

*TRANSLATED BY ANNA SWANWICK.*

FROM 'SCHILLER'S WORKS,' 1848.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, wonderful and holy Maid?  
What favoured region bore thee? What blest pair,  
Beloved of heaven, may claim thee as their child?

JOHANNA.

Most Reverend Father, I am named Johanna :  
I am a shepherd's lowly daughter, born

*SPEECH OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS*

In Dom Remi, a village of my king,  
Included in the diocese of Toul,  
And, from a child, I kept my father's sheep.  
And much and frequently I heard them tell  
Of the strange islanders, who o'er the sea  
Had come to make us slaves, and on us force  
A foreign lord, who loveth not the people ;  
How the great city, Paris, they had seized,  
And had usurped dominion o'er the realm.  
Then, earnestly God's Mother I implored  
To save us from the shame of foreign chains,  
And to preserve to us our lawful king.  
Not distant from my native village stands  
An ancient Image of the Virgin Blest,  
To which the pious pilgrims oft repaired ;  
Hard by a holy oak, of blessed power,  
Standeth, far famed through wonders manifold.  
Beneath the oak's broad shade I loved to sit,  
Tending my flock—my heart still drew me there  
And, if by chance among the desert hills  
A lambkin strayed, 'twas shown me in a dream,  
When in the shadow of this oak I slept.

And once, when, through the night, beneath this  
In pious adoration I had sat,  
Resisting sleep, the Holy One appeared,  
Bearing a sword and banner, otherwise  
Clad like a shepherdess ; and thus she spake :  
' 'Tis I. Arise, Johanna ; leave thy flock :  
The Lord appoints thee to another task.  
Receive this banner. Gird thee with this sword  
Therewith exterminate my people's foes.  
Conduct to Rheims thy royal master's son ;  
And crown him with the kingly diadem.'  
And I made answer : ' How may I presume



To undertake such deeds, a tender maid,  
Unpractised in the dreadful art of war?'  
And she replied: 'A maiden pure and chaste  
Achieves whate'er on earth is glorious,  
If she to earthly love ne'er yields her heart.  
Look upon me, a Virgin, like thyself:  
I to the Christ, the Lord Divine, gave birth,  
And am myself divine.' Mine eyelids then  
She touched; and, when I upward turned my gaze,  
Heaven's wide expanse was filled with angel-boys  
Who bore white lilies in their hands, while tones  
Of sweetest music floated through the air.

And thus, on three successive nights appeared  
The Holy One, and cried: 'Arise, Johanna;  
The Lord appoints thee to another task.'  
And, when the third night she revealed herself,  
Wrathful she seemed, and chiding spake these words:  
'Obedience, woman's duty here on earth;  
Severe endurance is her heavy doom;  
She must be purified through discipline;  
Who serveth here is glorified above.'  
While thus she spake, she let her shepherd garb  
Fall from her, and, as the Queen of Heaven stood forth  
Enshrined in radiant light, whilst golden clouds  
Uphore her slowly to the realms of bliss.



# Songs, Hymns, and Prayer in Metre

English, Irish, American

## I. SONG.

MES A. DOMINIC AYLWARD,  
1813-1872.

O THOU, of flowers the fairest  
In Eden's groves that grow,  
The scented sweets thou bearest  
Shed down upon us now—  
Flower of Eden, hail.

From out thy starry bower  
Look down, O Mother mild,  
Thy single glance hath power  
To cheer our desert wild—  
Flower of Eden, hail.

O thou, the best and brightest  
Of all the starry train,  
'Tis thou that safely lightest  
Our path across the main—  
Star of Ocean, hail.

Thy beams so pure and tender,  
Still guide us on our way,  
Till on us bursts the splendour  
Of heaven's eternal day.  
Star of Ocean, hail.

*J. R. BEST*

II. SICILIAN HYMN.

*J. RICHARD BEST: 1805-1885*

FROM 'CHURCH HYMNS,' 1849.

O THOU most holy One,  
Pure, bright and lowly One,  
Dearest Virgin, Mary mild ;  
Mother beloved of all,  
Honoured, approved of all,  
Pray for, pray for me, pray for thy child.  
Whom should we venerate,  
Whom should we supplicate,  
Where for hope and solace flee ?  
Thou wilt receive our prayer,  
Thou wilt present it there,  
Where God welcomes all coming from thee  
To God thou gavest birth ;  
O'er all the realms of earth,  
Mary, now extends thy sway :  
What thou dost recommend  
To that God will attend—  
How can Christ his dear Mother gainsay ?  
Through all the realms of heaven,  
Honour to thee is given ;  
Mighty Queen of angels thou :  
But, from thy starry throne,  
Mary, look kindly down—  
'Tis thy children who sing to thee now.  
Look down and help us here ;  
Take from us doubt and fear ;  
Give us, give us all we need :  
Teach us to hope in thee  
Fondly, confidingly—  
Help of Christians, plead for us, plead.

III. PILGRIM'S HYMN.

*THOMAS DAVIS: 1814-1845.*

FROM SIR C. GAVAN DUFFY'S 'LIFE OF THOMAS DAVIS, THE  
IRISH PATRIOT,' 1890.

Found amongst his papers, in the hand-writing of the author.

FADING; still fading, the last beam is shining ;  
Ave, Maria, day is declining ;  
Safety and innocence fly with the light,  
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night ;  
From the fall of the shade till the matin shall chime,  
Shield us from danger and save us from crime :

Ave, Maria ; audi nos.

Ave, Maria, hear when we call,  
Mother of him who is Brother to all ;  
Feeble and failing, we trust in thy might ;  
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light ;  
Let us sleep on thy breast, while the night-taper burns  
And wake in thine arms, when the morning returns :

Ave, Maria ; audi nos.



*ALFRED GURNEY*

Where'er we seek the Holy Child,  
At every sacred spot,  
We meet the Mother Undeiled,  
Who shun her seek him not ;  
At cloistered Nazareth we see,  
At haunted Bethlehem,  
The throne of Jesus, Mary's knee,  
Her smile, his diadem.

The Daughter, Mother, Spouse of God  
None silence her appeal  
Who seek to tread where Jesus trod,  
What Jesus felt to feel ;  
O Virgin-born, from thee we learn  
To love thy Mother dear—  
Her teach us duly to discern  
And rightly to revere.

\* \* \*

How many are the thoughts that throng  
On faithful souls to-day ;  
All year we sing our Lady's song,  
'Tis still the song of May :  
'Magnificat'—oh, may we feel  
That rapture more and more,  
And chiefly, Lord, what time we kneel  
Thine altar-throne before.

\* \* \*

Yes, Mary's month has come again,  
The merry month of May ;  
And sufferers forget their pain,  
And sorrows flee away,  
And joys return ; the hearts whose moan  
Was desolate erewhile  
Are blithe and gay once more, they own  
The charm of Mary's smile.

*SONGS, HYMNS, PRAYERS*

Thy Son our Brother is, and we,  
Whatever may betide,  
A Mother, Mary, have in thee,  
A guardian and a guide ;  
Thy smiles a tale of gladness tell  
No words can ever say ;  
If but like thee we love him well,  
The year will all be May.

‘All hail’—an angel spake the words  
We lovingly repeat—  
The song-notes of the singing birds,  
They are not half so sweet ;  
This is a music that endures,  
It cannot pass away,  
For Mary’s children it ensures  
A never-ending May.

HYMN FOR THE THIRD SUNDAY  
IN LENT.

*REGINALD HEBER* : 1783–1826

FROM ‘HYMNS OF THE YEAR,’ 1827.

VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before thee ;  
Blessed was the womb that bore thee ;  
Mary, Mother, meek and mild—  
Blessed was she in her Child.  
Blessed was the breast that fed thee ;  
Blessed was the hand that led thee ;  
Blessed was the Parent’s eye  
That watched thy slumbering infancy.  
Blessed she by all creation,  
Who brought forth the World’s Salvation  
And blessed they, for ever blest,  
Who love thee most and serve thee best.



VI. HYMN.

*GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA* : 1452–

FROM 'THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA,' 1850.

*TRANSLATED BY R. R. MADDEN, M.D.* : 179

A hymn composed during the Great Plague in Floren

O STAR of Galilee,  
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,  
Shed thy glorious light on me.

Queen of Clemency and Love,  
Be my Advocate above,  
And, through Christ, all sin remove.

When the angel called thee blest,  
And with transports filled thy breast,  
'Twas thy Lord became thy guest.

Earth's purest Creature thou,  
In the heavens exulting now,  
With a halo round thy brow.

Beauty beams in every trace  
Of the Virgin-Mother's face,  
Full of glory and of grace—

A Beacon to the just,  
To the sinner Hope and Trust,  
Joy of the angel-host.

Ever glorified, thy throne  
Is where thy blessed Son  
Doth reign : through him alone,

All pestilence shall cease,  
And sin and strife decrease,  
And the kingdom come of peace.



VII. FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.  
*TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN.*

THE sun is setting angrily ;  
In threatening gusts the wind is blowing ;  
Holy Mary, Star of the Sea,  
Speed our small bark fast and free  
O'er the homeward way we are going.

We left the land as the morning bright  
Purpled the smooth sea all before us ;  
We prayed to God, and our hearts were light  
We placed our bark in thy saving sight,  
And knew thou wouldst well watch o'er us.

But now, the sun sets angrily,  
From black, wild clouds the wind is blowing :  
Holy Mary, Star of the Sea,  
Send our small bark fast and free  
O'er the darkling way we are going.

We fished the deep the livelong day ;  
The waves were rich through God's good pleasure  
We ventured far from our own bright bay,  
And lingered late—we fain would stay  
Till filled with the shining treasure.

But now, the night falls threateningly,  
The sea runs high with the fierce wind blowing  
Holy Mary, Star of the Sea,  
Our Light, our Guide, our Safety be  
O'er the stormy way we are going.

We pass the point where the tempest's strain  
Is lightened off by the land's high cover ;  
Our village lights shine out again—  
I know mine own in my window-pane,  
And the tall church towering over.

## VIII. MAY-SONG.

*RICHARD STORRS WILLIS*

OF all the queens in month of May  
Proclaimed and crowned with flower  
Oh, none could ever once compare  
With her we name as ours :  
Ave, Madonna, graced o'er all,  
The first with us alway ;  
With pious minds and heedful hands  
We crown thee Queen of the May.  
O Star of Ocean, bend a ray  
To orbs the light that crave ;  
Our bark is tossed ; oh, intercede  
With him who stilled the wave :  
Ah, well-assured celestial aid  
By lips like thine implored ;  
For, how were lightly aught denied  
The Mother of our Lord ?  
Sweet month of Mary, festal May,  
What joy thy coming stirs ;  
Yet, with our gladness blends a sigh,  
For lives as pure as hers :  
O Virgin-Patron of our land ;  
Oh, voice for aid to pray ;  
Ave, Madonna, 'tis thy month ;  
We crown thee Queen of the May.

## From 'Yeruti and Monna'

A TALE OF PARAGUAY : CANTO II. STANZAS 48-58.

*ROBERT SOUTHEY*: 1774-1843.

ARGUMENT: Quiara and Monnema were the sole survivors of a tribe who had escaped the ravages of small-pox. The wife becomes the mother of Yeruti and Monna; and after the death of her husband, Monnema instructs her children in the traditions and customs of their tribe. One day she recalls to mind the coming of the ministers of the Great Spirit from across the world of waters to the Red-Man, describes a portion of their teaching, and excites a desire in the children to meet these ministers. (Author.)

A DIFFERENT sentiment within them stirred,  
When Monnema recalled to mind one day,  
Imperfectly, what she had sometimes heard  
In childhood, long ago, the elders say :  
Almost from memory had it passed away—  
How there appeared, amid the woodlands, men  
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to convey  
His gracious will : but, little heed she then  
Had given, and like a dream it now recurred again.

But, these young questioners from time to time  
Called up the long-forgotten theme anew.  
Strange men they were, from some remotest clime,  
She said, of different speech, uncouth to view,  
Having hair upon their face, and white in hue :  
Across the world of waters wide they came  
Devotedly the Father's work to do,  
And seek the Red-Men out, and in his name  
His merciful laws and love and promises proclaim.

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue  
Could tell, or heart conceive. Of human race,  
All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprung :



But, for her beauty and celestial grace,  
Being one in whose pure elements no trace  
Had e'er inhered of sin, or mortal stain,  
The highest heaven was now her dwelling place  
There as a Queen divine she held her reign,  
And there, in endless joy, for ever would remain

Her feet upon the crescent moon were set ;  
And, moving in their order round her head,  
The stars compose her sparkling coronet.  
There, at her breast, the Virgin-Mother fed  
A Babe Divine, who was to judge the dead—  
Such power the Spirit gave this awful Child.  
Severe he was, and in his anger dread ;  
Yet, alway at his Mother's will grew mild,  
So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled.

Sometimes she had descended from above  
To visit her true votaries, and requite  
Such as had served her well. And for her love  
These bearded men, forsaking all delight,  
With labour long and dangers infinite,  
Across the great blue waters came, and sought  
The Red-Man here, to win them, if they might  
From bloody ways—rejoiced to profit aught  
Even when, with their own lives, the benefit was

For, trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace,  
It was for them a joyful thing to die,  
As men who went to have their happy place  
With her, and with that Holy Child, on high,  
In fields of bliss above the starry sky,  
In glory, at the Virgin-Mother's feet :  
And all who kept their lessons faithfully  
An everlasting guerdon there would meet,  
When death had led their souls to that celestial

On earth they offered, too, an easy life  
To those who their mild lessons would obey,  
Exempt from want, from danger and from strife :  
And, from the forest leading them away,  
They placed them underneath this Virgin's sway,  
A numerous fellowship, in peace to dwell ;  
Their high and happy office there to pay  
Devotions due, which she requited well—  
Their heavenly Guardian she, in whatsoe'er befell.

Thus, Monnema remembered, it was told  
By one who in his hot and headstrong youth  
Had left her happy service ; but, when old,  
Lamented oft with unavailing ruth,  
And thoughts which sharper than a serpent's tooth  
Pierced him, that he had changed that peaceful place  
For the fierce freedom and the ways uncouth  
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace ;  
Wherefore, he had no hope to see in heaven her face.

\* \* \*

Such tales excited in Yeruti's heart  
A stirring hope that haply he might meet  
Some minister of heaven : and many a part  
Untrod before of that wild wood retreat,  
Did he, with indefatigable feet,  
Explore ; yet, ever from the fruitless quest  
Returned at evening to his native seat,  
By daily disappointment undeprest—  
So buoyant was the hope that filled his youthful breast.



# Seven Lyrics on the Life of our Lady

*ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.: 1560*

FROM 'MÆNONIÆ; CERTAIN EXCELLENT POEMS  
SPIRITUAL HYMNS.'

## I. HER CONCEPTION.

OUR second Eve puts on her mortal shroud,  
Earth breeds a heaven for God's new dwelling  
Now riseth up Elias' little cloud,  
That growing shall distill the shower of grace  
Her being now begins, who, ere she end,  
Shall bring the good that shall our evil mend  
Both grace and nature did their force unite  
To make this Babe the sum of all their best ;  
Our most, her least ; our million, but her mite—  
She was at easiest rate worth all the rest :  
What grace to men, or angels, God did part  
Was all united in this Infant's heart.  
Four only wights bred without fault are named,  
And all the rest conceivèd were in sin ;  
Without both man and wife was Adam framed ;  
Of man, but not of wife, did Eve begin ;  
Wife without touch of man Christ's Mother  
Of man and wife this Babe was bred in grace

## II. HER NATIVITY.

Joy in the rising of our orient Star,  
That shall bring forth the Sun that lent her light  
Joy in the peace that shall conclude our war,  
And soon rebate the edge of Satan's spite ;  
Load-star of all engulfed in worldly waves  
The Card and Compass that from shipwreck



The patriarchs and prophets were the flowers  
Which time by course of ages did distill,  
And culled into this little Cloud the showers  
Whose gracious drops the world with joy shall fill ;  
Whose moisture suppleth every soul with grace,  
And bringeth life to Adam's dying race.

For God, on earth, she is the royal Throne ;  
The chosen Cloth to make his mortal weed ;  
The Quarry to cut out our Corner-stone ;  
Soil full of fruit, yet, free from mortal seed ;  
For heavenly flower, she is the Jesse-rod—  
The Child of man, the Parent of a God.

### III. HER ESPOUSALS.

WIFE did she live, yet, Virgin did she die ;  
Untouched of man, yet, Mother of a Son ;  
To save herself and Child from fatal lie,  
To end the web whereof the thread was spun,  
In marriage knots to Joseph she was tied—  
Unwonted works with wonted veils to hide.

God lent his Paradise to Joseph's care,  
Wherein he was to plant the Tree of Life ;  
His Son, of Joseph's Child the title bare,  
Just cause to make the Mother Joseph's Wife.  
O blessèd man, betrothed to such a Spouse,  
More blessed to live with such a Child in house.

No carnal love this sacred league procured,  
All vain delights were far from their assent ;  
Though both in wedlock-bands themselves assured,  
Yet, strait by vow they sealed their chaste intent :  
Thus had she virgins', wives', and widows' crown,  
And by chaste child-birth doubled her renown.

## IV. HER SALUTATION.

SPELL Eva back and Ave shall you find ;  
 The first began, the last reversed our harms :  
 An angel's witching words did Eva blind ;  
 An angel's Ave disenchants the charms :  
 Death first by woman's weakness entered in  
 In Woman's virtue life doth now begin.  
 O Virgin-breast, the heavens to thee incline,  
 In thee their joy and sovereign they agnize ;  
 Too mean their glory is to match with thine,  
 Whose chaste receipt God more than heaven c  
 Hail, fairest Heaven, that heaven and ear  
 bless,  
 Where virtues' stars, God's sun of justice is.  
 With haughty mind to Godhead man aspired,  
 And was by pride from place of pleasure chas  
 With loving mind our manhead God desired,  
 And us by love in greater pleasure placed :  
 Man labouring to ascend procured our fall ;  
 God yielding to descend cut off our thrall.

## V. HER VISITATION.

PROCLAIMÈD Queen and Mother of a God,  
 The Light of earth, the Sovereign of saints,  
 With pilgrim foot up tiring hills she trod,  
 And heavenly stile with handmaids' toil acquai  
 Her youth to age, her health to sick she len  
 Her heart to God, to neighbour hand she b  
 A Prince she is, and mightier Prince doth bear,  
 Yet, pomp of princely train she would not have  
 But doubtless, heavenly choirs attendant were,  
 Her Child from harm, herself from fall to save  
 Word to the voice, song to the tune she brin  
 The voice her word, the tune her ditty sings

Eternal lights enclosed in her breast  
Shot out such piercing beams of burning love,  
That when her voice her cousin's ears possessed  
The force thereof did force her babe to move :  
With secret signs the children greet each other ;  
But, open praise each leaveth to his mother.

## VI. HER DEATH.

WEEP, living things, of life the Mother dies ;  
The world doth lose the sum of all her bliss,  
The Queen of earth, the Empress of the skies ;  
By Mary's death mankind an orphan is.  
Let Nature weep ; yea, let all graces moan,  
Their glory, grace and gifts die all in one.  
It was no death to her, but to her woe,  
By which her joys began, her griefs did end :  
Death was to her a friend, to us a foe,  
Life of whose lives did on her life depend :  
Not prey of death, but praise to death she was,  
Whose ugly shape seemed glorious in her face.  
Her face a heaven ; two planets were her eyes,  
Whose gracious light did make our clearest day :  
But, one such heaven there was, and lo, it dies,  
Death's dark eclipse hath dimmèd every ray :  
Sun, hide thy light, thy beams untimely shine :  
True light since we have lost, we crave not thine.

## VII. HER ASSUMPTION.

If sin be captive, grace must find release ;  
From curse of sin the innocent is free ;  
Tomb, prison is for sinners that decease ;  
No tomb, but throne to guiltless doth agree :  
Though thralls of sin lie lingering in their grave.  
Yet, faultless corpse, with soul, reward must have.



om 'Sonnets chiefly Astronomical'  
1856.

*JAMES A. STOTHERT* : 1817-18

I. THE MORNING STAR.

STAR of the Morn, o'er yonder purple hill  
Reigning alone, amidst a wintry sky ;  
See, one by one, the lamps of midnight dim  
Before the rising dawn ; thou reignest still,  
Bright herald of diviner lights which fill  
The rosy east ; in heaven a lonely eye,  
Until his burning car approaches nigh,  
Who routs a million phantom-shapes of ill.  
Before his face alone thy radiance pales,  
Clear Star of Hope, propitious Eye of Morn  
Herald of Sunshine to a world forlorn :  
Thy stainless rising all creation hails ;  
Thy light is his ; his countenance like thine  
Thy face the mirror of his rays divine.

## II. THE EVENING STAR.

MIRRORED in ocean's calm, thou lingerest  
 Bright Pilgrim, travelling the western heaven :  
 Our Sun is gone : yet, for a space 'tis given  
 To watch with thee, our soon-departing guest.  
 Through summer clouds he passed into his rest :  
 Dark shadows o'er our widowed hearts were driven  
 Tracing his path through crimson glories riven :  
 Thy lustrous orb still reigning in the west.  
 Not wholly gone, he visits us in thee :  
 Beneath thy ray, we feel him not so far  
 In depths of light, where glowing seraphs burn,  
 Through thy pure beam reflected o'er that sea.  
 Tranquil thy setting, Memory's lingering Star ;  
 With thee departs our joy, till he return.

## III. THE STAR OF LOVE.

THE king of day unveiled, when skies are clear,  
 Thy path assigned may cross his noon-tide face :  
 Our eyes, awaiting thee, may gauge the space  
 Which severs thine from his remoter sphere,  
 And ours from both—how far beyond, and yet how near.  
 Thee, millions hail : in every distant place  
 The Star of Love, to each admiring race,  
 Throughout all times, in thee, united here.  
 The same, thou reignest in the flushing dawn ;  
 Or sinking in the west, at golden eve,  
 The glad Precursor of a day new-born :  
 Or hovering o'er the shadowy curtains drawn  
 Across the path, where late he took his leave :  
 Glory of age mature, or tender morn.

## NOTES.

Sonnet I. The title of the 'Morning Star' is sometimes given to the Holy Virgin, Mother of Jesus, in remembrance of her

## Syriac and Armenian Hymn

*WILLIAM HENRY KENT, O.S.*

FROM 'THE AVE MARIA,' NOTRE DAME, U.S.A., I

*WRITTEN BY ST. EPHREM, THE SYRI.  
IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.*

### I. HYMN TO OUR LADY.

Now, the holy Maiden calls me,  
Bids me sing her wondrous story.  
Son Divine, be thou my helper,  
With thy gifts my harp enriching,  
So that I may sing thy Mother,  
Paint her picture full of beauty.  
See, the Maiden womb conceiveth ;  
See, the Maiden breast is fruitful ;  
Wonder far surpassing nature—  
Mother's milk, and Maiden brightness  
All at once, in one pure body.  
Wonders that no tongue can utter—  
See, her Son the Virgin beareth.  
Lo, she gives her milk to feed him,



*SYRIAC AND ARMENIAN HYMNS*

Food to him, who feedeth all things.  
See, her tender knees support him—  
Him whose power upholdeth all things.  
Still a Maid, and still a Mother,  
What is there, we may not call her?  
Fair in soul, in body holy;  
Pure her mind and clear her judgment;  
And her thoughts exceeding perfect.  
She is chaste and she is prudent;  
Fair in form and full of beauty.  
Maidens all, rejoice in Mary,  
Glad that she, a Maid, conceiveth,  
Bearing him, who beareth all things;  
And in him, the race of Adam  
From its bondage is delivered.  
Let him too rejoice in Mary—  
Adam, whom the serpent wounded.  
Lo, she brings a Fruit, and feeds him,  
And he tramples on the serpent;  
For that Fruit gives strength, and heals him  
From the serpent's deadly wounding.  
Priests, rejoice in her, the blest One,  
Bearing our great Priest and Victim,  
Freeing you from sacrifices.  
He himself becomes our Victim,  
Reconciles us to his Father.  
Prophets all, rejoice in Mary;  
For in her, your songs are ended,  
All your prophecies are perfect,  
All your words are proved and strengthened  
Patriarchs all, rejoice in Mary;  
See, she takes your promised blessing,  
In her Son, she makes you perfect—  
Priests and saints and seers he hallows.

*ST. NERSES: W. H. KENT, O.S.C*

For the bitter fruit our mother  
Plucked from off the tree of knowledge,  
See, the sweet Fruit Mary gives us,  
Wherewith all the world is sweetened.  
Now, the Tree of Life, once hidden  
In the midst of Eden's garden,  
Grows in Mary, springeth from her,  
Far and wide its sweet fruits sending ;  
And the whole creation resteth  
In the shadow of its branches.  
Mary weaves the robe of glory,  
Gives it to her father Adam,  
Who mid Eden's trees, was naked,  
Clothing him with peace and beauty.  
Whom the wife o'erthrew, the Daughter  
Lifteth, and his heart is gladdened.  
Eve and Satan leagued together  
Dug the pit for Adam's ruin.  
Mary with the angel speaketh,  
And from out the deep, they lift him,  
By the mystery, hid for ages,  
Come to light for Adam's healing.  
Now the Virgin-Vine hath borne us  
Grapes, that make the wine of sweetness,  
Where our parents, Eve and Adam,  
Find true comfort in their sorrow,  
Taste the drink of life and healing,  
And their woes are lost in gladness.

I. HYMN ON THE ANNUNCIATION  
*TEN BY ST. NERSES, THE ARMENIAN  
THE TWELFTH CENTURY.*

MARY, Mother of our Maker,  
Daughter sprung from kingly David,



*SYRIAC AND ARMENIAN HYMNS*

Bearing for us the New Adam,  
Ancient Adam's race renewing.  
God's true Mother we confess thee ;  
Hail, as God, the Child thou bearest ;  
With the angel's words we greet thee,  
Echoing his note of gladness.  
Dwelling-place of Light, be gladsome :  
Temple where the true Sun dwelleth ;  
Throne of God, rejoice, that bearest  
Him, the Word of the Almighty.  
Heaven, exalted o'er the heavens ;  
Than the cherubim far higher ;  
From the soaring seraph's pinion,  
Is thy wondrous mystery hidden.  
Home of him that none may compass :  
Hostel, where the Sun finds resting ;  
Dwelling of the Fire of Glory,  
Where the Word finds fleshly clothing.  
Seers of old in figures saw thee ;  
Moses' Bush which flames consumed not  
Great Isaias' Virgin bearing,  
And Ezechiel's fastened Portal.  
Daniel's great Stone-bearing Mountain  
Solomon's fair Hill of Incense ;  
Fountain sealed for him that keeps it ;  
Garden closed for him that plants it.  
Gideon in the Fleece beheld thee ;  
David saw the Rain descending ;  
And Micheas, Bethlehem's glory  
Saw, and said, 'from thence he cometh.  
Noah's Ark, the true, the living ;  
Tent of Abraham, our father ;  
Ark of Covenant and Mercy ;  
Lamp, where wondrous light is burning.



God's own Garden, fair with blossoms ;  
 Spikenard of the Spirit's sweetness ;  
 Valley, where the lily bloometh ;  
 Fountain, whence the four streams issue ;  
 Censer of the sweetest incense  
 Where the fourfold spices mingle,  
 Whence, amid the saints in glory,  
 Like sweet smoke thy prayer ascendeth.  
 Lo, we pray thee, Life's own Mother,  
 From the stain of sin to cleanse us,  
 By thy prayer to God our Maker—  
 Unto whom the praise and glory.

### III. HYMN ON THE FEAST OF THE MIGRATION OF OUR LADY.

*WRITTEN BY ST. NERSES, THE ARMENIAN,  
IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.*

The Armenian Liturgy treats the 'Migration,' or Assumption, as a counterpart of the feast of the Annunciation ; and makes the angel Gabriel appear to our Blessed Lady with the summons to the heavenly crown, even as he came with the first glad tidings. (Translator.)

'Tis the day the angel Gabriel to the Holy Maid came  
 down,  
 Bearing her the palm of triumph, bringing her the victor's  
 crown ;  
 'Tis the day he came to call her to the Everlasting  
 Lord—  
 Her, the Most High's chosen Dwelling, her, the Temple  
 of the Word.  
 Gathered at the Spirit's summons, came the apostles one  
 and all,  
 With the band of holy maidens, faithful to the Master's  
 call.

Then, the angel-hosts were humbled, in their glory  
bending down,  
While the Word, the One-Begotten, called his Mother to  
her crown ;  
Till she heard and mounted upward, like the lightning  
in her flight,  
Through the ranks of purest spirits passing to the  
heavenly height.  
'Tis the day they took her body, pure and virginal and fair ;  
Gave it to the earth in keeping ; laid their stainless  
treasure there.  
See, the tomb wherein they laid her ; round about it  
angels throng ;  
All around they sound the heavenly music of their choral  
song ;  
While the voices of the apostles mingle with the hymn  
they raise,  
And the bands of holy maidens sing the Maiden-  
Mother's praise.  
'Tis the day that saw her passing : from the land where  
senses reign  
Passed that fair and stainless body to the spirits' high  
domain.  
Now, with overflowing gladness, sing the angel-ranks today,  
While the fair and glorious Virgin 'mid them wends her  
heavenward way.  
Gifts of healing, gifts of mercy, this glad day are freely  
given ;  
Now, the face of God's own Mother beams upon us from  
the heaven.  
Thus, we keep the Virgin's triumph ; thus, our thankful  
songs we raise—  
To the Father, Son and Spirit, sending up our prayer  
and praise.

## Tale of Tintern: a May Pageant

*EDWARD CASWALL, OF THE  
ORATORY, M.A.: 1814-1878.*

FROM THE SECOND EDITION OF A 'TALE OF TINTERN,'  
CANTOS VI. AND VIII. 1873.

ARGUMENT: Egwin, a Franciscan religious, summoned, from his convent on the banks of the Severn, to administer the holy Viaticum, arrives too late. On his return, passing through a wood, he prays for pardon, if it be his fault; and falling into a deep sleep, is favoured with a prophetic vision, which represents, under the figure of a jubilant procession, the recovery of England to her ancient obedience. Himself marches in the wake of the heavenly pageant in virtue of his bearing on his breast the Holy One. The vision is narrated at length, as to its composition, personality and course; and some of its various incidents are explained by Athelstan, a former earthly friend of the monk. Amongst others is recorded one which describes how the Royal Confessor, Edward, kneels at Mary's feet, and implores her to take again the sceptre of our isle. In the morning, the friars seek the aged brother, and he is found on his knees, dead—the spirit having fled at the conclusion of the vision and the consummation of the renaissance of England.

THEN, over hill and vale and mead  
Began a fairer grace to spread,  
On balmier wing the breeze went by,  
Purer the light, more blue the sky;  
And livelier still in leaf and spray  
The pulse of nature seemed to play,  
As though some elemental force  
Were stirring at creation's source,  
And clothing with a second birth  
Before their time the things of earth.  
The twain observed the change appear,  
And knew that May's fair Queen was near.



## TALE OF TINTER.V

‘ She comes ’ : cried Athelstan ; and lo,  
Along the summit to and fro,  
Soft as the summer lightning plays,  
A splendour of ethereal rays  
Begins—whence, like a lovely thought  
Out of quick-teeming fancies wrought,  
Or the efflorescence of the morn,  
Or scent from breathing meadows born  
Virgins behind and on each side,  
Appears the Eternal Spirit’s Bride.  
A Form of Grace, seated serene  
In fashion of a Pilgrim Queen  
On palfrey white of heavenly mould,  
Such as that steed the saint of old  
At Patmos saw, with bated breath,  
Bearing the Conqueror of death ;  
Amidst exulting wafts of song  
Sublimely sweet she came along  
In dawning youth, or rather, say  
In youth’s undawned eternity.  
Above her fair imperial head,  
As in a baldachin outspread,  
Dovelings their silver wings unfold,  
Their silver wings bedropped with gold,  
And shoaling to the sunny light,  
Cross and recross in circles bright,  
While, side by side, two sons of day  
Herald the splendour on its way,  
A marvel each to human gaze,  
So bright in perfect glory’s blaze.  
‘ England’s and Rome’s Apostles these,’  
Whispered the youth, ‘ twin-majesties—  
Augustine, who dissolved our night,  
And Philip, sweetest saint in light,

*ED. CASWALL, OF THE ORATORY*

Our isle's new guest. Their day the sun  
In Mary equal share they claim  
This morn ; Oh, see how zone in zone  
Their friendly aureoles blend in one

\* \* \*

Long was their gaze, one worship all  
Solemn, subdued, ecstatical,  
As finding such a store of bliss  
In that dear mystery's abyss,  
That, powerless therefrom to sever,  
It there must lose itself for ever.  
From whence, in turn, such silence grew  
And spread around, as never knew  
Saint Francis' dear son in all  
His life before ; if we might call  
Silence indeed, what rather were  
A super-silence—spirit of prayer  
Unbreathed—such silence as befel  
In that half hour most mystical,  
The Apocalypse records—a sea  
Of imperturbed tranquillity  
Inflowing broad—whereon upborne  
His soul beyond the gates of morn  
Was mounting heavenward, when lo,  
A stir, a movement, to and fro ;  
And as in beauty peers the moon  
Above the groves of Lebanon ;  
Or, as the flowery odours glide  
In balmy mist by Carmel's side ;  
Or, as before your charmed sight  
In some fair garden of delight,  
Forth from a lily bank should rise  
The plumaged bird of Paradise ;  
So, from amidst her virgins fair  
Our Lady rose. an odorous air



## TALE OF TINTERN

Breathing around, and through the th  
Of saintly splendours thrid along  
To the altar floor. There, at the side  
In beauty knelt the Heavenly Bride,  
Her arms across her bosom drawn,  
Her hair upon her shoulders strawn  
(As wont in Coronation-rite).  
Sideways she knelt, and gave to sight  
That type of virgin excellency  
And intellectual majesty  
Which angels worship.

Vision sweet  
Of perfect Maidenhood, where meet,  
From every touch of earth refined,  
As in the abstractions of the mind,  
All that we can of virtue guess,  
All wisdom, truth and holiness,  
All joy, all love, all constancy,  
Blended in heavenliest unity.  
Such vision as on Dante's eyes  
Ne'er beamed in his own Paradise ;  
Such as ne'er thrilled Correggio,  
Nor e'en our blessed Angelico ;  
Once only, in his youth's fair morn,  
To Raphael shown in dream of dawn  
And caught upon his canvas rare  
To live and glow immortal there.

Thus, as she knelt, the Pontiff-Saint,  
Serving as sacred celebrant,  
From the altar took the mystic sign  
Of grace original, gifts divine,  
Puissance high and glory bright,  
Unblemished diadem of light ;  
And with it, in exultant wave,  
Tracing the cross on high, first gave



*ED. CASWALL, OF THE ORATORY*

A benison round ; then, on the brow  
So snowy fair upturned below,  
The radiance laid. Forthwith, a strain  
Of acclamations bursts amain ;  
And our High Lady, from her knees  
Rising, 'mid heavenly harmonies,  
Straight to her amethystine throne  
Amidst her virgins passèd on,  
And so, with solemn rites complete,  
Installed, assumes her glory-seat.

There, as enthroned triumphantly,  
She sat in beauty of majesty,  
Lo, underneath the basement broad  
A sky, as 'twere of opal showed,  
Whereon it resting lay, as though  
Self-poised in the empyrean blue,  
Nor portion seemed to have at all  
With this, our sublunary ball,  
Save, where its steps translucent shone  
Bridging the abyss. Up these anon,  
Divested first of ermine fair  
And England's proud regalia,  
Ascends our Kingly Confessor,  
Who in his hand resplendent bore  
A sceptre, with whose worth might vie  
No staff of earthly monarchy.  
Not half so beauteous Aaron's rod,  
Blooming before the ark of God,  
Disclosed to raptured Israel's sight  
Its growth of almond-blossoms bright,  
As this its stem symmetric shows  
Floriferous in varied hues ;  
While, at the top in pearly rays,  
The dove its mystic form displays.

## TALE OF TINTERN

This bearing, then, at Mary's feet  
He kneels, and thus with homage meet  
(So heard our monk, or seemed to hear,  
A marvel all to eye and ear)  
Presents it : ' Virgin-Glory, deign  
Into thy hand to take again  
This island's sceptre, thine before  
In the Christ-loving days of yore ;  
For thee reserved through dismal years,  
For thee, through blood and briny tears,  
Long under seas of trouble tossed  
It lay, and seemed for ever lost ;  
Now, with the newly dawning time,  
Reflourishing as in its prime  
Again returns, Lady, to thee  
The symbol of thy sovereignty.  
Take it ; and, by its gentle sway  
To better times ordain the way ;  
Defend the Faith ; the strength subdue  
Of heresy ; prepare anew  
A holy people, and by their aid  
Illume the lands in darkness laid,  
Till, for what England lost of yore,  
Earth's ends a hundred-fold restore.  
He ceased ; but she awhile delayed,  
As one who hidden secrets weighed ;  
Awhile with mute adoring eye  
Sought inspiration from on high ;  
Then bends, and with a beaming face  
Accepts the pledge of second grace.

### NOTE.

87 : ' The Queen arrayed in royal robes, her hair u  
ted to the Archbishop, who sits mitred in front of t  
(Rite of Coronation in the Roman Pontifical.)



# Talitha Cumi

JOHN BRANDE MORRIS, M.A. :

1813-1880.

CHORUS OF ANGELS : ACT IV.

'TALEETHA KOOME : OR, THE GOSPEL PROPHECY  
OF THE ASSUMPTION ; A DRAMA,' 1858.

THOUSANDS of centuries, ere the earth  
Softened her carpet for Eva's birth,  
Did seraphial choirs above  
Ponder in ever-abiding sheen,  
What was the Coronal shaped, my Queen,  
By omnipotent Filial Love ?

Thousands of deluges oft entombed  
All that a motherly earth unwombed  
At angelical Sovereign's will :  
Regents of God for a million years  
Earthward attached from elder spheres  
Pondered eagerly, pondered still.

Every princely intelligence gazed  
When the Almighty in vision raised  
Mary's throne of maternal right :  
Gabriel, Oriel, Raphael  
Basked with the armies of Michael  
In the adorable Mother's light.

Michael's banner upreared on high,  
Summoning seraphs to victory,  
Brightly flashed over yawning hell :  
Fiends who abhorred a Mother's right  
Writhed at the wooden altar in sight,  
As the cross on the blasted fell.

\* \* \*



*TALITHA CUMI*

Rattle your sulphur-eyed darkness chain  
Forge ye on anvils of angriest pains,  
Bolts envenomed in angrier spite ;  
Millions of ever-increasing stars  
Scorned in their cradle Abaddon's wars,  
Vainly levelled at Mary's right.

Vessels of wrath, were ye thirsty still  
Man to engulf at Behemoth's will ?

Earth to spoil of her jewel, Eve ?  
Dread ye the torrent of Kishon's vale ;  
Mystical Sisera, dread the Nail  
Which a Woman in thee shall leave

\* \* \*

Every doomsday whose wrath was spent  
Harm to antiquity's vale forwent,

Virgin spot in its Maker's eye :  
Firmament horsemen of ominous dance  
Shrunk at the echoing vale's 'Advance,'  
As the chorus of stars went by.

Ages and æons had tided past—  
Eve's majestical eye at last

Rose on earth for a sun of joy :  
Then the Deceiver, by her deceived,  
Bended his weapon ; his spite believed  
It was Mary in majesty.

Enmity whetting its sting to cope  
With the Almighty in flesh, could hope  
A demon's hope with a demon's dre  
Bitterly cursing a race to come,  
Sulkily traversed he Mary's home—

A lion he, with his wrath unfed.  
When the majestical Eve appeared,  
Hopeful was anger, as hatred feared,  
To poison her in the vision seen :

Stung was the serpent, that creature mere,  
Girded in flesh, upon angels fear  
    Could hurl, and crush with her foot hi  
Marvel we, then, if a giant's slave  
Stalking before him artillery gave,  
    Deadly barbèd for artless Eve?  
Thousands of years hath his venom-dart  
Widowed her soul of the chastest heart,  
    Which a spouse ever owned to give.  
Slave of the giant, abhorrèd Death,  
Tremble and listen—a Saviour's breath  
    Slings the 'Damsel, arise' to-day:  
Tremble at Mary, the womby shrine;  
Eva, rejoice thee; a Host divine  
    Death and issue of blood shall stay.

## NOTE.

Line 18: Adorable; See Psalm xcv. 9. 'Adorate  
in atrio sancto ejus'; a psalm used in the Third Noct  
Mattins Office, on Feasts of the B.V.M. This, of course  
hyperdulia.



But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,  
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,  
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

She, as her carol sadder grew,  
From brow and bosom slowly down  
Through rosy taper fingers drew  
Her streaming curls of deepest brown  
To left and right, and made appear  
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,  
Her melancholy eyes divine,  
The home of woe without a tear.

And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan,  
'Madonna, sad is night and morn,'  
And, 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

Till all the crimson changed, and past  
Into deep orange o'er the sea,  
Low on her knees herself she cast,  
Before Our Lady murmured she ;  
Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace  
To help me of my weary load.'  
And on the liquid mirror glow'd  
The clear perfection of her face.

'Is this the form,' she made her moan,  
'That won his praises night and morn  
And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone,  
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn.'

\* \* \*

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream :  
She felt he was and was not there.  
She woke : the babble of the stream  
Fell, and, without, the steady glare



TENNYSON

Shrank one sick willow sere and small.  
The river-bed was dusty-white ;  
And all the furnace of the light  
Struck up against the blinding wall.  
She whisper'd, with a stifled moan,  
More inward than at night or morn  
' Sweet Mother, let me not here alone  
Live forgotten, and die forlorn.'

\* \* \*

But sometimes in the falling day  
An image seem'd to pass the door,  
To look into her eyes and say,  
' But thou shalt be alone no more.'  
And flaming downward over all  
From heat to heat the day decreased,  
And slowly rounded to the east  
The one black shadow from the wall.  
' The day to night,' she made her moan  
' The day to night, the night to morn  
And day and night I am left alone  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

At eve a dry cicada sung,  
There came a sound as of the sea ;  
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,  
And lean'd upon the balcony.  
There all in spaces rosy-bright  
Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,  
And deepening thro' the silent spheres  
Heaven over Heaven rose the night.  
And weeping then she made her moan  
' The night comes on that knows  
morn,  
When I shall cease to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

## Our Lady's Exile and other Lyrics

*KATHARINE TYNAN*

FROM 'SHAMROCKS,' 1887 ; AND 'BALLADS AND LYRICS,' 1891.

### I. OUR LADY'S EXILE.

TWELVE years, and down on earth the time was long :  
 She was dreaming all alone in her leaf-framed bower,  
 What time the limes and almonds were in flower ;  
 Outside the casement was a white bird's song,  
 Ringing and clinging ; there was scent of spice  
 From some far opening door in Paradise.

About her were magnolias, white and red,  
 And palms like emerald flame went leaping up  
 From the poor setting of an earthen cup ;  
 Lilies grew pale, and roses crimsoned :  
 At dawn, a little angel like a child  
 Brought them to her, and kissed her gown, and smiled.

Such heavenly visitants were often here,  
 For this one brought her flowers, and that one fruit :  
 And here, one sitting tinkled to his lute,  
 Singing the songs that Lord Christ loves to hear ;  
 And there, one floated in the gathering gloom  
 Like a flushed lily, or a rose in bloom.

Across the sun his birds, the cherubim,  
 Went flying home like distant flakes of light,  
 And a late lark was scaling heaven's blue height,  
 Seeking to trace the self-same path to him ;  
 Then, the sun setting caught her robe's white fold,  
 And lit her mournful eyes with sudden gold.

## THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCI

Down through the village street,  
Where the slanting sunlight was sweet,  
Swiftly the angel came ;  
His face was the star of even,  
When night is grey in the heaven ;  
His hair was a blown gold flame.

His wings were purple of bloom,  
And eyed as the peacock's plume ;  
They trailed and flamed in the air ;  
Clear brows with an aureole rimmed,  
The gold ring brightened and dimmed,  
Now rose, now fell on his hair.

Oh, the marvellous eyes :  
All strange with a rapt surprise,  
They mused and dreamed as he went  
The great lids, drooping and white,  
Screenèd the glory from sight ;  
His lips were most innocent.



*ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION*

His clear hands shining withal,  
Bore lilies, silver and tall,  
    That had grown in the pleasaunce of God  
His robe was fashioned and spun  
Of threads from the heart of the sun ;  
    His feet with white fire were shod.

O friend, with the grave, white brow,  
No dust of travel hast thou,  
    Yet, thou hast come from afar  
Beyond the sun and the moon,  
Beyond the night and the noon,  
    And thy brother the evening star.

He entered in at the gate  
Where the law-givers sit in their state,  
    Where the law-breakers shiver and quake  
The rustling of his sweet wings,  
Like music from gold harp strings,  
    Or songs that the dear birds make

None saw as he passed their way ;  
But, the children paused in their play,  
    And smiled as his feet went by :  
A bird sang clear from the nest,  
And a babe on its mother's breast  
    Stretched hands with a small, sweet cry.

The women stood by the well,  
Most grave ; and the laughter fell,  
    The chatter and gossip grew mute ;  
They raised their hands to their eyes—  
Had the gold sun waxed in the skies ?  
    Was that the voice of a lute ?

## KATHARINE TYNAN

All in the stillness and heat,  
The angel passed through the street,  
Nor pausing, nor looking behind ;  
God's finger-touch on his lips ;  
His great wings fire at the tips ;  
His gold hair flame in the wind.

### III. GOLDEN LILIES.

O DAFFODILS all aflame,  
I know from whence ye came,  
To warm March with your blaze :  
As Gabriel went a-winging  
Down pleasant country ways,  
He heard your trumpets ringing.

God's Paradise this was,  
With a city of rainbow glass ;  
The river of life there flows ;  
The tree of life there blooming  
Hath many a name that glows  
Like flower and fruit illuming.

But Gabriel going down,  
In his gold wings and gown,  
Was grave, as him bested ;  
Great tidings he was bringing,  
To raise the earth from dead,  
And set the heaven to singing.

‘Oh, young,’ he said, ‘is she,  
God's Maid and Queen Marie’ ;  
He said, ‘I will bring down  
Those golden trumpets blowing,  
And lay them on her gown,  
To glad her with their showing.’



#### IV. ASSUMPTA EST MARIA.

THE Father saith, 'Welcome, my Daughter';  
Saith the Spirit, 'Welcome, my Spouse':  
What have angels and archangels brought her  
Stars for her brows.

'Welcome, Mother,' the Son saith only,  
'Welcome, Mother.' The years were slow  
While she waited—the years were lonely—  
The summons to go.

Twelve long years of winter and summer,  
Feeding patient his altar-light,  
Michael tarried—the lordly comer  
Whose torch was bright.

Now, the Three in Unity claim her  
Close to each in the tenderest bond;  
Now, the Three in Unity name her  
Holy and fond.

Now, the angels float from the azure,  
Kiss her feet and her mantle's rim;  
She looks up at her Son, her Treasure,  
Hungry for him.

Little feet that were wont to falter,  
Little fingers her lips once kissed:  
Ages, spaces, his will can alter,  
Yea, as he list.



Mother of Christ, and all men's Mother,  
 Where thou sittest the stars between,  
 Pluck his robe for his toiling brother  
 Stricken with sin.

Yea, the strong desire of his passion :  
 Yea, the fruit of his mortal pain—  
 Intercede for thy mournful nation,  
 Mother of men.

Intercede for thy mournful nation  
 Toiling, stricken, seething beneath—  
 Yea, the strong desire of his passion  
 Bought with his death.

## **Typical Record of the Five Sorrowful Mysteries**

*JAMES COLLINSON* : 1825–1881.

### **MARY'S DREAM : ANTICIPATION OF THE CRUCIFIXION.**

FROM 'THE CHILD JESUS,' IN 'THE GERM,' AFTERWARDS  
 'ART AND POETRY,' 1850.

'I DREAMED a weary way I had to go  
 Alone, across an unknown land—such wastes  
 We sometimes see in visions of the night,  
 Barren and dimly lighted. There was not  
 A tree in sight, save one seared leafless trunk,  
 Like a rude cross ; and, scattered here and there

A shrivelled thistle grew. The grass was dead,  
And the starved soil glared through its scanty tufts  
In bare and chalky patches, cracked and hot,  
Chafing my tired feet, that caught upon  
Its parched surface. For, a thirsty sun  
Had sucked all moisture from the ground it burned,  
And, red and glowing, stared upon me like  
A furnace-eye, when all the flame is spent.

'I felt it was a dream ; and so, I tried  
To close my eyes, and shut it out from sight.  
Then, sitting down, I hid my face ; but, this  
Only increased the dread ; and so, I gazed  
With open eyes into my dream again.  
The mists had thickened, and had grown quite black  
Over the sun ; and darkness closed round me.  
(Thy Father said it thundered towards the morn.)  
But soon, far off, I saw a dull green light  
Break through the clouds, which fell across the earth,  
Like death upon a bad man's upturned face.  
Sudden it burst with fifty forkèd darts  
In one white flash, so dazzling bright it seemed  
To hide the landscape in one blaze of light.  
When the loud crash that came down with it had  
Rolled its long echo into stillness, through  
The calm dark silence came a plaintive sound ;  
And, looking towards the tree, I saw that it  
Was scorched with the lightning ; and there stood,  
Close to its foot, a solitary sheep,  
Bleating upon the edge of a deep pit,  
Unseen till now, choked up with briars and thorns :  
And, into this a little snow-white lamb,  
Like to thine own, had fallen. It was dead  
And cold, and must have lain there very long ;  
While, all the time, the mother had stood by,



Helpless, and moaning with a piteous bleat.  
 The lamb had struggled much to free itself,  
 For, many cruel thorns had torn its head  
 And bleeding feet ; and one had pierced its side,  
 From which flowed blood and water. Strange the  
 We see in dreams, and hard to understand—  
 For, stooping down to raise its lifeless head,  
 I thought it changed into the quiet face  
 Of my own Child.

‘ Then, I awoke, and saw  
 The dim moon shining through the watery clouds  
 On thee awake, within thy little bed.’

## **Ancilla Domini**

*AUBREY DE VERE.*

FROM ‘MAY CAROLS,’ 1889.

### **I. PROTEVANGELION.**

WHEN from their lurking place the Voice  
 Of God dragged forth that fallen pair,  
 Still seemed the garden to rejoice ;  
 The sinless Eden still was fair.

They, they alone, whose light of grace  
 But late made Paradise look dim,  
 Stood now, a blot upon its face,  
 Before their God ; nor gazed on him.

They glanced not up ; or, they had seen  
 In that severe, death-dooming eye  
 Unutterable depths serene  
 Of sadly piercing sympathy.



## *ANCILLA DOMINI*

Not them alone that Eye beheld,  
But, by their side, that other twain,  
In whom the race whose doom was knelled  
Once more should rise, once more should

It saw that Infant crowned with blood—  
And her from whose predestined breast  
That Infant ruled the worlds. She stood  
Her foot upon the serpent's crest.

Voice of primeval prophecy,  
Of all the Gospels head and heart,  
With him, her Son and Saviour. she  
Possessed, that hour, in thee a part.

## II. DEI GENITRIX.

I SEE him : on thy lap he lies  
Mid that Judæan stable's gloom :  
Oh, sweet, Oh, awful Sacrifice ;  
He smiles in sleep, yet knows the doom.

Thou gav'st him life : but, was not this  
That life which knows no parting breath ?  
Unmeasured life ? unwaning bliss ?  
Dread Priestess, lo, thou gav'st him death

Beneath the tree thy Mother stood ;  
Beneath the cross thou too shalt stand—  
O tree of life, O bleeding rood,  
Thy shadow stretches far its hand.

That God who made the sun and moon,  
In swaddling bands lies dumb and bound—  
Love's Captive, darker prison soon  
Awaits thee in the garden ground.

### III. MOTHER OF ORPHANS.

As children when, with heavy tread,  
Men sad of face, unseen before,  
Have borne away their mother dead—  
So stand the nations thine no more.

From room to room those children roam,  
Heart-stricken by the unwonted black :  
Their house no longer seems their home :  
They search ; yet, know not what they

Years pass : self-will and passion strike  
Their roots more deeply day by day ;  
Old kinsmen sigh ; and ‘how unlike,’  
Is all the tender neighbours say.

And yet, at moments, like a dream,  
A mother’s image o’er them flits :  
Like hers, their eyes a moment beam ;  
The voice grows soft, the brow unknits

Such, Mary, are the realms once thine  
That know no more thy golden reign :  
Hold forth from heaven thy Babe Divine  
Oh, make thine orphans thine again.

*ANCILLA DOMINI*

Not that great love of thine, whose beams  
Transcended, in their virtuous heat,  
Those suns which melt the ice-bound street  
And make earth's pulses newly beat—

It was not these that from the sky  
Drew down to thee the Eternal Word :  
He looked on thy humility ;  
He knew thee, ' Hand-maid of thy Lord

Let no one claim with thee a part ;  
Let no one, Mary, name thy name,  
While, aping God, upon his heart  
Pride sits, a demon robed in flame.

Proud vices, die. Where sin has place  
Be sin's avenger, self-disgust :  
Proud virtues, doubly die, that grace  
At last may burgeon from your dust.



## VI. THE RAINBOW.

ALL-GLORIOUS shape that fleet'st wind-swept  
Athwart the empurpled pine-girt steep,  
That, sinless, from thy birth hast wept,  
All-gladdening, till thy death must weep ;

That in eterne ablution still  
. Thine innocence in shame dost shroud,  
And, washed where stain was none, dost fill  
With light thy penitential cloud ;

Illume with peace our glooming glen,  
O'er-arch with hope yon distant sea,  
To angels whispering and to men,  
Of her whose lowlier sanctity

In God's all-cleansing freshness shrined  
Renounced all pureness of her own,  
And aye her lucent brow inclined,  
God's ' Hand-maid ' meek, before his thr

*ANCILLA DOMINI*

VII. ANCILLA DOMINI.

THE Crown of creatures, first in place,  
Was, of all creatures, creature most :  
By nature nothing—all by grace ;  
Redemption's first and loftiest boast.

Hand-maid of God in heart and will,  
Without his life she seemed a death ;  
A void that he alone could fill,  
A word suspended on his breath.

Yet—void and nothing—she in him  
The creature's sole perfection found :  
She was the great Rock's Shadow dim ;  
She was the Silence, not the sound.

On golden airs—by him upheld—  
She knelt, a soft Subjection mute,  
A hushed Dependance, tranced and spell,  
Still yearning towards the Absolute.

She was a Sea-shell from the deep  
Of God ; her function this alone,  
Of him to whisper as in sleep,  
In everlasting undertone.

This hour on him her eyes are set :  
And those who tread the earth she trod  
Like her, themselves in her forget,  
And her remember but in God.

*AUBREY DE VERE*

Age after age those armies vast  
In winding line had upward flown,  
Yet, ne'er their shadows higher cast  
Than on the first step of the Throne.

And downward through the unsounded space  
If those had sunk who soared above,  
They ne'er had found the buried base  
Of Godhead's condescending Love—

Then he, the God who made them, proved :  
For, high and higher as they soared,  
Hymning the Eternal Son beloved,  
The God from God, and Lord from Lord,

He showed them, in that Form decreed,  
Their God made Man—man's hope and tru  
'The Woman,' and 'The Woman's Seed,'  
He showed ; the Unbounded bound in du

As when, from some world-conquering height  
The shepherd sees, ere risen the sun,  
His advent clothe the cloud with light,  
Before them thus that vision shone :

And while, in wonder half, half fear,  
That Child, that Mother fixed their eye,  
He bade those heavenward hosts revere  
Their God in his humility.

Set was that Infant as a sign :  
In endless bliss confirmed were they  
Who hailed that hour the Babe Divine ;  
Self-sentenced those who turned away.



*VERSE BY CONTEMPORARY WRITER.*

IX. SEDES SAPIENTIÆ.

‘Wisdom hath built herself a House  
And hewn her out her pillars seven.’  
Her wine is mixed ; her guests are those  
Who share the harvest-home of heaven.  
The fruits upon her table piled  
Are gathered from the Tree of Life :  
Around are ranged the undefiled,  
And those that conquered in the strife.  
Who tends the guests ? Who smiles away  
Sad memories ; bids misgiving cease ?  
A crowned One countenanced like the day  
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.

*O. HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B.*

'Tis useless to dwell on her beauty,  
She has utterly conquered my heart ;  
To praise her I feel is my duty,  
But, her fairness excels all my art—  
'Tis useless to dwell on her beauty.  
I cannot endure life without her,  
Nor, the length of the night and the day  
'Tis life to be thinking about her,  
So I love her, and live in that way—  
I cannot endure life without her.  
I study, but study to find her ;  
To this end all my powers are trained ;  
My hope is, that she will be kinder ;  
My mind and my will are enchained—  
I study, but study to find her.  
For her, then, my whole soul is yearning ;  
After God, she has won all my love ;  
'Tis a bright and pure flame ever burning,  
'Tis a true vow recorded above—  
For her, then, my whole soul is yearning  
So now, need I name this Fair Maiden,  
Need I say, it is Mary I mean ?  
My bosom at last is unladen—  
Heaven's Queen was my heart's only queen  
So now, need I name this Fair Maiden

II. TWO MAY-DAYS.

*OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B.*

FROM 'MERRY ENGLAND,' 1891.

TIME was, they say, when opening May  
Was bright with signs of spring ;  
Full sweetly, then, on woodland spray  
The merry birds did sing :

*RSE BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS*

The sun on high from cloudless sky  
Shone bravely down the while,  
And sweetest flowers in leafy bowers  
Did lift their heads and smile.

To-day, alack, all bare and black  
Doth stand each naked bough :  
No joys of spring their welcome bring,  
To deck our May-day now :  
A bitter breeze sighs through the trees—  
All leaden is the sky :  
The flowers that peep from winter's sleep  
They blossom but to die.

In days of old, ere faith was cold,  
Throughout this land of ours,  
All men confessed God's Mother blest  
Queen of the Month of flowers :  
All that was fair in earth, or air,  
Rejoiced to own her sway,  
And brought their choicest gifts to greet  
The crownèd Queen of May.

Oh, who may wonder if the sun  
Behind the clouds do frown,  
In very shame that Mary's name  
Has lost its old renown :  
What marvel though the flowers that blo  
Be few and far between,  
Since now, no more their scented store  
Is robbed to deck their Queen.

When to the Virgin-Mother mild—  
Forgotten all these years—  
The erring child is reconciled  
By penance and by tears :



When faith imparts to English hearts  
 The grace to know her worth,  
 And Mary's love is prized above  
 The fleeting joys of earth :

Our May-day, then, shall once again  
 Be glad with sights of spring ;  
 Earth, sun and sky shall glorify  
 The Mother of their King ;  
 Bright flowers shall bloom at Mary's feet.  
 Birds sing the livelong day ;  
 All nature meet in homage sweet  
 To her, the Queen of May.

### III. ADVENT MEDITATION.

*ALICE MEYNELL.*

FROM 'MERRY ENGLAND,' 1891.

No sudden thing of glory and fear  
 Was the Lord's coming ; but the dear  
 Slow nature's days followed each other  
 To form the Saviour from his Mother—  
 One of the children of the year.

The earth, the rain, received the trust—  
 The sun and dews, to frame the Just ;  
 He drew his daily life from these,  
 According to his own decrees,  
 Who makes man from the fertile dust.

Sweet summer and the winter wild,  
 These brought him forth, the Undenied  
 The happy springs renewed again  
 His daily bread, the growing grain,  
 The food and raiment of the Child.

VERSE BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

IV. IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

LADY CATHERINE PETRE: 1831-1

FROM 'HYMNS AND VERSES,' 1883.

GUIDE thou my pen, O Mother, best and dearest  
For, how can sinner write on theme so high?  
Inspire my heart with visions brightest, clearest,  
For, nothing will be hard if thou art nigh.

Speak to my soul, and tell the wondrous story,  
How God for ever marked thee as his Own  
Fair Vessel that should hold such floods of glory  
Yea, hold himself, the great Eternal One.

And pure he destined thee, and pure preserved thee  
In soul and body, bright, immaculate;  
From the dread curse original reserved thee,  
One Pearl amid a world so desolate.

Bravely, O Mother, has thy heart responded:  
Well hast thou treasured every loving grace:  
Never, for one brief hour, hast thou desponded,  
Or shrunk from the stern duties of thy place.

From first to last, in holy trust believing  
Things that were far beyond all human lore;  
From first to last, yet higher gifts receiving,  
And offering up to God the fruit they bore.

Thy heart is one vast field for meditation:  
Mother, I write no more—I can but pray;  
And raise my heart in grateful adoration  
To him who worketh in a wondrous way:

Mother, look down, in holiest compassion,  
On those who will not see how dear thou art:  
Drive far from them the clouds of pride and pass  
And join us all within thy loving heart.



*E. G. SWAINSON: F. THOMPSON*

V. REGINA ANGELORUM.

*E. G. SWAINSON.*

FROM THE 'IRISH MONTHLY,' 1880.

WHENE'ER I doubt if one so base as I  
Shall share with heavenly choirs their joys serene  
This thought brings sweetest solace to my soul,  
That thou, my Lady, art the Angels' Queen.  
No seraph-form, to human weakness strange,  
The regal sceptre holds in that high place ;  
But, at the right hand of the King of kings  
Thou sittest throned, a Daughter of our race.  
Mother of God, creation's star-crowned Queen,  
Heaven's mightiest spirits worship at thy feet  
Yet, mid the splendour of thy pomp divine,  
Our Mother and our Sister still we greet.  
Shall I, then, fear to face the glittering ranks  
That guard from step profane heaven's domain  
scene ?  
Their flame-tipped swords shall lower at the cry  
' Angels of God, my Mother is your Queen.'

VI. THE PASSION OF MARY.

*FRANCIS THOMPSON.*

FROM 'MERRY ENGLAND,' 1890.

O LADY MARY, thy bright crown  
Is no mere crown of majesty ;  
For, with the reflex of his own  
Resplendent thorns Christ circled thee.  
The red rose of this passion-tide  
Doth take a deeper hue from thee,  
In the five wounds of Jesus dyed,  
And in thy bleeding thoughts, Mary.



*VERSE BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS*

The soldier struck a triple stroke  
That smote thy Jesus on the tree ;  
He broke the Heart of hearts, and broke  
The Saint's and Mother's hearts, in thee.

Thy Son went up the angels' ways,  
His passion ended ; but, ah me,  
Thou found'st the road of further days  
A longer way of Calvary.

On the hard cross of hope deferred,  
Thou hung'st in loving agony,  
Until the mortal-dreaded word  
Which chills our mirth, spake mirth to th  
The angel Death, from this cold tomb  
Of life, did roll the stone away ;  
And, he thou barest in thy womb  
Caught thee at last into the day—  
Before the living throne of whom  
The lights of heaven burning pray.

ENVOY.

O thou, who dwellest in the day,  
Behold, I pace amidst the gloom :  
Darkness is ever round my way  
With little space for sunbeam-room.  
Yet, Christian sadness is divine,  
Even as thy patient sadness was :  
The salt tears in our life's dark wine  
Fell in it from the saving cross.  
Bitter the bread of our repast ;  
Yet, doth a sweet the bitter leaven :  
Our sorrow is the shadow cast  
Around it by the light of heaven.  
O Light in light, shine down from heaven.

## Sonnets

### I. THREE SONNETS.

*HELEN ATTERIDGE.*

#### I. REGINA VIRGINUM.

THOU wert not of the foolish, who arose  
To find their flower-decked lamps the light had  
When, in the dead of night, the air was rent  
With 'Hark ; the Bridegroom comes.' Then  
woes

Fell on the foolish virgins' brief repose.

In vain they lingered, for, no oil was lent ;  
While five, all radiant, to the nuptials went,  
And hastened happy guests the door to close.

O Queen of Virgins, with thy being shone  
Thy deathless lamp—in sadder, later years,  
By harsh winds fanned and nourished with t  
The Bridegroom's doors stand wide. We hast  
To his great marriage-feast. Let thy pure r  
Down time's long vista shine, and light our

#### II. VIRGO FIDELIS.

'Tis midnight ; and the minstrelsy of air  
Earth breathes in echoes to the starry sk  
And, o'er the stable-roof, to shepherds' e  
A beam of glory tells that he is there.



Within, the Mother kneels, her birth-night prayer  
 Unto the Child Divine all glowing flies—  
 He listens ; yet, an Infant, passive lies.  
 A lapse of years. The torches' ruddy glare  
 With saddest twilight mingles, to illumine  
 The night fast gathering, where low they lay  
 In the cold silence of the rock-hewn tomb  
 A sacred Burden, till the Easter day.  
 And she, whose glance of rapture first was cast  
 On that still Brow, there weeping lingers last.

### III. CAUSA NOSTRÆ LETITIÆ.

GLORY to God ; we glory in his praise :  
 The anthem of our hearts to music swells,  
 And incense wreaths, and ringing of sweet bells  
 Call heavenward the weary thought that strays.  
 Glory to Christ our King : when close the days,  
 He rises o'er us 'neath his mystic veil ;  
 And lo, all lesser joys drop down and pale  
 In happy worship of his loving ways.  
 Look up, beyond : O Mother-Queen, we see  
 Thy pleading hands that our lost peace restored—  
 Thine outstretched hands whence gifts flow endlessly  
 Look through the ages back : for, at thy word,  
 The Joy of all the nations came through thee  
 To cross and throne—sweet Handmaid of the Lord

## II. THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

*J. J. AUBERTIN.*

FROM 'SEVENTY SONNETS OF CAMOENS,' ETC., 1878.

ALL who profess to bow before a throne  
 Whereof, ye must avow, man nothing knows,  
 Blame not as blind this worship here, but, own  
 From a full-blown sacred sentiment it flows ;



### III. MONTH OF MAY.

*J. GERARD, S.J.*

FROM 'THE IRISH MONTHLY,' 1880.

AGAIN the rude November's felon-hand  
Shall lacerate the vesture costly, gay,  
That now, o'er field and forest through the  
Is woven in the magic loom of May.  
Again, through naked boughs, shall pipe the  
Again, on flowerless meads, the frosts shall  
Again, as in the seasons that are past,  
The wealth it brought shall with the sea  
But, not the flowers thou, in immortal soil  
Of human hearts, dost wake shall fade and  
Nor winds shall ravage, nor shall frosts de-  
The blossom thou dost tend, O Queen  
Yea, by thine aid, this month of thine shall  
For us the seedland of eternity.

*VERSE BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS*

IV. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

*E. H. HICKEY.*

FROM 'MICHAEL VILLIERS, IDEALIST, ETC.' 1891.

I

THERE was no room within the inn for them.  
The Woman who, beneath her girdle, bare  
Sweet Comfort for the world, a stranger there,  
Lay all that solemn night in Bethlehem  
Within a manger ; Jesse's Root and Stem  
Should spring the very morrow, strong and fair  
And all the slumbering world was unaware.  
We, who still slumber, how shall we condemn ?  
She lies, alone with God, this holy eve ;  
She, whose glad eyes will look to-morrow morn  
With rapture on the blessed Man-Child born ;  
She, who in three-and-thirty years will grieve,  
Pierced to the heart ; she, who will yet receive  
The garland of the Rose without a thorn.

II

OH, was there never a woman there to say,  
' Behold, this Woman is nigh her travailing,'  
And take her by the hand, and gently bring  
Into a room, and softly speak, and lay  
The Woman down, and watch by her till day ?  
Until the shadows fled, and light should spring,  
And with the springing light the Holy Thing ?  
We, blind and cold, nor dare to blame, nor may.  
And yet, if men had felt the throbbing breast  
Of night alive with wonder, and the fair  
Great dawn, they had left their beds all empty t  
Nor cared a whit for any sleep or rest.  
We, have not we rejected any guest—  
Dismissed the more than angel unaware ?



# Our Blessed Ladies Lullaby

*RICHARD VERSTEGAN:*

*XVI.-XVII. CENTS.*

*CONTRIBUTED BY JOSEPH GILLOW.*

FROM 'ODES,' 1601.

Upon my lap my Sovereigne sits,  
And sucks upon my brest ;  
Meanewhyle, his love sustaines my lyf,  
And gives my body rest.

REFRAIN :      Sing lullaby, my litle B  
                         Sing lullaby, my livès !

When thow hast taken thy repast,  
Repose (my Babe) on mee ;  
So may thy Moother and thy Nurs,  
Thy Cradle also bee.

Sing lullaby.

I grieve that duty doth not woork  
All what my wishing would ;  
Because, I would not bee to thee  
But in the best I should.

Sing lullaby.

Yet, as I am and as I may,  
I must and wil be thyne ;  
Though all to litle for thyself,  
Voutsafing to be myne.

Sing lullaby.

My wits, my woords, my deeds, my tl  
And els what is in mee,  
I rather wil not wish to use,  
If not in serving thee.

Sing lullaby.



*OUR LADIES LULLABY*

My Babe, my Blis, my Chyld, my Choyce  
My Frute, my Flower, and Bud,  
My Jesus, and my only Joy,  
The Somme of all my good.

Sing lullaby.

My Sweetnesse and the Sweetest moste,  
That heaven could earth deliver,  
Soule of my love, Spirit of my lyf,  
Abyde with mee for ever.

Sing lullaby.

Live stil with mee, and bee my Love,  
And death wil me refraine,  
Unlesse thow let mee dy with thee,  
To live with thee againe.

Sing lullaby.

Leave now to waile thow lucklesse wight,  
That wrought'st thy race's woe,  
Redresse is found, and foiled is,  
Thy frute-aluring foe.

Sing lullaby.

Thy frute of death from Paradise.  
Made thee exylèd mourne ;  
My Frute of Lyf to Paradise  
Makes joyful thy returne.

Sing lullaby.

Grow up good Frute, bee nowrisht by  
These fountaines two of mee,  
That only flow with maiden's-milk,  
The only meat for thee.

Sing lullaby.

The earth is now a heaven become,  
And this base bower of myne  
A princely pallas unto mee,  
My Sonne doth make to shyne.

Sing lullaby.

*RICHARD VERSTEGAN*

His sight gives cleerenesse to my sight,  
When waking I him see ;  
And sleeping, his myld countenance  
Gives favour unto mee.

Sing lullaby.

When I him in myne armes embrace  
I feel my harte imbraced,  
Ev'n by the inward grace of his,  
Which hee in mee hath placed.

Sing lullaby.

And when I kis his loving lips,  
Then, his sweet smelling breath  
Doth yeild a favor to my soule,  
That feedes love, hope and faith.

Sing lullaby.

The shepheards left their keeping sheep,  
For joy to see my Lambe ;  
How may I more rejoyce to see,  
Myself to bee the Dam.

Sing lullaby.

Three kinges their treasures hether broug  
Of incense, myrh and gold,  
The heaven's treasure and the king  
That here they might behold.

Sing lullaby.

One sorte an angel did direct ;  
A star did guyde the other ;  
And all the fairest Sonne to see  
That ever had a mother.

Sing lullaby.

This sight I see, this Chyld I have,  
This Infant I embrace,  
O endlesse Comfort of the earth,  
And heaven's eternal Grace.

Sing lullaby.



Thee sanctitie herself doth serve ;  
 Thee goodnesse doth attend ;  
 Thee blessednesse doth wait upon,  
 And vertues all comend.

Sing lullaby.

Great kinges and prophets wishèd have,  
 To see that I possesse ;  
 Yet wish I never thee to see,  
 If not in thankfulnessse.

Sing lullaby.

Let heaven and earth and saintes and men,  
 Assistance give to mee,  
 That all their moste occurring ayd  
 Augment my thanks to thee.

Sing lullaby.

And let th' ensuing blessed race  
 Thow wilt succeeding raise,  
 Joyne all their praises unto myne,  
 To multiply thy praise.

Sing lullaby.

And take my service wel in woorth,  
 And Joseph's heere with mee,  
 Who of my Husband beares the name,  
 Thy servant for to bee.

Sing lullaby, my litle Boy ;

Sing lullaby, my livès Joy.

#### NOTE.

Richard Verstegan, though little known at the present day, belonged to that galaxy of minor poets of the Elizabethan age which helped to make the English language what it is. He was an antiquarian also, a Catholic printer and publisher (*e.g.* of the edition of the 'Primer,' in English and Latin, the hymns of which he rendered afresh, in 1604) and a confessor for the faith. He was a personal friend of most of the poets of his day, specially of Barnfield, Greneway, Radcliff, Stanihurst, Shelton, Southwell, C. Tichborne, Vallenger, and White—his fellow-sufferers for religion. His dates are uncertain, and his works are rare, only one or two copies of the 'Odes' being known to exist. The Lullaby is printed in the spelling of the original. (Mainly from Mr. Gillow.)



# Vision and Prayer

*FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER: OF 2  
ORATORY, D.D.: 1814-1863.*

FROM 'SIR LANCELOT: A LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGE  
BOOKS IV. AND IX., 1857.

## . YOUNG LANCELOT'S SWEET VISION THE VALLEY OF THE DRAVE.

His eye, so seemed it in his slumber, strove  
To pierce the gloomy pinewood, where it stretche  
In misty length, a single sombre nave ;  
While, one behind another ranged, the rings  
Of fireflies swung in circles of green light,  
Like rocking lamps suspended from a roof.  
There, suddenly among the boughs, the wind  
Breathed a last sigh, and with it swept away  
Those living stars, and all was silence round,  
The silentness of an expecting dream.  
Then, at the close of that cathedral nave,  
A white and radiant vapour softly grew,  
Dazzling and formless, which, with silvery gleam,  
Lay like a tremulous pavement round the stems.  
Far off, resplendent as an altar-piece  
Illumined from behind, a Figure rose  
Of beauty such as art hath ne'er conceived,  
The Virgin-Mother with her Infant Son.  
Upon her countenance, rounded like the moon,  
An orb of open features, was impressed  
The secret of her fortunes, which transcend  
The loftiest surmise of created mind.  
The sweet maternal instinct there divulged  
In deep impassioned silence, to whose depth

Each lineament the while serenely lends  
An utterance almost vocal, then appeared  
Calmed and arrested by profounder thoughts,  
And by the intense tranquillity of bliss  
Brooding in chaste enjoyment on itself.  
And yet, not wholly wanting was the look  
Of pensive self-collection that dispersed,  
On the celestial seeming of her face,  
A beautiful timidity, through which  
Her mortal birth o'er every feature reigned  
Triumphant, and harmoniously o'erruled  
The ineffable aspect which her heavenly lot  
Upon her face transferred, where ecstasy,  
Divinely glowing, by remembrances  
Of grief, was deeply moved, yet not displaced—

\* \* \*

Smitten with love, where there was nought to cheer  
The bold adventure, no monition given  
Which might retard its unchastised approach,  
Sir Lancelot gazed in rapture on the Child.  
Worship of love he proffered, without fear,  
And felt no fear, all seemed so beautiful.  
Straightway the vision stirred ; the Mother hid  
The Child, too long, too tenderly beheld ;  
And a dim trouble up the surface passed  
Of that bright vaporous pavement spread around,  
Like the black curls of wind that crisp the lake.

\* \* \*

From out the vapour, with a tuneful noise,  
Arose the Maiden-Mother, with her head  
Star-crowned, her feet upon the subject globe,  
The writhing serpent bruised beneath her heel,  
Herself by grace assumed unto a throne  
And neighbourhood unspeakable. Let verse

*F. W. FABER, OF THE ORATORY*

Seek not for craft of language to declare  
The seeming of the Woman glorified,  
The Mortal who was Mother of our God—  
Him only, singly worshipped evermore,  
Singly, with equal glory to the Three.  
And underneath the globe was laid a tomb,  
O'er which the twelve Apostles bending gazed,  
Interpreting the marvel of the flowers,  
The white and speckless lilies, that broke forth  
And momentarily grew, budded, flowered and swam  
Their waxen censers in the vacant tomb.  
Guiding the eyes of nations and of times  
Aloft, the Virgin pointed to her Son  
In palpable Divinity enthroned,  
Yet, lacking not one token of that birth  
His Creature was elected to confer.

Enough : such visions were familiar then,  
And to the spirit of that age akin,  
Mingling the uncertain with the true, while yet  
They ministered to real works of grace.  
Enough, that Lancelot from that day forth,  
In the true knightly fashion of the times,  
Was a sworn serf of Mary, with a vow  
Made inwardly, and worshipping full oft  
With worship falling short and frustrated  
By youthful inconsistencies, below  
That high devotion which belongs of right  
Unto the majesty of Mary, Queen  
Of Heaven, and Empress of the Sacred Heart—  
Yet, worship such as sanctified his life  
And quietly detained him near to God ;  
Such worship as infallibly secures  
Its purity to youth, or, to old age,  
The placid harbour of repentant love.



*VISION AND PRAYER*

I. THE AGED LANCELOT'S PRAYER-LI  
HYMN AFTER HIS ABSOLUTION.

SEE, see, how evening's sloping shadows grow  
Upon the massy nave, and all the stone  
Is flecked with little clouds of colour, thrown  
From the west window ; on the ground they go,  
Silently creeping eastward, while the air  
Thickens within the choir, and so conceals  
The altar, whose benignant Presence there  
The slowly rocking lamp alone reveals.  
Ah me, how still. Our Lady's Vesper-song  
Hath died away amid the choral throng ;  
But, the pure-visaged moon, that climbs elate  
The throne of day, now strikes with trembling  
The painted lattice, where the live-long night  
Saint Mary chaunts her lone ' Magnificat.'  
' Hail, Mary, hail : O Maiden-Mother, hail.  
In thankfulness I lean upon the thought  
Of thy mysterious chastities ; unsought  
Comes the sweet faith thy prayers can never fail  
In that high heaven where thou hast been assum'd  
And with this hope my spirit newly plumed  
Strives upward, like a weary dove in sight  
Of her lost refuge, steering by the light  
Wherewith thy name hath silently illumed  
The Church below, cheering the gradual night  
The world hath forced upon the primal day  
Of our sweet faith ; and I, on penance cast  
Till patient yearning should retrieve the past,  
May bless thee for the succour of thy ray.  
The light is vocal, wavering on the glass :  
The jewel midway in the braided hair.  
The eyes, the lifted hand, are speaking there,  
And o'er the lips the argent quiverings pass.



*FROM 'ANDIATOR OCTE'*

Of a new life unseen, unknown,  
Except by God alone,  
She bore no mark of the primal curse.  
No taint from any source,  
No stain of sin  
Wrought by herself, nor inbred and origin  
Marred that sweet body, fair and virginal,  
Or the pure soul within.  
In this beauty of her state  
She stands, the glory of her race,  
Pure, holy, innocent, immaculate  
And 'Full of grace' ;  
In every quality of soul  
A matchless, perfect whole ;  
In every line and feature  
A faultless, though a finite, creature.  
In truth, 'tis easy to believe  
In this exemption of Christ's holy Mother  
From the birth-sin engendered by the other  
The first and guilty Eve.  
It was a gift that could be given  
As readily as when, at the font,  
The water falls on the infant's front,  
And the pardon falls from heaven.  
It was a simple, unconditioned fact,  
With only one party to the act.  
All powerful was God to render ;  
Helpless, sweet Mary's soul to hinder.  
Hail, Mary ; from thy orient  
As spotless as the snow :  
And hail, the grace which did prevent,  
And made thee so.

There is, according to my thought,  
A harder problem here, which brings



*CLARENCE A. WALWORTH*

My uttermost imaginings  
To naught.  
When I recall that saintly life  
Of Mary, Mother, Daughter, Wife ;  
And, when I try to trace  
Its golden thread,  
As if the perfect web lay spread  
Before my face ;  
When, above all,  
I set me to recall  
Her life-long perseverance  
In spotless innocence and moral beauty,  
By the working of her own sweet will,  
Her close adherence  
To God's dear love and prayer and daily  
Through doubt and sorrow faithful still,  
Perfect in all ;  
When I recall  
The matchless merit  
Of that sweet spirit,  
Aided, indeed, by grace—but always free  
Oh, then, 'tis hard for me,  
All sick with error,  
To master my surprise ;  
To lift mine eyes  
From the dark mirror,  
Where my own life reflected lies,  
Up to that radiant zodiac  
Where, like the moon in silver light  
Around the darkened globe,  
She moved through life in her own sweet  
In her own white robe,  
Queen of the night.

## II. GLIMPSES OF CONVENT LIFE.

HARK, from the sky a call, earnest and deep ;  
Softly the silent lake reflects the sound ;  
Sweetly it sinks into the woods around ;  
Then, drops, like faithful duty done, to sleep.  
Fell ever on the ear such silvery spray ?  
How quick to flood the air ; how quick to die aw  
'Tis but the Angelus—the signal of a bell.  
Aye, true ; but who are signalled thus, and why ?  
Know ye what makes yon iron throat to swell ?  
Listen, and I will tell.  
Earth interlocking once with the deep sky,  
Eternity was born Child to the hour ;  
Men saw the cradle of Infinity.  
Such, is the burden of that loud outcry  
Which leaps into the air from yonder tower.  
At sunrise, noon and sunset going forth  
O'er mountain chain and sea, circling the earth,  
Leaping from spire to spire, the Angelus is heard.  
Meek worshippers, low bending at the word,  
With reverent knee, and with glad unison  
Of heart and lip, repeat the angel's benison.  
A Gabriel in the belfry gives the key,  
Three silver peals repeated, three times three.

Arrested by the summons, loving millions pray  
These are the words that all in secret say :  
God's Angel came, with word and sign,  
To Mary, of a Child Divine.

Hail, Mary, Full of grace ; and hail,  
The Fruit of thy blest womb :  
God's Mother, pray for us this day,  
And when our death shall come.

Lo me, the Handmaid of the Lord ;  
Be it according to thy word.

Hail, Mary, Full of grace ; and hail,  
The Fruit of thy blest womb :  
God's Mother, pray for us this day,  
And when our death shall come.

The Word Divine did flesh assume,  
And made this woful world his home.

Hail, Mary, Full of grace ; and hail,  
The Fruit of thy blest womb :  
God's Mother, pray for us this day,  
And when our death shall come.

The chime that seemed to idlers on the shore  
A fairy note descending from the skies,  
To please the sentimental ear, far otherwise  
Fell in the circle where, at the same hour,  
Low bent the brethren at Mary's shrine. All  
To them its clangour was the sign to close  
Their silent meditation with the Angel's Prayer



*FROM 'ANDIATOROCTE'*

Yet, richly blest in their poverty—  
Jesus and Mary and Joseph—these three.  
Then Joseph the Boy to speech beguiled :  
'Say Mary ; say Mary, dear Child.'  
The Infant's voice was launched in the air ;  
And the name was spoken so soft and clear,  
Speech never sounded in mother's ear  
So musical and fair.  
'Say Father, now,' then Joseph prayed :  
And 'Abba, Abba, Abba,' he said.  
The title sprang from that velvety tongue,  
So sweet and full of cheer,  
The choirs of paradise checked their song,  
And leaned on their harps to hear.  
The voice was distant ; yet not a throat  
In all their throng could sound a note,  
To make the distant seem so near.

Then a silence dropped on the Patriarch's soul ;  
It lasted long,  
Like the silence that follows a sweet song,  
Which has filled the spirit full,  
And every sense beguiled.  
The Boy-God looked up at his Mother and smil  
And whispered : 'This silence will not end ;  
'Tis my gift to a beloved Friend.'

Now, the life of Joseph has been recorded,  
And justice full to his love awarded ;  
Yet not one word from his mouth is penned.  
The sacred record shows thus always,  
To reader, or hearer,  
That silent duty is counted dearer  
Than the loud tongue of praise.

# Hymn of Victory

*RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS*

1825-1862.

FROM 'THE LAMP,' 1857, AND 'THE POEMS  
OF SHAMROCK,' 1883.

## OUR LADIE OF VICTORY : A CE

HAIL, holy Queen, all hail, Ladie,  
Life, sweetness, hope and love ;  
To thee we raise our ceaseless wail,  
Mourning and weeping, faint and pale,  
Eve's children, in this tearful vale,  
We cry to thee above, Marie,  
We cry to thee above.

Sweet Queen of Mercy, deign, Ladie,  
To turn thine eyes below :  
And when we've o'er life's treacherous ma  
Poor exiles, sailed in grief and pain,  
Thy womb's blest Fruit, our Jesus slain,  
To us in glory show, Marie,  
To us in glory show.

War is our lot below, Ladie,  
Whether that war we wage  
With sickness, poverty, dearth, or woe,  
The passions within that surge and glow  
With human tyrant, or fiendish foe,  
'Tis the same from age to age, Marie,  
The same from age to age.



## *HYMN OF VICTORY*

Peace is an idle dream, Ladie,  
    'Tis deadly strife around :  
Bitter and red is time's turbid stream,  
Round us the phantoms of cloudland scream,  
And rarely the swords of the angels gleam  
    Till the soul is bound, or crowned, Marie,  
    Till God is lost, or found.

But, we call thee not in vain, Ladie,  
    To the mortal strife of souls,  
To walk through this fiery battle-plain,  
To teach the weakest to fight amain,  
Saying, ' Who slays not shall be surely slain,'  
    And the combat onward rolls, Marie,  
    The combat onward rolls.

While this earthly vesture mars, Ladie,  
    The ascent to our native sphere,  
And the yearning soul, through her dungeon  
Gazes aloft on her home of stars,  
And the discord of life's unceasing wars  
    Grates on her tender ear, Marie,  
    Grates on her tender ear.

Oh, turn thy gracious eyes, Ladie,  
    When grace seems all withdrawn,  
And the heart, like a tomb where the dead  
    lies,  
Shall be angel-thronged, and the soul shall ri  
An immortal god, through the joyful skies,  
    In a resurrection dawn, Marie,  
    In a resurrection dawn.

At thy feet proud heads incline, Ladie,  
    In contrition's joy of woe :  
Than the Holy of Holies, a holier shrine  
The Heart of Jesus has found in thine,



*R. D'ALTON WILLIAMS*

Whence his mercies beam and his glories sh  
And the tears of repentance flow, Marie,  
And the tears of repentance flow.

From broken faith and truth, Ladie,  
Protect our souls alway ;  
From the crimes of age and the snares of yo  
From slander's poisonous serpent-tooth,  
And the pitiless Pharisee's scorn of ruth,  
Defend our lives, we pray, Marie.  
Defend our lives, we pray.

Hark, that triumphal hymn, Ladie,  
'Behold thy Queen, my soul' :  
Her chariot wheels, like those of him  
Whose Throne is rapt by cherubim,  
Adown the dawn like music swim  
And sparkle while they roll, Marie,  
And lighten while they roll.

Victorious o'er and o'er, Ladie,  
In heaven is hymned thy praise  
To golden lyres, on the starry floor,  
Where the white-robed lords of light adore  
Thy Son, who gave his lustral gore  
Our fallen thrones to raise, Marie,  
A fallen foe to raise.

On earth for evermore, Ladie,  
Shall man resume the strain ;  
All nations bow thy shrine before,  
And the organ-clang of the ocean's roar  
Implore thee more from shore to shore,  
Star of the restless Main, Marie,  
Star of life's lonely Main.

NOTE.

stanza 9, Line 5 : The Pharisee's scorn of ruth ; 'est toujours cruelle.' (Massillon.)

## Rondeaux and Sonnet

*RICHARD WILTON, M.A.*

I 'SUN-GLEAMS,' 'BENEDICITE,' AND 'WOOD NO  
1873-1889.

### I. CHRISTMAS DAY.

IN vesture white, the Eternal Child  
Lay on his Mother's lap and smiled :  
    What joy to see that longed-for sight—  
    Her spotless Lily of delight,  
Her Love, her Dove, her Undeiled.  
She recked not of the anguish wild,  
The sorrow upon sorrow piled,  
    His dead Form swathed, one awful night  
                    In vesture white.

Oh, let our hearts, this birthday bright,  
The sorrow and the joy unite ;  
    While, by the twofold grace beguiled  
    Of suffering Man and Infant mild,  
We walk with him on Faith's calm height  
                    In vesture white.

### II. JESUS IN MARY'S ARMS.

WHITER than snow, her Infant lay  
In Mary's arms that happy day ;  
    Fairer than all the flowers that blow,  
    Brighter than all the stars that glow,  
Sky blossoms in the milky way.  
Thus I present him, when I pray,  
As in the arms of faith, and say :  
    ' Father, there was one Life below  
                    Whiter than snow.'

## I. THE CREATOR ON MARY'S

By him, for him, were all things made,  
Who once on Mary's lap was laid :

    The mighty orbs that sweep through  
    Far as the keenest eye can trace,  
By his controlling hand are swayed.

The lilies in a leafy shade  
That bloom their little hour and fade  
    Are crowned with sweetness and wit  
        By him, for him.

He, who in human garb arrayed,  
Once toiled on earth and wept and pra  
    Gave to each shining star its place,  
    Bade every blossom lift its face—  
Their differing glories all displayed  
        By him, for him.



*RONDEAUX AND SONNET*

That Shadow has a voice for all  
Whom other shadows may enthrall ;  
It soothes away our mortal fear,  
That Shadow dear.

Invite its presence, hear its call,  
Dwellers in cottage, or in hall :  
Rest not until the sign appear,  
Then sit beneath it all the year ;  
It whispers peace, whate'er befall—  
That Shadow dear.

V. CANA IN GALILEE.

BEHOLD, in Flower of Manhood, the True Vine  
To full perfection grown from a dry ground ;  
Grace in his eyes and lips, he looks around  
Where bride and bridegroom at the feast recline  
He hears the whisper : ‘ Son, they have no wine  
When, lo, as if ripe clusters had been found,  
And sudden crushed, the purple streams about  
To prove the Branch that yielded them divine.  
Oh, happy thought for bridegroom and for bride  
In after ages, ’mid their innocent mirth,  
That, by his presence, Jesus beautified  
A marriage-feast, blessing all homes of earth,  
Upon whose walls the fruitful vines are seen,  
With hopeful clusters smiling through the green.

## Sonnet and other Poetry

*WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: 1770–1850*

### I. THE VIRGIN.

FROM 'ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS,' 1821.

MOTHER, whose virgin bosom was uncrosth  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;  
Woman, above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;  
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;  
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strew'd  
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast  
Thy image falls to earth.

Yet some, I ween,  
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend  
As to a visible power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

## *OUR LADY OF THE SNOW*

These crowded offerings, as they hang  
In sign of misery relieved,  
Even these, without intent of theirs,  
Report of comfortless despairs,  
Of many a deep and cureless pang  
And confidence deceived.

To thee in this aërial cleft  
As to a common centre, tend  
All sufferers that no more rely  
On mortal succour—all who sigh  
And pine, of human hope bereft,  
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin-Mother mild,  
Though plenteous flowers around thee  
Not only from the dreary strife  
Of winter, but the storms of life,  
Thee have thy votaries aptly styled,  
'Our Lady of the Snow.'

Even for the man who stops not here,  
But down the irriguous valley hies,  
Thy very name, O Lady, flings,  
O'er blooming fields and gushing sprin  
A tender sense of shadowy fear,  
And chastening sympathies.

Nor falls that intermingling shade  
To summer-gladness unkind :  
It chastens only to requite  
With gleams of fresher, purer light ;  
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade  
More sweetly breathes the wind.



### III. NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

POEM COMPOSED, OR SUGGESTED, DURING A TOUR IN 1

So named from the Religious House which stood close by  
Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry,  
held a moiety of the manor ; and in the decayed parsonage  
vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen. (Author

THE cattle crowding round this beverage clear  
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod  
The encircling turf into a barren clod ;  
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,  
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near ;  
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-stone cell  
Of the pure spring (they call it the ' Nun's Well,  
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)  
A tender spirit broods—the pensive shade  
Of ritual honours to this fountain paid  
By hooded votaresses with saintly cheer ;  
Albeit oft the Virgin-Mother mild  
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled  
Into the shedding of ' too soft a tear.'

## Index of First Lines

A DIFFERENT sentiment within them stirred  
A goodly fleet, Set in a sea all dazzling white  
A grateful name, loving and sweet ; yet, sweeter  
A lingering remnant garners faithful yet  
A little while, and lo, in flight as swift  
A pair of doves, Madonna fair  
A Roman host descended from the height  
A shape like folded light, embodied air  
A shrine in a quaint old chapel  
'A sign was seen in heaven : a Woman stood'  
A spreading strawberry-tree  
A sword of silver cuts the fields asunder  
Above the moon, her face reflecting heaven  
Across the Sussex lanes and swelling hills  
Again the rude November's felon-hand  
All day I watch the stretch of burning sand  
All who profess to bow before a throne  
All-glorious shape that fleet'st wind-swept  
All-potent Queen, whose mercies never cease  
An angel from beyond the clouds  
And didst thou die, dear Mother of our Life ?  
And here, the priceless Pearl, the Mother-Maid  
And last, from lingering fingers fall the prayers  
And the dread Mount and Horeb's tempest shrin  
And thou, O Virgin, Daughter, Mother, Bride  
And thou that art the Flower of Virgins all  
And wherefore doth Madonna thus look down ?  
Arise, my Love ; my Fair One, come away  
As a young child, whose mother, for a jest



As children when, with heavy tread  
As one who reaches after toil and fight  
As the mute nightingale in closest groves  
At dawn of day, the day of Mary's birth  
At dawn, the joyful choir of bells  
At morn, at noon, at twilight dim  
'At thy sweet will.' Then, wherefore didst thou wil  
Author of Grace, sweet Saviour mine  
'Ave, Maria,' ages bore the phrase  
Ave, Maria, Glory's Queen  
Ave, Maria ; Maiden mild  
Ave, Maria ; o'er the earth and sea  
Ave, Maria ; oh, what vision blest  
Ave, Mary, Life's fair Portal  
Awe-struck, she gazes through an open space

BE still, my Blessed Babe, though cause thou hast  
mourn

Behold, by Raphael shown, love's sacrament  
Behold, in Flower of Manhood, the True Vine  
'Behold thy Mother, Son,' he said whose word  
Beneath the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursi  
stood

Blessed Mother, Maid divine  
Blest Mother of my Lord, I fly to thee  
Bloomed the first Eden not with man alone  
Blooming flowers and singing birds  
Bow down, ye angel hierarchies  
Breaks forth the beauteous morning, early glow  
But, here is one who over all the earth  
By happy choice, within the marble base  
By him, for him, were all things made

CELESTIAL Queen, Thou on whom men below  
Close to the Sacred Heart, it nestles fair  
Come, run with me, O stalwart youth and maiden  
Come, see King Solomon : the glorious youth

DAUGHTER of David, ever fair



Dear, honoured name, beloved for human ties  
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise  
Down drops the red sun in the burnished sea  
Down through the village street  
Drop one by one the beads of malachite

ERE yet mankind was made ; ere yet

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining  
Fair as the moon by night  
Flowers in the field and odours on the air  
' Found nought but fragrant lilies in a heap '  
Fount of the Woods, thou art hid no more  
Freely the Sage, though wrapt in musings high  
From heaven immense descendeth God benign  
From loving fingers drop the Ave-beads  
From the star highest placed  
Full many a time in earth's eventful day

GATE of immortal Bliss  
Gipsies three, Gipsies three  
Glory to God ; we glory in his praise  
Guide thou my pen, O Mother, best and dearest

HAIL, Blessed Virgin ; Holy Mary, hail  
Hail, Full of grace, alway  
' Hail ; Full of grace,' such was the salutation  
Hail, holy Queen, all hail, Ladie  
Hail, Jesus' Virgin-Mother ever blest  
Hail, Mary, hail ; to hear the word what pleasure  
Hail, Sovereign Lady, evermore adored  
Hail, the Saviour's Blessed Mother  
Hail, thou brightest Star of Ocean  
Hail, to the Flower of Grace Divine  
Handmaiden—but Queen crowned and throned ab  
Hark, from the sky a call, earnest and deep  
Hark ; she is called, the parting hour is come  
Hark, the Prince whose sceptre reaches  
Hast thou the pleasant path of Wisdom missed ?

‘ He that is Great hath done great things for me ’  
His eye, so seemed it in his slumber, strove  
Holy angels, hovering near me  
Holy of holies, rend the veil  
Humblest of all, who aye to God appealed

I AM the sea, that, treacherous, swells for ever  
I cannot think they love the Lord aright  
I charge you, if you my Belovèd see  
‘ I dreamed a weary way I had to go ’  
I have seen thee in the visions of the master-minds  
time

I oft heard more Of Agatha  
I remember a lonely chapel  
I remember a vast cathedral  
I see him : on thy lap he lies  
I sing of a Maiden  
I stood in thought beside a circling sea  
I think—while softer fancies sleep  
If sin be captive, grace must find release  
Immanuel, Immanuel, my flowers  
Immanuel, Immanuel, of earth  
Immanuel, Immanuel, the word  
Immensity, cloistered in thy dear womb  
In alternate measure chanting, daily sing we Mary  
praise

In cities, forests, woods, and the retreat  
In many a form I see thee oft  
In myriad manners are thy praises told  
In old processions carved on Grecian urns  
In robes immaculate, the perfumed earth  
In shade of death's sad tree stood doleful she  
In silence, like a ridge of snows  
In silent thought He sate beside the Mother  
In that, O Queen of queens, thy birth was free  
In the Ages of Faith, before the day  
In the deep hour of dreams  
In the mystic realm of slumber, in the quiet land of re  
In the wrecks of Walsingham



In vesture white, the Eternal Child  
Is it in grace maternal she excels ?  
It flowed, like light, from the voice of God  
It is one long chaplet of memories  
It was Luke's will : and she, the Mother-Maid

JOY in the rising of our orient Star

KEEP me, sweet Love : thy keeping is my rest  
Knowest thou, sweet Mary ?

LADY of Paradise  
Lady, thine upward flight  
Light, light, infinite light  
Like the dawning of the morning  
Like the voiceless starlight falling  
Lowliest of Women, and most glorified

MADONNA, Lady, whom with heavenly fear  
'Madonna mia,' turn those gentle eyes  
Madonna mine, the while the fleeting years  
Madonna—though the whitened meads across  
Madonna, whom the griefs which were thine own  
Madonna, without stain of sin conceived  
Mary, beautiful and bright, Velut Maris Stella  
Mary, Ever-blessed Maid  
Mary most Pure, walking in highest heaven  
Mary, Mother, hail to thee  
Mary, Mother of our Maker  
Mary, our Mother dear  
Mary sings : the ravished heavens  
Mary, that holy name hath scarcely died  
Mary, thou art Hope the brightest  
Maternal Lady with the virgin grace  
Meek Virgin-Mother, more benign  
'Memorare' : through the ages  
Mercy, I call thee, Virgin Mary great  
Meseems the Church is as her Heavenly Spouse  
Methought the King of Terrors came my way



Mid-month of summer's short and royal reign  
Midsummer, and in meadow-lands the lush  
Mirrored in ocean's calm, thou lingerest  
Most Blessed Lady, Comfort to such as call  
Mother, as if upon thy breast reposing  
Mother, is this the darkness of the end?  
Mother-Maid all-holy  
Mother of Christ—then, Mother of us all  
Mother of God, in thy surpassing grace  
Mother of God : my Queen is simply this  
Mother of God, who, meekly kneeling, hearest  
Mother of him who neither strove, nor cried  
Mother of Jesus, with thy sweet hand guiding  
Mother of the Fair Delight  
Mother, our bark floats lightly  
Mother, who madest him who thee had made  
Mother, whose virgin bosom was uncrosth  
My heart is not mine any longer  
Mystery : God, Man's Life, born into man  
Mystery : Katharine, the bride of Christ

No grace so full as hers  
No incense from the altar of this lake  
No sudden thing of glory and fear  
Norah, little Norah ; whither art thou hieing ?  
Not all thy purity, although  
Not for earth's joys, triumphal, hymeneal  
Now that the war is raging, fierce and fell  
Now, the holy Maiden calls me

O CHILD of beauty rare  
O Empress high, Celestial Queen most rare  
O Daffodils all aflame  
O Glorious Lady, throned in light  
O Lady Mary, thy bright crown  
O Lady of the Passion, dost thou weep ?  
O little blade of grass  
O Lord, our Lord, how wondrously (quoth she)  
O Mary, dearest Mother

O Mother-Mary, Flower of all woman-kind  
 O Sion, ope thy temple-gates  
 O Star of Galilee  
 O thou, dear Glory of the Skies  
 O thou most holy One  
 O thou, of flowers the fairest  
 O thou, the sorest  
 O thou uncovered Corse, Word of the Living One  
 O 'Vergine del Giglio'  
 O Virgin, fairer than the stars on high  
 O Virgin pure, this day, by means of thee  
 O Virgin-Mother, Daughter of thy Son  
 O Virgin-Mother of our gracious Lord  
 O ye who pass along the way  
 Of all the queens in month of May  
 Oh, joyful was the morn  
 Oh, mystery, faith alone can comprehend  
 Oh, purify the first soft ray  
 Oh, thought to set the coldest heart on fire  
 Oh, was there never a woman there to say?  
 On Mary's bosom pillowing his head  
 On Sion's hill a Temple stands  
 One evening the Holy Family  
 One silver star with evening's twilight strove  
 Our second Eve puts on her mortal shroud  
 Out of all the hundred fair Madonnas  
 Over the crested waves, sun sinking low

PARENT of virtue, Light eternal, thou  
 Poet and Saint, to thee alone are given  
 Poised on the well's mossed brink the unfilled ewer  
 Predestined Second Eve : for this conceived  
 Proclaimèd Queen and Mother of a God  
 'Pure as the snow,' we say. Ah, never flake

QUEEN, by God supremely graced  
 Queen of All Saints, upon th's glorious day  
 Queen of the Waves, look forth across the ocean



RAISE your voices, vales and mountains  
Rare is the heart that in its utmost sorrow  
Red lay the rustling leaves along the lane  
Remember, holy Mary, 'Twas never heard, nor  
Robespierre reigned in the Place de Grève  
Rose-Mary, Sum of virtue virginal

SABEAN odours load the air  
Salvation to all that will is nigh  
Saw ye the bright-eyed stately child?  
Say, dearest Mother Mary, can it be?  
See, see, how evening's sloping shadows grow  
See you that bracket where the Virgin stands?  
September's sighing wind sighs, sad and soft  
Seraph of Heaven, too gentle to be human  
She is weeping, the Madonna  
She stands, within the shadow, at the foot  
Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One  
Sleep, sweet Babe, my cares beguiling  
Soft eve comes down upon her couch of cloud  
Sovereign of Queens, if vain ambition move  
Spell Eva back and Ave shall you find  
'Stabat.' Silent and calm she bore the blow  
Star of the Morn, o'er yonder purple hill  
Star of the Sea, to whom, age after age  
Starry Amorist, starward gone  
Stood the woe-worn Mother weeping  
Straightway I gat me to our Ladyes shrine  
Sweet Ladie, she hath given  
Sweet name of Mary, name of names save one  
Sweet Queen, although thy beauty raise up me

THAT Shadow dear upon the wall  
The cattle crowding round this beverage clear  
The Child was gone: the Mother stood alone  
The Crown of creatures, first in place  
The deep gloom thickens on the altar-hill  
The evening star rose beauteous above the fad  
The fairest of the twelve months all



The Father saith, 'Welcome, my Daughter'  
The happy birds 'Te Deum' sing  
The king of day unveiled, when skies are clear  
The month of Maia—Cybele's Roman name  
The Mother of all mothers ; yet, no less  
The night came on, not wrapt in gloomy shroud  
The Prophet saw a Woman in the Sun  
The sky is veiled in an inky shroud  
The sky was all aglow  
The Spouse of one who toiled for daily wage  
The sun is setting angrily  
The sun shines bright and glorious, and the hill-  
are illumed  
The sun was sinking in the west, Ave, Maria  
The wind sings 'Alleluia,' and the sea  
The world is very foul and dark  
The world shines bright for inexperienced eyes  
Thee, May and Mother, I entreat  
Then, blessing each and all, with hands outspread  
Then, over hill and vale and mead  
There are many Shrines of our Lady  
There are who in the night lie down to slumber  
There comes a Galley laden  
There is a glorious legend  
There is a Vision in the heart of each  
There is one fair shrine I remember  
There's a legend that's told of a gipsy who dwelt  
There was no room within the inn for them  
Thine is the face that, while the centuries glide  
This, could I paint my inward sight  
This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land  
This is the vision that I see arise  
This other night I saw a sight  
This pictured work, with ancient graces fraught  
Thou wert not of the foolish, who arose  
Thousands of centuries, ere the earth  
Three-hundred years the world has looked at it  
Time was, they say, when opening May  
'Tis midnight ; and the minstrelsy of air

'Tis the day the angel Gabriel to the Holy Ma  
down

To those whose souls do languish  
To truly love the Being he created  
Toll at the hour of dawn  
Twelve years, and down on earth the time was

UPON my lap my Sovereigne sits  
Upward thou art soaring

VIRGIN most Fair, who, clad and crown'd with  
Virgin most Pure, who never knewest night  
Virgin, who lovest the poor and lonely  
Virgin-born, we bow before thee

WE were alone, on the wide watery waste  
Weep, living things, of Life the Mother dies  
Well knew that captain, who of old  
What dost thou ponder, Mary, Full of grace?  
What is this grandeur I see up in heaven?  
What master wrought the sweet-toned bells?  
What tremor of delight thrills earth and sky?  
When daylight on the mountain breaks  
When evening shades are falling  
When from their lurking place the Voice  
When September's sun was shining  
Whene'er I doubt if one so base as I  
Whence is the spell—O fair and free from guile  
Where long ages of toil and of sorrow  
Where the waves wildly fret and surge for aye  
While I was yet a little one  
While Magdalen seems clamorous in her woe  
While young John runs to greet  
Whilst Joseph leads the patient beast and slow  
Whiter than snow, her Infant lay  
Who gently dries grief's falling tear? Maria  
Who art thou, wonderful and holy Maid?  
Whoe is shee that assends so high?  
Whom earth and sea and sky proclaim

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# Annus Sanctus

## HYMNS OF THE CHURCH FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR

*Translated from the Sacred Offices by various Authors, with  
Modern, Original and other Hymns, and an  
Appendix of Earlier Versions*

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

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### *EXTRACTS FROM SOME REVIEWS*

GUARDIAN.

‘ Mr. Orby Shipley has achieved what in these days is a rare feat; he has given us a collection of translations from mediæval hymns which is at once novel and striking. This success results, to some extent, from the limitations to which he has chosen to subject himself. The translations are all by writers who were born, or became Roman Catholics; Mr. Shipley has thus been forced to open out fields which have hitherto been little, or not at all worked. Two collections of translations, one by a Scottish advocate, Mr. Robert Campbell (of Skerrington), the other by Father Aylward, an English Dominican, have been placed at his disposal; and though neither translator was unknown—the best translation,

for example, of *Ad regias Agni dapes*, "At the Lamb's high feast we sing," being by Mr. Campbell—their manuscripts have greatly enriched Mr. Shipley's store. A larger variety than exists in the original office books have been obtained, partly by translating hymns from the Ambrosian and Paris Breviaries, as well as from the Roman, and partly by giving several translations of the same hymn. . . . The *Annus Sanctus*, however, is, from a purely literary point of view, something more interesting than a good hymn-book. It is an important contribution to the bibliography of a great English poet ("glorious John" Dryden). . . . We give three stanzas from the version of *Jesu, dulcis memoria*, in the Primer of 1706. If they are not Dryden's, the English Roman Catholic community of that day must have cherished an unknown poet of very remarkable powers.'

#### SPECTATOR.

'Mr. Orby Shipley's *Annus Sanctus* gives us a welcome addition to the translations of Latin hymns, as well as a valuable addition to the original hymns produced in recent times. Nothing could, in our opinion, better show that the secret of true religious poetry is also the secret of true popularity for hymns, than the world-wide popularity of the most beautiful of the Latin hymns—*Dies Iræ*, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, *Stabat Mater*, *Pone luctum*, *Jesu dulcis*, and many others. It is the triumphant faith in these hymns which kindles the reader's heart; and so often as they have been adequately translated, so often have they kindled the hearts of all English worshippers—Protestant or Catholic. Mr. Shipley's difficulty has been, of course, with the translations—and not a few of those which he gives us seem decidedly lame. On the other hand, he has given us many translations of much beauty, some by old, some by living, writers, and a certain number of very beautiful original Catholic hymns by living poets. Of King Robert II.'s marvellously beautiful hymn, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, for example, he gives us several versions, more or less beautiful. The best, we think, is that of Father Aylward. . . . To our mind, the finest portion of



Mr. Shipley's book is the second, in which there is less of translation and more of original composition, and in it we find much that will give the reader great pleasure. . . . The preface is also an interesting and useful one. In it he gives us a summary, or rather, perhaps, a mere hint of his reason for believing that many of the translations of Latin hymns, contained for the first time in the Catholic Primer of 1706, were made by Dryden. English students of the lyrics of the Church will thank Mr. Orby Shipley heartily for this valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.'

## TABLET.

'According to Grancolas, it was not till the thirteenth century that the Roman Church admitted hymns, in our sense of the word, to a place in the Breviary. . . . Since (then), however, hymns in the modern and restricted sense have been in nearly daily use in every see in Christendom save one (Vienne?); and *Annus Sanctus* is an ingathering for the most part of Latin hymns culled from the Service Books of Christendom, which at various times have been translated by Catholics into our "dear mother tongue." . . . Probably there is nothing so much wanted as a good Catholic Hymn-Book; and the Marquis of Bute, by his translation of the Breviary, and now Mr. Orby Shipley, by his *Annus Sanctus*, have all but made the task an easy one.'

## SATURDAY REVIEW.

'As to the paternity of these new claimants to Dryden's authorship . . . it will be obvious to all intelligent readers that the absence of marked Dryden characteristics in some of these hymns is no argument against the others being his. . . . Thus, of the first hymn which Mr. Shipley presents as "probably Dryden's" (*En clara vox*), we can only say that there is no reason why it should not be Dryden's. . . . The same may be said of the version of *A solis* and *Verbum supernum*. There is nothing extraordinary about them; but,

to anyone familiar with what may be called the poetic journey-work of the time, they have exactly the ring and cadence which suggest Dryden more than anyone else. But, it is different when one comes to such a hymn as the Epiphany hymn, *O sola magnarum*. Here the commonplaces of hymnology are managed with a hand which almost certainly is the hand either of "glorious John" himself, or of some one who was striving hard and successfully to imitate "glorious John." More unmistakable still is the version of *O Sol salutis*. Here, the swell of the verse has for cause Dryden's secret, the cunning disposition of words which even in prose would be pronounced with stress of voice. . . . Even stronger is the *Rex sempiterne cœlitum*. Here, everyone who has the slightest faculty of criticism, and the slightest familiarity with Dryden, must recognise the strong style . . . the variety of cadence, the fresh and vivifying phrasing of formulæ, the English scholarship, in short, to use the only term that pre-eminently expresses Dryden's peculiarity. . . . But, why should anyone imitate Dryden thus, when no names were given and no glory to be got?'

#### WEEKLY REGISTER.

'The new and ampler "Christian Year," on which editor and translators have spent long labours of love, appears in the form of a thick, but convenient, handbook, well printed and covered with paper for future binding. . . . The editor's part has been done with a care that has involved far more research than is usual with collectors of hymns. Mr. Orby Shipley had a considerable quantity of well-known material to deal with, in a manner that should suit those who have long used and loved the popular hymns of our Catholic churches. . . . He set himself, moreover, the task of discovering and reproducing hymns hidden in the libraries of old Catholic families, in books long out of print, and in forgotten MSS. An Appendix gives earlier versions of the Latin hymns of the Church, and all is completely indexed. The work is an important gift to all Catholic speakers of English.'



## NATION.

‘Under the title of *Annus Sanctus*, Mr. Orby Shipley has brought together a most interesting collection of hymns of the Catholic Church and other devotional poems. Most of them are translations, by various hands, from the old Latin versions, and all are so arranged as to follow the offices of the Church throughout the year. In most of those translations somewhat of the strength and stiffness of the ancient tongue is noticeable ; but withal, they have a literary as well as a devotional charm, and we consider the editor—who, by the issue of the present volume, has done much to popularise them—deserves the grateful thanks of the Catholic community. . . . We find no fewer than eight Irish authors represented in the collection.’

## DUBLIN REVIEW.

‘We need only say here that Mr. Orby Shipley has produced the best assorted and most complete collection of Catholic hymns, dating from the earliest English translations, that has yet appeared, and no one really interested in hymnology can afford to be without it.’



## ANNUS SANCTUS

## ATHENÆUM.

‘In his interesting preface to *Annus Sanctus*, the editor says that the book is intended in the first place for “spiritual reading,” and, secondly, as “a storehouse for the ingathering and preservation of much valuable hymnological labour, which, from the lapse of time, is in actual danger of being forgotten; and, from the decay of books, is in danger of being entirely lost.” Mr. Shipley has devoted much time and trouble to the study of early Catholic hymnology, and he has been successful in making some curious discoveries.’

## WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

‘It ought to be studied by all lovers of hymnology: hymns which bear the names of Cardinal Newman and of Mr. Aubrey de Vere have a literary as well as, perhaps more than, an ecclesiastical value. The hymns from the Primers of 1685 and 1706 are remarkable for their superiority over Protestant hymnody of those dates.’

## AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY.

‘The work is a valuable contribution towards the study of English Catholic hymnology. It is a collection, and is intended to be a very complete collection, of the efforts of English Catholics in this direction, so as to furnish the materials whence could be drawn the component parts of a Catholic hymn-book of the future. The compiler has diligently devoted several years to the compilation of his book, ably assisted by many friends, who have generously placed at his disposal manuscripts and rare books not within reach of the general public.’

## CATHOLIC WORLD.

‘The editor has done his work well, and a great many of the hymns he has published possess a high degree of poetical merit.’

JOHN BULL.

‘Throughout it [*Annus Sanctus*] displays good judgment, taste, and skill, and has evidently cost the author an immense amount of labour. The system adopted in the general arrangement appears to ourselves excellent; while the hymnological treasures enshrined in it are both numerous and precious. The preface is at once curious and interesting. . . . The book is a weighty and valuable contribution to Christian hymnology, beautifully printed, and highly to be commended.’

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

‘Mr. Orby Shipley is to be congratulated on having produced a book which will do much to spread a knowledge and appreciation of the hymns of the Church, and render them familiar even to those to whom the originals are sealed.’

IRISH MONTHLY.

‘The most interesting in our opinion and most valuable, though not at all the bulkiest, of the recent additions to Catholic literature is the *Annus Sanctus* of Mr. Orby Shipley. There is nothing here more pleasant than to read on the title-page “Vol. I.,” for this gives us the right to count upon at least one more volume, for which there are rich and ample materials.’

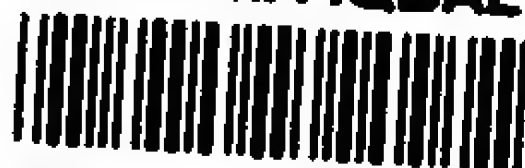


## MONTH.

' *Annus Sanctus* should meet with a hearty welcome from all who take an interest in Church hymns. It consists of two parts ; the first, contains translations of Breviary and Missal hymns arranged for the different weeks of the ecclesiastical year ; the second, mainly consists of original hymns, arranged according to the successive seasons of the Church, on subjects in keeping with their spirit. A special feature of the book is a valuable Appendix, containing a reprint of Breviary Hymns taken from several editions of the once deservedly popular "Primer, or Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary in English." The earliest of the versions printed is that of 1604 ; these hymns therefore take us back to the days when by far the greater proportion of Englishmen were Catholics in thought and feeling, and they express much of the child-like directness and beautiful simplicity of the true Catholic spirit. It does one good to open the old Primer, and say some of the grand old prayers on the subject of the Passion. They have evidently come from the heart, and they belong to a time when it would have seemed incongruous to Catholics to memorialise Almighty God on our grievances in well-balanced periodic sentences.'



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